Saturday Evening Post · December 16, 1967 · 35c

POST

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EYEWITNESS IN NORTH VIETNAM

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

Dodges U.S. bombs
Talks to Red leaders
Visits captive Americans

INTERVIEW WITH HO CHI MINH

TV DEBUT FOR JACKIE KENNEDY'S SISTER

THE AMERICAN SCIENTIST

His mysterious work
His role in society

Mathematician Paul C. Gilmore of IBM

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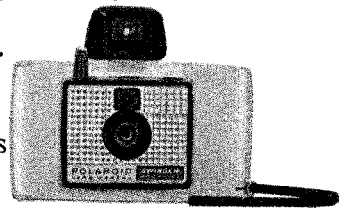

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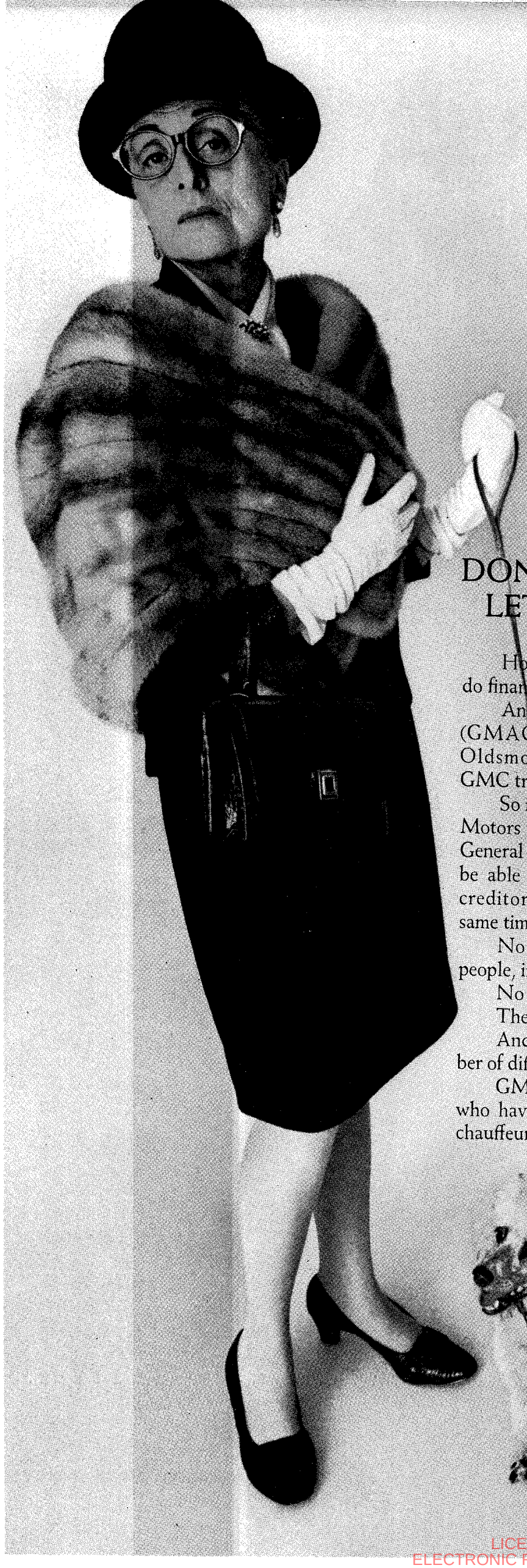

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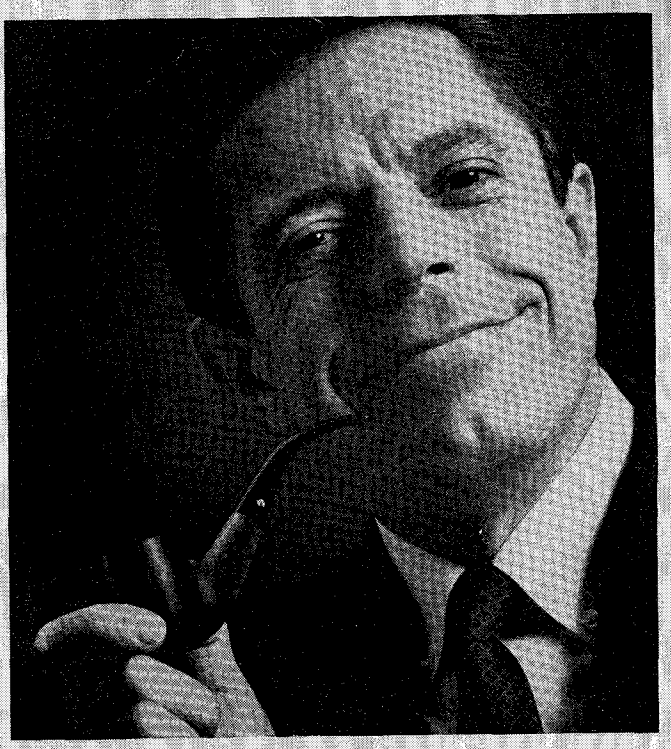

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IN THIS ISSUE

December 16, 1967 • 240th year, issue no. 25

Articles

Christmas doesn't mean much any more *(Speaking Out)* . . *James Kavanaugh* 10
'. . . the pity of it . . .' *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16
Marrying absurd *(Points West)* . . . . . *Joan Didion* 18
Journey to North Vietnam . . . . . *David Schoenbrun* 21
A talk with Ho Chi Minh . . . . . *William C. Baggs* 26
Lee Radziwill: Stay tuned for the princess . . . . . *Terry Coleman* 28
The American scientist: Man or superman? . . . . . *Max Gunther* 30
Dance wildly—Queen Mary's about to die . . . . . *Anne Chamberlin* 72
Attorney General Clark: 'Wrong guy for the wrong post'? . . . *Victor S. Navasky* 74
Pro tackle Olsen: The game without the ball . . . . . *Roger Kahn* 79

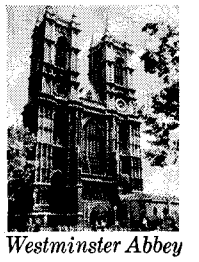
Fiction

The sheep killer . . . . . *Alfred Gillespie* 56

Departments

Letters . . .4 My kind of people *(Cartoons)* . . .64 America, America . . .60
Post scripts . . .70 Hazel . . .77 Editorial . . .84 Cover . . . *By John Launois*

From the Editor



Westminster Abbey

"The Communication of the Dead is Tongued With Fire Beyond the Language of the Living." These lines blaze up at you from the plaque on the floor of Westminster Abbey where T.S. Eliot is commemorated. Eliot, a boy from Missouri, now is honored alongside Alfred Lord Tennyson and Robert Browning in the poets' corner, while rare Ben Jonson's head looks down from the wall. As I stood in Westminster Abbey a few days ago, I was almost overwhelmed by the message from the dead, but this was Armistice Day, and it belonged not to the poets, however revered they might be, but to those who had fallen in battle. This church, built 900 years ago, seems to hold live the drumbeat of the human hearts that have served Britain since the time of William the Conqueror. Standing in the nave of the abbey, you can believe that no man who dies defending this nation is ever forgotten. Outside in the yard, people with composed faces were putting little crosses in tiny plots that commemorated every unit that served in World War II, simply called The War, 1939-1945. Many of the crosses had simple penned messages from those who remained behind. "For Reg whom I will never forget." Throughout the city there were fresh wreaths of flowers on the statues commemorating the fallen.

Despite this, the city did not seem gloomy so much as united. Everybody, even the mods of Carnaby Street, was wearing a poppy. It was one of those rare, incredible days with the sky constantly changing from the gloom of a steel engraving to brilliant blue, with the sun turning the gilt to fire. The city was dappled with shafts of sunshine moving along the boats on the Thames and over the bridges and the tops of the mighty buildings. London seemed immensely permanent and venerable, living in a state of grace with its past.

To shake the seriousness of this mood, I walked through Trafalgar Square, with Nelson standing above the magnificent lions, and the windblown spray from the fountains and the girls in the shortest of all mini-skirts broke the spell and gave me a feeling of the essential cheerfulness of the city. London is such a personal city, and its people radiate the confidence and happiness they feel in it, and the self-possession that they have. By the end of the day I was no longer obsessed with the past but was rather pleased with the present. One of the last three pavement artists in London, working with bright chalk by the Thames, captured my feeling with his last performance of the year. He wrote that he wanted to thank the general public for the appreciation shown during the past year, and that he would see them again next year. These are my sentiments.

Bill Emerson

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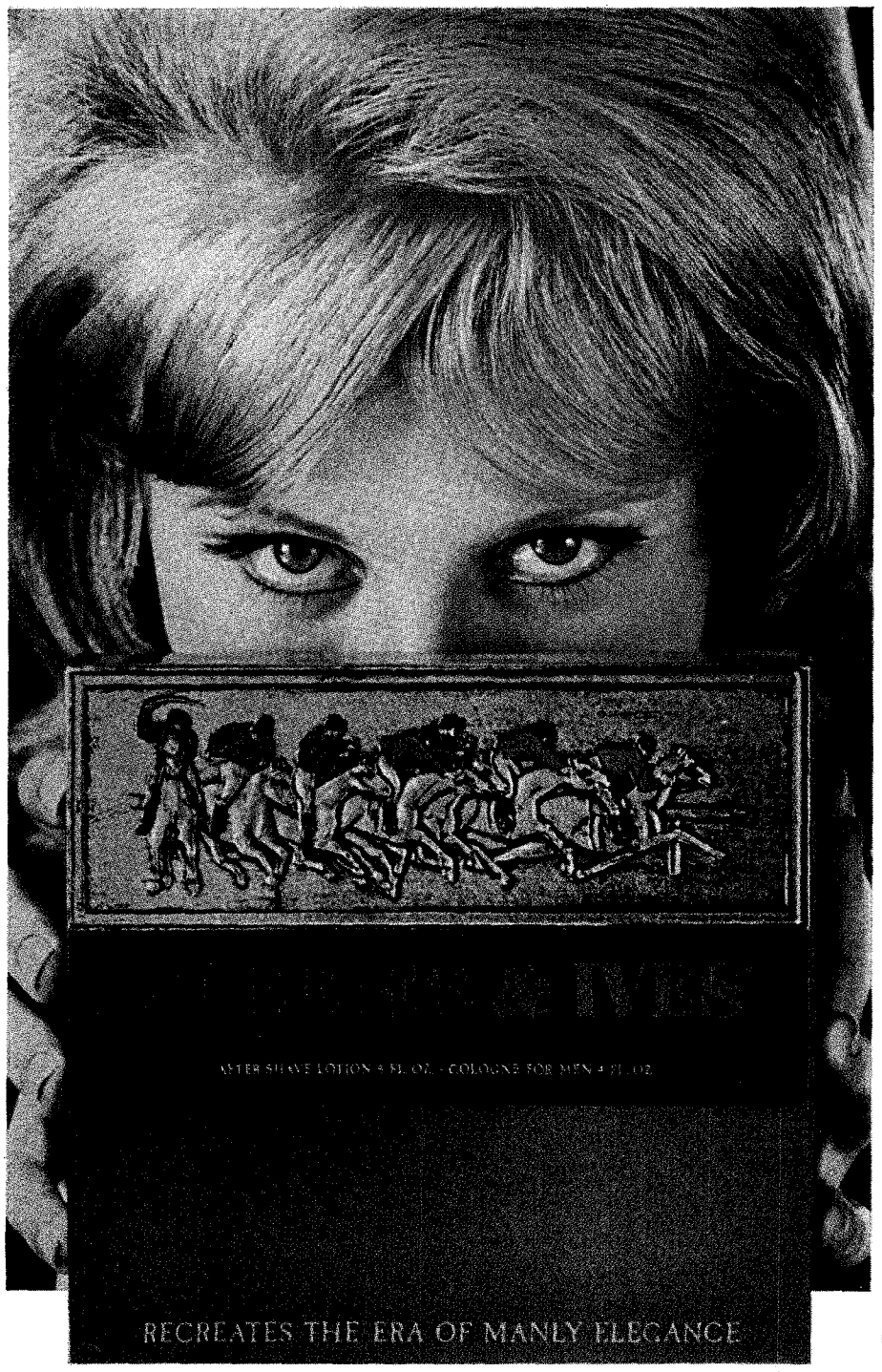

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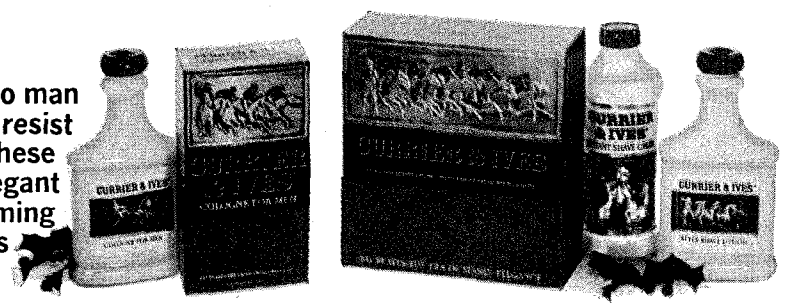

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Letters

Nothing but the truth?

Dear Sir:

Arthur Sylvester has left a credo that will be hard to top, even in cynical Washington: THE GOVERNMENT HAS THE RIGHT TO LIE—only in the interest of "national security," of course. Mr. Sylvester spells this out, in all its pristine horror, in the November 18 *Post*.

I commend to this ex-newspaperman something Thomas Jefferson said back in August, 1785: "He who permits himself to tell a lie once finds it much easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual. . . . This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart and in time depraves all the heart's good dispositions."

Truth should be, and is, an absolute. If there is one word of advice that should be dinned into the ears of Government flacks, it is this: If you can't tell the truth, and the whole truth, at least shut up. Using hindsight, Mr. Sylvester ought to concur with *that* much.

LLOYD SCHWARTZ
Chief, Washington Bureau
Fairchild Publications
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

As Mr. Sylvester says, the press has often done a pretty shabby job itself. But bad as American journalism may be, it seems to me—after reading Mr. Sylvester's moment of truth—that we owe a great deal to those journalists who risk the barbs of our government sophisticates and expose them for what they are, not what they'd like to mislead the public into thinking they are.

MAX KARANT
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Editor:

Arthur Sylvester made an able presentation of his contention that in some cases the Government had the right to lie. But I still believe that the most powerful and wealthy country in the world somehow can maintain its position among its rivals without expressed deceit.

JAMES R. LOVE
Peoria, Ill.

News flash from Kitty Hawk

Dear Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article A FEASIBLE FLYING MACHINE by Stan Dryer in the issue of November 4; and it reminded me of a story I have heard about the Wright brothers.

Orville and Wilbur Wright were living in Dayton, Ohio. After their historic flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903, they excitedly sent a telegram home to their mother, saying, "Mother, we have flown! We'll be home for Christmas!" The mother took the telegram to the local Dayton newspaper office and proudly asked them to print in the evening paper the news she had received. That night the Dayton newspaper printed this short announcement: "The Wright brothers will be home for Christmas." No one in his right mind would believe what the telegram reported.

BOB JAMESON
Wooster, Ohio

New England Mafia

Dear Editor:

I found your article THE MAFIA: HOW IT BLEEDS NEW ENGLAND [November 18] of absorbing interest. Thanks for a fine piece. Writer Bill Davidson did an excellent job!

CHARLES A. WRIGHT
Orford, N.H.

Sirs:

I'm proud to be a subscriber to the *Post*, a magazine with the guts to expose "Mob" rule in New England.

V. E. SUNDERLAND
Peru, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I believe most of us are sick and tired of this word, "Mafia." Your article should give our law-enforcement officers a good starting point from which to obliterate the Mafia and all that it stands for.

J. T. HE N N
Roch ster, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hopefully Bill Davidson's courageous articles are undermining the Mafia little by little—so that one day soon that whole network of crime will begin to crumble.

STAN JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.

Teen-agers' editor

Dear Sirs:

I wish I could thank William Kloman personally for his article MEET GLORIA STAVERS in the November 4 issue. As the piece pointed out, Gloria Stavers' sincere, understanding manner makes her loved by thousands of teen-age girls. I should know; I am one of them.

MELISSA TAYLOR
Fuquay-Varina, N.C.

Dear Sir:

As a suburban housewife, I wish there were more Gloria Staverses on the scene today—both teens and their parents would profit.

MRS. BETH MULLINS
Benton, Ark.

Editor:

Thank you and all concerned for bringing enlightening and positive attention to an editorial area that has been ignored by many and looked down upon by a few.

GLORIA STAVERS
New York, N.Y.

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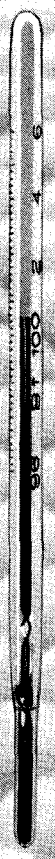
For Colds or Flu



Doctors recommend:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain

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Letters

Soviet Russia

Gentlemen:

Your feature on SOVIET RUSSIA: 50 YEARS OF THUNDER, in the November 4 issue, was one of the most outstanding pieces you've ever done. Thank you, and congratulations to writer Richard Armstrong, photographer John Launois and all others responsible—in my opinion this was the best of all the articles written by the major newsmagazines on the 50th anniversary of Russia under Communism.

MRS. J. DEAN
Arcadia, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you for your article. It has given me a deeper understanding of the Soviet people and their past strife and present-day place in world society.

R. G. MCMASTER JR.
Don Mills, Ontario

Gentlemen:

Fawning diplomats may drink their toasts to the grinning, boastful U.S.S.R. (with its thousands of captive non-Russian people hidden under the rug), but my vision is obstructed by a snaggletoothed colossus wading up to its hip boots in oceans and oceans of innocent human blood.

DONITA SANCHEZ
Carson City, Nev.

Dear Sir:

Shame on you for giving the U.S.S.R. a plug. 50 YEARS OF THUNDER was a whitewash of the Soviet Union and a furtherance of the Washington philosophy of building bridges to the East, peaceful coexistence and all the other propaganda put out to lull the complacent into an even deeper sleep.

HARRY F. WASHBURN
Cranford, N.J.

Dear Editor:

Your outstanding article was a truly personal approach to the people we hear so little about. I sincerely hope that someday those Russians who are peace-loving will rise to high positions of leadership in the Russian government, and that they will have the chance to relieve the threat of world annihilation.

DAVID GRINNELL
Rochester, N.Y.

The fat of the land

Dear Editor:

Bless Lew Louderback's plump and humane heart for his article MORE PEOPLE SHOULD BE FAT in the November 4 issue. Here I am with no dreadful vices such as smoking, drinking to excess or keeping a lover on the side—a most dull existence—and my one weakness, an occasional goody, has been denied me because of the bugaboo of gaining weight.

Doctors and insurance companies have had their field day in scaring everyone out of the kitchen! I am sitting right down to have a piece of pie, the kind with loads of whipped cream.

RUTH R. MUNSON
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Here's hoping Lew Louderback starts a revolution in avoirdupois. A heavy man or woman who also happens to be well-proportioned is exceptionally good-looking. Rubens knew it; so do I. The trouble with most of us, though, is that aggrandizement is often entirely in the area of the belly line.

J. W. STALCY
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sir:

I too was a gourmand—a tiny 245-pound slob. I was tired all the time and ashamed of my figure and appetite. Now, after dieting, I weigh 130, have lots of pep and energy and am no longer ashamed to look in a mirror.

It is cruel to encourage people to stay fat. Weak-willed fatties are just looking for an excuse to abandon their diets.

LUCRETIA B. LYMAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I have just ripped Twiggy's picture from my refrigerator door and am replacing it with one of Kate Smith!

MAXINE SCHWARTZ
Cheltenham, Pa.

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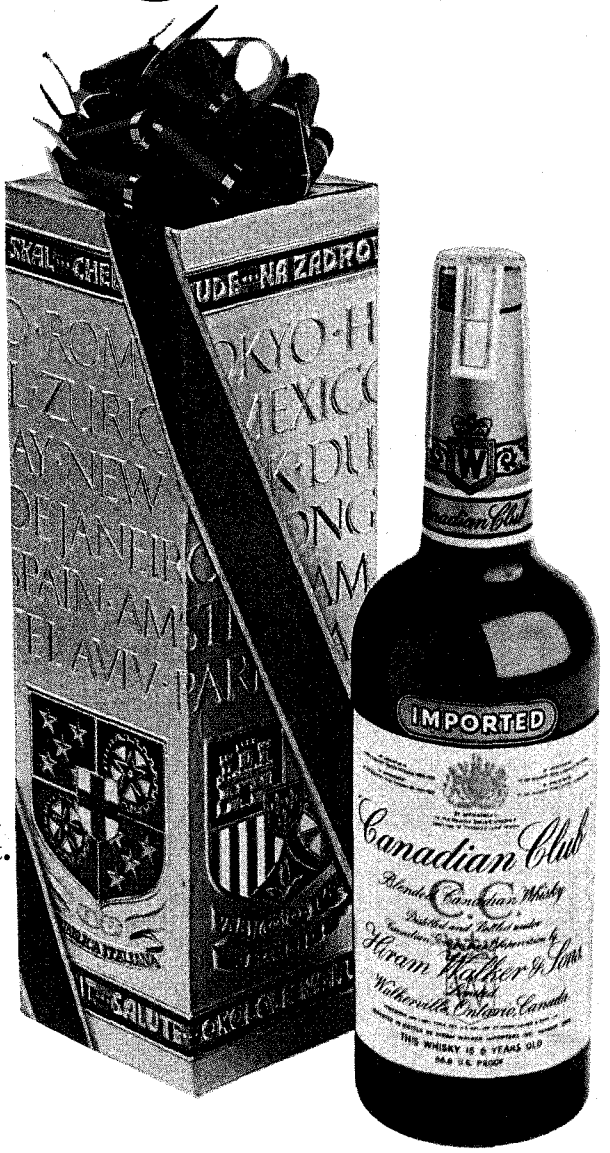

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all these distinctively different wagons with all these dramatic new advantages!

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Left rear, Chevelle Nomad Custom Station Wagon. Left front, Chevelle Malibu Station Wagon. Right rear, Bel Air Station Wagon. Right front, Caprice Estate Wagon.

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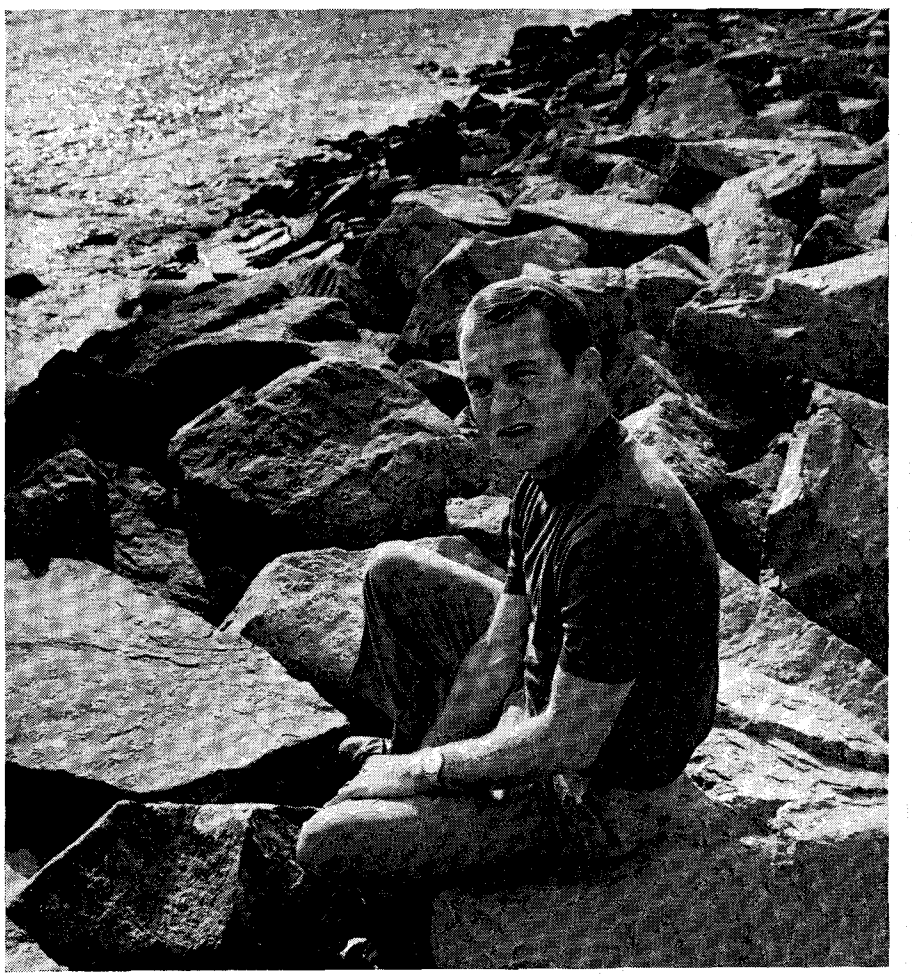
CHRISTMAS DOESN'T MEAN MUCH ANY MORE



By James Kavanaugh

Author of the best-selling book, A MODERN PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS OUTDATED CHURCH, *Mr. Kavanaugh resigned his priesthood this fall and expects to be married in the coming Christmas season.*

Recently I listened to five or six couples discuss Christmas. One woman said it was "exhausting and senseless." A middle-aged man called it "depressing" and a "financial binge." A younger man laughed and described it as a "ten-day cocktail party." Another woman complained that it had lost its religious meaning, and that she and her husband treated it as a "holiday for the children." I found myself reminiscing. This would be my first Christmas in 13 years outside of the Catholic priesthood. I wanted it to be my best.

When I was a priest, Christmas was tedious but exciting. There were hundreds of confessions to hear and two or three school plays to attend. The church had to be decorated, the choir trained, communion delivered to the sick. There were caroling parties, altar-boy rehearsals, indoor and outdoor cribs to be laid out. There were even basketball games to arrange. The sisters were busy and excited, the janitor was complaining about snow to shovel or extra lights to buy. There were dozens of Christmas cards to open and dozens more to send out. There were gifts of cigarettes from the parishioners, cookies and divinity fudge from the middle-aged women, an occasional fifth from the men. The room for the visiting priest was made ready, along with baskets to be delivered to the poor.

Then suddenly it was here. Midnight Mass was upon us. The teen-agers looked grown-up. There were carols in the air. I was tired but exhilarated. The Mass was long, since the communion line was as endless as the choir's hymns. I prayed at the altar and preached a brief message of joy. Then it was over, and I walked through an empty church. The young had gone out for breakfast, the adults had stopped at friends' homes for a drink. I had been invited but had declined since I had two more Masses to say early in the morning. I took the collection baskets over to the house, wished the housekeeper a merry Christmas, put on my coat and walked in the early-morning darkness and cold.

I wanted to be alone and live in my own thoughts as the lights of the Christmas trees twinkled in the neighboring homes. In the morning I would say my Masses, stack my gifts in the car. I would drive the hundred miles to join my brothers' families and my parents. Then Christmas night would come and we would sit quietly and sip coffee or lie on the floor and watch TV. There was a touch of depression in our voices—the letdown after the pageant had passed. Presents were strewn about us, everyone had eaten too much, and the dim lights of the Christmas tree warned us that we would have to go back to work.

We talked of the Christmases we had known as children, the shopping, the visits to the crib, the stockings tacked to the mantel. We laughed about the early-morning dash downstairs to open our gifts and to congratulate "Santa Claus," with knowing winks to keep our little brothers devoted to the myth. We remembered going to church as altar boys and comparing gifts with our friends, a trifle hurt when we discovered that our skates were not as professional as theirs. We talked of the smell of turkey, the mashed potatoes and giblet gravy, the run around the house to increase our appetites between courses. Then it was over, we finished our conversation, our reminiscences, and went to bed.

Such a Christmas was not a total loss. My mother had been excited when I bought her a dress that I picked out all by myself. My dad appreciated the sport shirt, and the nephews and nieces had pushed and pulled the assembled noises that were classified as toys. I had been surprised that my brother knew the kind of hunting shirt I wanted, and I had a chance to visit with a boyhood friend who stopped by to show me his first-born son. I had known the flavor of Christmas, the traditional hymns, the pie that only Mother could make, the "Merry Christmas" look that brought joy to faces that seldom smiled. I had watched the kids tear open the gifts and accumulate their treasures in piles. I had walked in the silence of a snowy morning, gazed at the crib in memory of years gone by. I had sat in the house that sheltered and fed me as a child and stared into the silent darkness with only the flickering lights of the Christmas tree to light the path of my memories. I knew that Mother looked a little older, that I had spent another year in the service of the Church. But what had really happened?

Was I closer to my parents or my brothers' families on a day when my Christian tradition told me that I was uniquely a child of God? I knew that the traditional gospel story of Luke, with its tale of angels and shepherds, was largely myth. And yet it spoke beautifully of Christmas. It told of a unique child with a mother and father who loved Him. It reminded me that no matter how humble a birth, a child deserved the splendid gifts of wise men, the simple homage of the herdsman. It told me in effect that I am that child. Luke told the story in symbol. John saw it more clearly, when he said in his account that Christ gave men the power to become sons of God."

Did Christmas make me feel this way as a priest? Does it make any man feel this way? Will it make me feel this way now that I am no longer a priest? I do not think so, because the majority of Christmas's religious symbols no longer speak to me. True, the hymns touch my heart, the decorated tree, the reds and greens exhilarate me. But the Mass with its bulging crowds of people, the congested traffic, the crib, the cold confessional do not reach me. The men of religion have let the merchants steal away their Christmas. And even the merchants have given some meaning to the day. The children warm to Santa Claus and shout exuberantly for their gifts. The feasting and visiting friends tell the little ones that this is a special time. The tree invites them, the hymns and pageantry of the streets crowd their hungry senses.

But do the children or their parents discover in a new way that they are loved? This is what Christmas means:

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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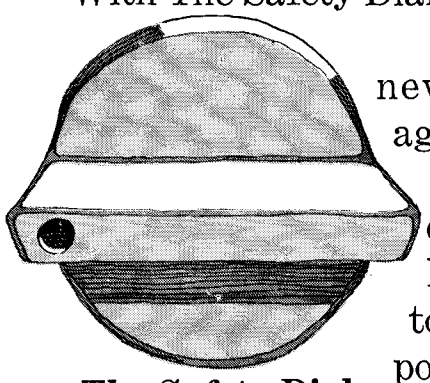

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When the shaver heads are dialed up or down, The Safety Combs (which remain stationary) expose exactly the right amount of cutting surface for your particular kind of face—letting in all of the whiskers and keeping out all of the skin.

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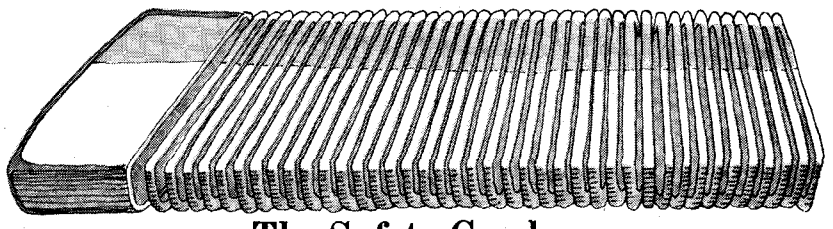

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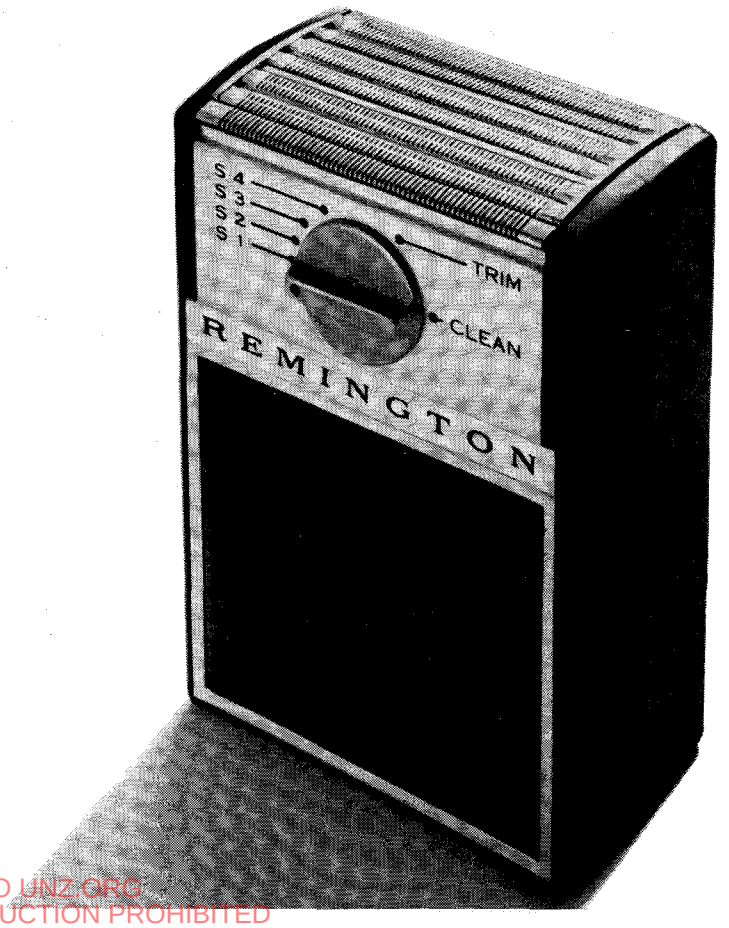

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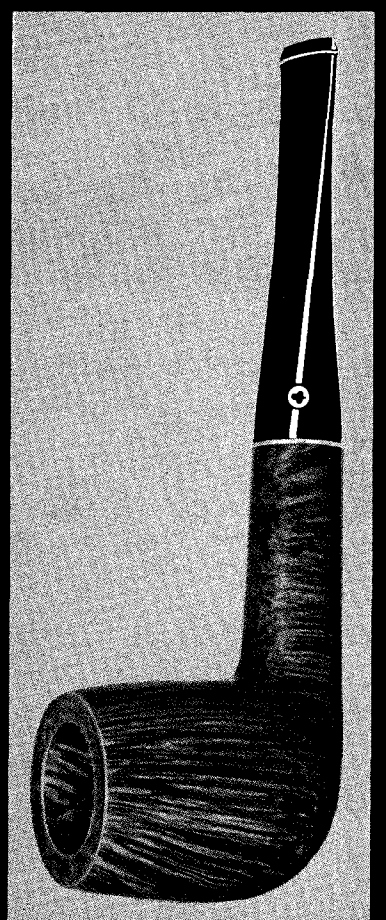

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the festival of man's dignity, of learning more deeply to be cared for and to care. The merchant can only feed the guilt of parents and children, begging them to offer in expensive gifts what they have not offered in the eloquence of loving deeds and words.

And the man of religion has been too feeble to fight back. He criticizes the tinsel, yet he offers only a crib from the Middle Ages to portray the wonder that is Christ. He offers a religious service whose main relevance is its nostalgic connection with the past. He sends his cards with angels and infants rather than with ducks and Scotty dogs. Even hymns are no longer uniquely his. *White Christmas* has come to mean as much as *Silent Night*.

Maybe I should forget Christmas—it is only another day. But I know I cannot. I am a Catholic Christian, and the memory of Christmas is in my blood. It is a special time when I can more readily steal hours from my work. But I will not steal the time to rush about in pursuit of gifts or flood the mails with cards of canned sentiments or bribe my business contacts. Christmas is a sacred time when Christ told me that I count, that I must go on living to love the friends who need my human love. Christmas reminds me of my own beauty and bids me to tell my loved ones of theirs.

I do not care if Christmas is celebrated in the schools. It has little meaning there. But I do care deeply about the religious celebration of Christmas and wonder when the men of faith will fight to gain it back. The churches have accompanied the pageantry with special donations to the pastor and Christmas-card sales. And yet they offer us only teeming crowds and jammed parking lots. We know how empty Christmas has become. We know its expense, its frantic pace, its death to peace and friendships. Even the children are more tired and spoiled than loved. We know the frustration of the season even as we know the excitement of its parties; we know that Christianity offers us symbols and forms that are irrelevant or dead.

Maybe the men of religion should tell us to spend Christmas in our homes. Maybe they should tell us to gather in little groups of friends and take time to talk with the ones we love. Maybe it is a time when busy fathers should be able to talk to their children, and mothers should do something besides labor over a stove. Maybe families should go away and spend a few days with other families they care about. Maybe we should ignore those relatives whose visit means nothing but social conformity and family quarrels. We cannot blame the secular city for our Christmas confusion. Perhaps, too, we have been too quick to blame the churches and too remiss to realize that we ourselves must lead and stimulate reform.

Obviously we need new symbols if we are to learn of man and God, if we are to know that we as men are capable and deserving of love. Cribs and crowded churches won't do for most of us. Hymns can be better heard and sung at home. But we need a chance to feed and nourish love. I do not know the chosen symbols that will tell a man what Christmas means in an age of anxiety and space. I only know that most of the past symbols are dead and the future ones have only begun dimly to live. No man can replace the symbols for a society; he can only try to find them for himself. As a former priest, I am trying, and perhaps you would not be unwilling to hear.

This Christmas I will write to my friends and tell them how much their friendship means, how grateful I am to know them. I will write it plainly, without eloquence but with love. I want my friends to carry the strength of my love in the tired hours when work and pressure make them wonder if life has meaning. I will try to tell them, as Christ once told me by His birth and death, that they are sons of God.

For the children who are special to me, regretfully not my own, I will spend some time in the Christmas season taking them fishing or camping, to a movie or out to lunch, or maybe to a fire station, where we will have the time to talk and laugh and be ourselves.

And I would like to spend some of my time with the old and lonely, a few hours with even one such person whom I love. I would like to tell one aged man by my visit that I am glad he is alive, even though the sometimes hectic motion of my days suggests I do not care.

On Christmas Eve, I want to spend the hours in quiet friendship with the one I love the most. I want to talk or listen or sit in peaceful silence, hearing the hymns and watching the heavens light up with stars. I want to say the things I should have said and hope to say a hundred times again. I do not want a party or lavish meal; bread and wine would almost be enough. I want to sense God. I would like to talk about my fears and dreams, to listen to hers, to laugh, maybe to be sad. For several minutes I would like to thank God. I want to tell of my love without rhetoric, quietly, without passion.

And I would like to spend Christmas Day—and a day or two besides—in a quiet, wooded place apart, in the company of my closest friends and their children. I wish we could have a Christmas colony where adults had time for children and leisure for themselves. A place where we could for a moment recapture the simplicity that is childhood and escape the complexity that is life. It need not be lavish or offer the diversions that robbed us of ourselves. We would have our tree and simple gifts and a chance to sing and hear the songs that fill the spirit.

I hope this Christmas I will have all this, and not know only the artificial fun of parties or the frantic shopping that makes me dread the season of Christ's birth. And I can long for the day when the churches will be small and the religious ceremonies will not be production lines too cumbersome and programmed to count. The churches are too committed to archaic symbols and too smothered with pageantry. But I have waited and whined long enough. I have asked more of the institutions than their current insights permit them to give. Now I and others must search for the symbols that speak of God because they help me to show His love and concern. Then perhaps the churches will watch and learn and serve us in our quest for the love that Christmas is all about.

James J. Kavanaugh

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

'. . . the pity of it . . .'

WASHINGTON:

The time was July 4, 1962, on a sunny morning. The place was Independence Square, in Philadelphia. With the old red brick of Independence Hall as a background, the young President of the United States rose to address a big, enthusiastic audience, crowded into the square.

The President began his short speech by movingly recalling the Declaration of Independence—"the testament handed down by those gathered in this historic hall one hundred and eighty-six years ago today." Then he turned to the present, and spoke of how "the nations of Western Europe . . . are today joining together, seeking, as our forefathers sought, to find freedom in diversity and in unity, strength."

He spoke then of the future. "The United States looks on this vast new enterprise with hope and admiration. . . . We see in such a Europe a partner with whom we can deal on a basis of full equality. . . . I will say here and now, on this Day of Independence, that the United States will be ready for a Declaration of Interdependence, that we will be prepared to discuss with a United Europe the ways and means of forming a concrete Atlantic partnership. . . . All this will not be finished in a year, but let the world know it is our goal."

There is a sadness in reading those words now, less than six years later—a sadness that recalls Othello's words, before he murdered Desdemona, the wife he loved: "O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" The sadness is partly human. The President who spoke on that bright day in Philadelphia—one can see in the mind's eye the strong, graceful figure, and the summer sun on the bushy hair—is dead. But there is a larger sadness as well. For President Kennedy's "Grand Design" for a "concrete Atlantic partnership" is dead too—as dead as Desdemona or John Kennedy.

The "Grand Design" seems now, in retrospect, an idle dream. It did not seem a dream only six years ago. In those days, serious, practical and well-informed men on both sides of the Atlantic believed that a new kind of Western World was growing up out of the ashes of the Second War.

This new kind of world would see a Europe that had found "freedom in diversity and in unity, strength." Britain would join the Common Market, and out of the Common Market would emerge a new federal European system—a true United Europe.

This United Europe would, in turn, join in a "concrete Atlantic partnership"—economic, military and political—with the United States. Thus would be formed what Walter Lippmann called at the time "an Atlantic Community . . . a great and secure center of power and wealth, of light and leading."

This "Atlantic Community" was "the shore dimly seen." It was the "goal" of American power and policy when Kennedy spoke his stirring words, in that distant time less than six years ago. Now the shore is not seen at all, even dimly. Instead, another kind of shore is dimly seen, a shore on which civilization may one day be wrecked.

Britain is not in the Common Market. NATO, the cornerstone of the Western alliance, is a farce. Instead of the United Europe that Kennedy foresaw, there is emerging what Gen. Charles de Gaulle calls "*l'Europe des nations*," and this Europe of nations is not unlike the divided, nationalist Europe of the prewar era.

There is no "concrete Atlantic partnership." Washington and Paris are hardly on speaking terms any more. Even the relationship between Washington and London, once so intimate, is now cool and distant, while the signs and portents multiply of a deep and growing impulse in this country to return to a latter-day version of the old American isolationism.

These signs and portents are many and various. Some are large and obvious, like the growing resistance to any sort of foreign aid at all. This year's foreign-aid program was extracted from a reluctant Congress with great difficulty, and there are experienced congressional observers who predict that this year's program will be the last. Thus the combination of generous impulse and enlightened self-interest that gave birth to the Marshall Plan is almost wholly dissipated.

Generosity and enlightened self-interest have been replaced by attitudes strikingly similar to those which produced the ultra-isolationist and wholly disastrous Smoot-Hawley tariff act of the 1930's. As this is written, 90 out of 100 senators are sponsoring protectionist legislation of one sort or another. As the Washington *Post* has pointed out, the ever-more-powerful protectionist lobby is pushing legislation that "would bring world trade to a halt by imposing import quotas on everything from steel to strawberries."

There are plenty of other signs of the rebirth of American isolationism. General de Gaulle has done everything he can—which is a lot—to nurture this rebirth. He has been enormously helped by the war in Vietnam. The war has alienated Europe from the United States. It has also alienated the United States from Europe. For to many Americans the spectacle of the Europeans, self-righteously lecturing this country about our sins in Vietnam, refusing to lift a finger to help in our time of trouble, while confidently expecting the United States to risk its national existence to protect Europe, is intolerably infuriating.

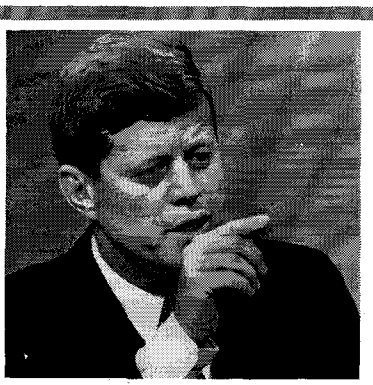
Those who, like Walter Lippmann, advocate abandoning Vietnam and withdrawing American power wholly from Asia, overlook the obverse of that coin. It is as difficult to be half isolationist as it is to be half pregnant.

Anyone who tests the temper of Congress these days can confirm that is so. "I guess we'll see this one through because we can't help it," says one midwestern Congressman. "But never again. And that goes for de Gaulle and all the rest of them." He speaks for many of his colleagues.

There are many factors, other than Vietnam and de Gaulle, that have promoted a rebirth of American isolationism. But perhaps the most powerful factor of all was Lee Harvey Oswald's bullet. For the bullet that tore through John Kennedy's head seems to have torn something vital out of this country's soul, eroding both our idealism and our self-confidence, turning the country in angrily upon itself.

In any case, the Grand Design of Kennedy's day has been replaced with a design that is not so grand—a sullenly self-centered and nationalist United States, isolated from a sullenly self-centered and nationalist Western Europe. It is not at all a pretty design, for it is very like the design that produced two world wars.

Stewart Alsop



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By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

Marrying absurd

To be married in Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada, a bride must swear that she is 18 or show parental permission, and a bridegroom that he is 21 or show parental permission. Someone must put up five dollars for the license. (On Sundays and holidays, $15. The Clark County Courthouse issues marriage licenses at any time of the day or night except between noon and 1 P.M., between eight and nine in the evening, and between four and five in the morning.) Nothing else is required. The state of Nevada, alone among these United States, demands neither a premarital blood test nor a waiting period before or after the issuance of a marriage license. Driving in across the Mojave from Los Angeles, one sees the signs way out on the desert, looming up from that moonscape of rattlesnakes and mesquite, even before the Las Vegas lights appear like a mirage on the horizon: GETTING MARRIED? FREE LICENSE INFORMATION FIRST STRIP EXIT. Perhaps the Las Vegas wedding industry achieved its peak operational efficiency between 9 P.M. and midnight of August 26, 1965, an otherwise unremarkable Thursday that happened to be, by presidential order, the last day on which anyone could improve his draft status merely by getting married. One hundred and seventy-one couples were pronounced man and wife in the name of Clark County and the state of Nevada that night, 67 of them by a single justice of the peace, Mr. James A. Brennan. Mr. Brennan did one wedding at the Dunes and the other 66 in his office, and charged each couple eight dollars. One bride lent her veil to six others. "I got it down from five to three minutes," Mr. Brennan said later of his feat. "I could've married them *en masse*, but they're people, not cattle. People expect more when they get married."

What people who get married in Las Vegas actually do expect—what, in the largest sense, "expectations" are—strikes one as a curious and ambiguous business. Las Vegas is the most extreme and allegorical of American settlements, bizarre and beautiful in its venality and in its devotion to immediate gratification, a place the tone of which is set by mobsters and call girls and ladies'-room attendants with amyl nitrite poppers in their uniform pockets. Almost everyone notes that there is no "time" in Las Vegas, no night and no day and no past and no future (no Las Vegas casino, however, has taken the obliteration of the ordinary time sense quite so far as Harold's Club in Reno, which for a while issued, at odd intervals in the day and night, mimeographed "bulletins" carrying news from the world outside); neither is there any logical sense of where one is. One is standing on a highway in the middle of a vast hostile desert looking at an 80-foot sign that blinks STARDUST or CAESARS PALACE. Yes, but what does that explain? This geographical implausibility reinforces the sense that what happens there has no connection with "real" life. Nevada cities like Reno and Carson are ranch towns, Western towns, places behind which there is some historical imperative. But Las Vegas seems to exist only in the eye of the beholder. All of which makes it a very stimulating and interesting place, but an odd one in which to want to wear a candlelight satin Priscilla of Boston wedding dress with Chantilly lace insets, tapered sleeves and a detachable modified train.

And yet the Las Vegas wedding business seems to appeal to precisely that impulse. "Sincere and Dignified Since 1954," one wedding chapel advertises. There are 19 such wedding chapels in Las Vegas, intensely competitive, each offering better, faster and, by implication, more sincere services than the next: Our Photos Best Anywhere, Your Wedding on a Phonograph Record, Candlelight with Your Ceremony, Honeymoon Accommodations, Free Transportation from Your Motel to Courthouse to Chapel and Return to Motel, Religious or Civil Ceremonies, Dressing Rooms, Flowers, Rings, Announcements, Witnesses Available and Ample Parking. All of these services, like most others in Las Vegas (sauna baths, payroll-check cashing, chinchilla coats for sale or rent) are offered 24 hours a day, seven days a week, presumably on the premise that marriage, like craps, is a game to be played when the table seems hot.

But what strikes one first about the Strip chapels, with their wishing wells and stained-glass paper windows and their artificial Bouvardia, is that so much of their business is by no means a matter of simple convenience, of a late-night union between a showgirl and a baby Crosby. Of course there is some of that. (One night about 11 o'clock in Las Vegas I saw a bride in an orange mini-dress and masses of flame-colored hair stumble from a Strip chapel on the arm of her bridegroom, who looked the part of the expendable nephew in movies like *Miami Syndicate*. "I gotta get the kids," the bride whimpered. "I gotta pick up the sitter, I gotta get to the midnight show." "What you gotta get," the bridegroom said, opening the door of a Cadillac Coupe De Ville and watching her crumple on the seat, "is sober.") But all day and evening long on the Strip, one sees actual wedding parties, waiting under the harsh lights at a crosswalk, standing uneasily in the parking lot of the Frontier while the photographer hired by The Little Church of the West ("Wedding Place of the Stars") certifies the occasion, takes the picture: the bride in a veil and satin pumps, the bridegroom usually in a white dinner jacket, and even an attendant or two, a sister or a best friend in hot-pink *peau de soie*, a flirtation veil, a carnation nosegay. *When I Fall in Love, It Will Be Forever*, the organist plays, and then a few bars of *Lohengrin*. The mother cries, the stepfather, awkward in his role, invites the chapel hostess to join them for a drink at the Sands. The hostess smiles professionally and shakes her head; she has already transferred her interest to the group waiting outside. One bride out, another in, and again the sign goes up on the chapel door: ONE MOMENT PLEASE—WEDDING.

I sat next to one such wedding party in a Strip restaurant the last time I was in Las Vegas. The marriage had just taken place; the bride still wore her wedding dress, the mother her corsage. A bored waiter poured out a few swallows of pink champagne ("on the house") for everyone but the bride, who was too young to be served. "You'll need something with more kick than that," the bride's father said with heavy jocularity to his new son-in-law; the ritual jokes about the wedding night had a certain Panglossian character, since the bride was clearly several months pregnant. Shrimp cocktails, the New York Steak Special. Another round of pink champagne, this time not on the house, and the bride began to cry. "It was just as nice," she sobbed, "as I hoped and dreamed it would be."

She meant of course that it had been Sincere. It had been Dignified. She had it on a phonograph record to prove it. All the fears and recriminations and knots in the stomach of the past few months were gone. Smoothed into respectability. She was a girl, and perhaps many of them were, those Las Vegas brides in the detachable modified trains, for whom the sexual revolution was a newspaper phrase, quite without meaning.

Joan Didion

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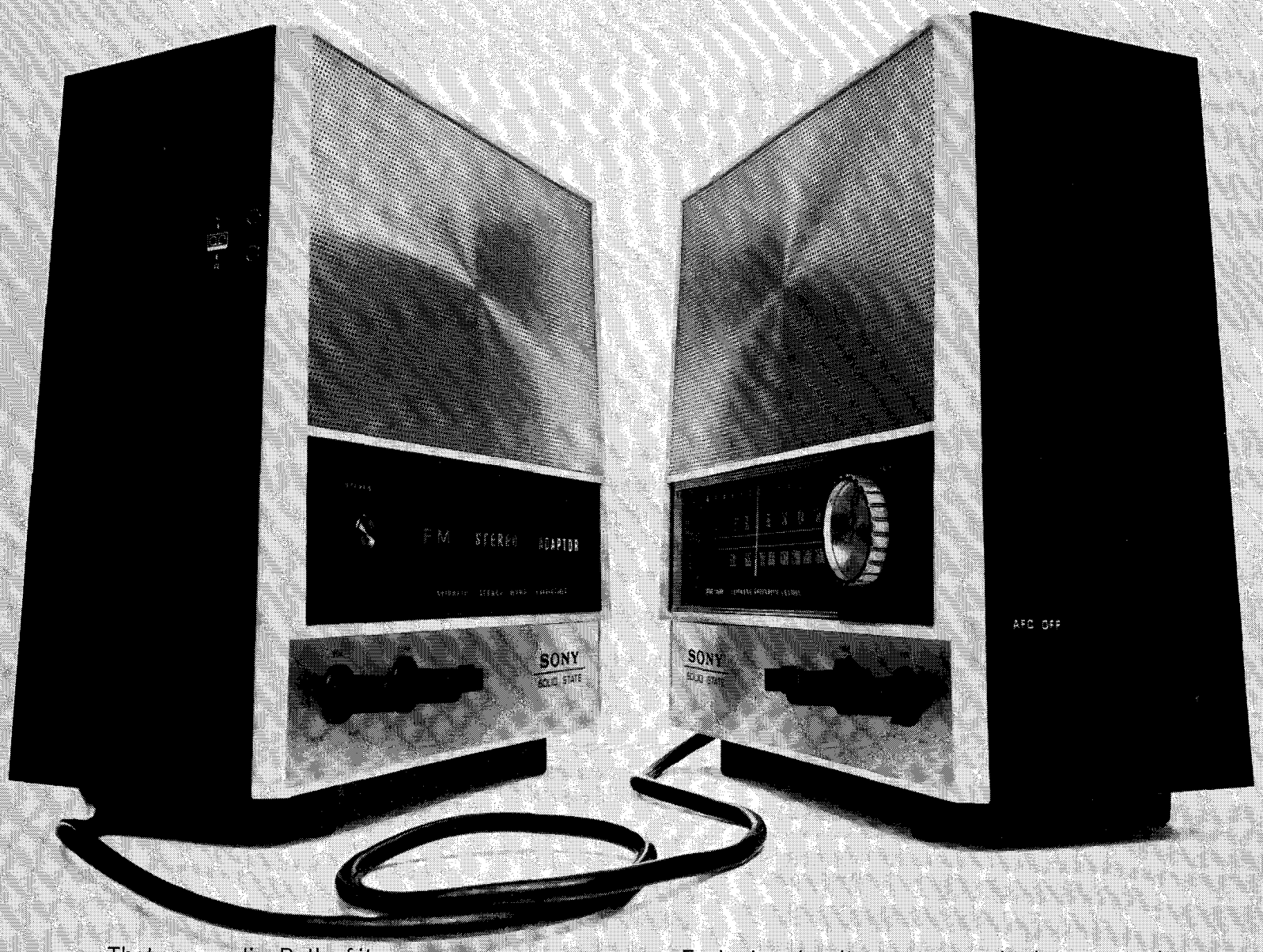
© 1967 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

What are that?



That are a radio. Both of it.

The one on the right is the radio part of the radio. Magnificent monaural FM/AM.

The one on the left is the stereo part. An optional accessory that turns the merely magnificent into stunning stereo.

Just plug it into the radio and hear in FM stereo everything broadcast in FM stereo.

It's like having a radio for each ear. Which is very rich. And very rich is how it sounds.

Each piece has its own tone and volume controls for perfectly balanced stereo.

And, for perfectly portable stereo, there are built-in handles, batteries for outdoors (with an AC power cord for indoor), and a perfectly portable size: roughly 8″ x 8″ and 4″ slim each.

Altogether, these is some radio.

The Sony 8F-38W and Stereo Adaptor

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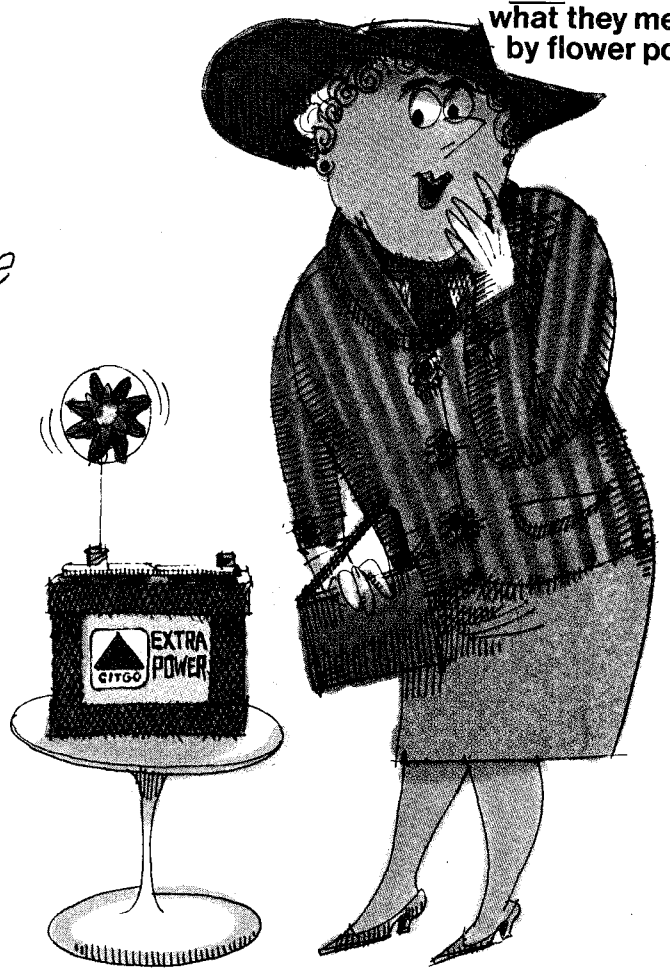
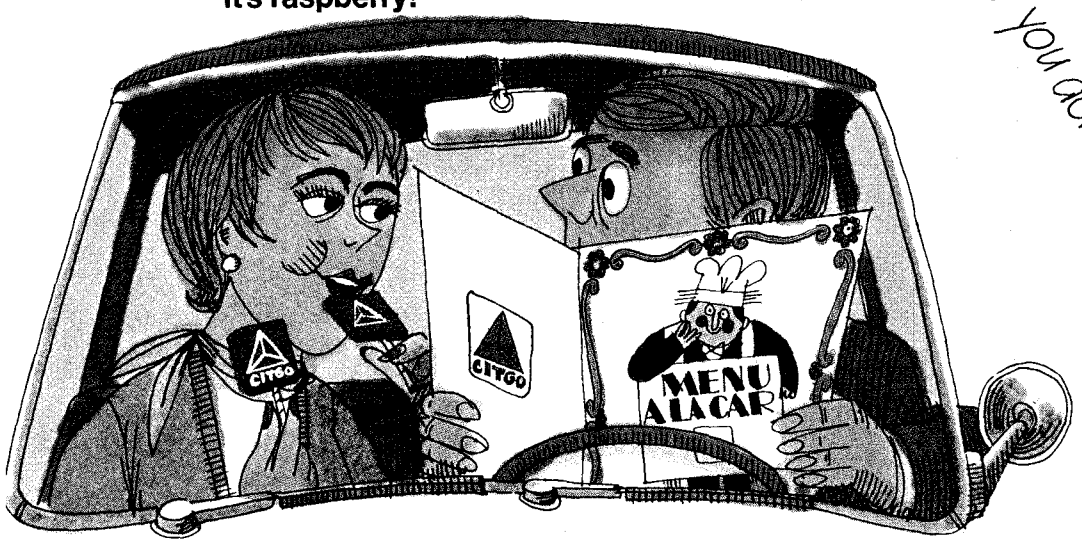
Are we totally serious about your car?
Of course.
But does that mean you have to feel totally dull when you come to CITGO?
Of course not!
So we try to make things nicer for you. With a little smile here and there. A kookie flower on our batteries.
A cheery chime that rings out "wel-come."
An appetizing price list on a menu. Things like that.
Revolutionary changes? No.
More like pleasant little touches.
Because we know you don't want to live at CITGO. You want the finest products and service. And a nice place to visit.

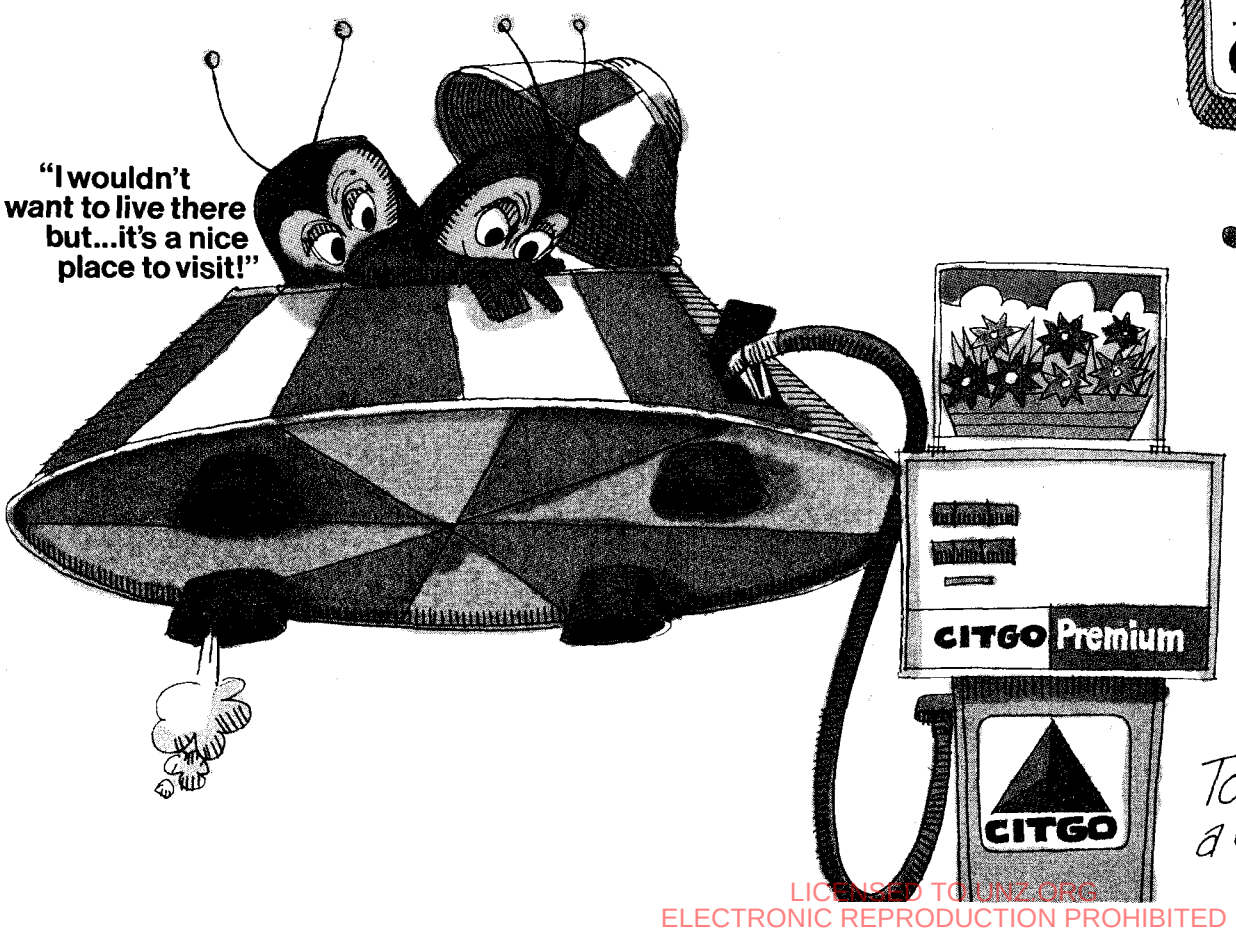
"Is that what they mean by flower power?'

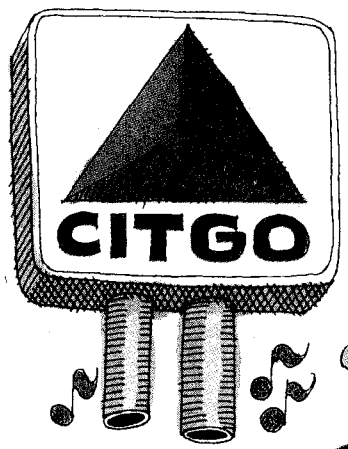


"It's raspberry!"



"I wouldn't want to live there but...it's a nice place to visit!"





"Play 'Melancholy Baby'!"

Today... why not take in a good gas station? CITGO.

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Authentic Scotch Dollar (Crown) minted between 1603 and 1625

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This is what our distiller in Glasgow, Scotland says of Lauder's:
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How many Scotches can you name that have been around for 133 years? Start with Lauder's . . . since 1834 the Scotch of Scots (and others) who want the most for their Scotch dollar.

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Seventh Year of a Great Christmas Tradition

20 Great Christmas Songs

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A rare holiday treat for your ... new collection by today's top ... a limited edition album of ... Christmas music. Available only at ... Goodyear Service Store and ... Goodyear Dealers—just $1.00. ... higher in Canada. Playable on stereo or monaural equipment.

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20 Christmas favorites—
Side #1 Santa Claus ...
Spend With You ...
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Christmas ... Goodness ...
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... Holidays ...
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The Gillette Techmatic,® disguised as a Christmas present.

The Techmatic that you see here surrounded by Christmas is the same Techmatic the man in your life has been seeing on television.

It's the new razor from Gillette.

It has a light feel that's very comfortable and shaves with less pull and less chance of a nick.

And instead of having to change blades, which can be a hang-up, especially if he's in the middle of a shave, the Techmatic has weeks and weeks of shaves coiled up on a razor band sealed inside a cartridge.

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And a lovely thing for a man to get, even without the jolly package.

But what's a Christmas present without a jolly package?

So it has a jolly package.

Gillette Techmatic Razor, $2.95.

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Militia take up positions amid the rubble of a bombed-out bieycle factory in Hanoi.

Journey to North Vietnam

The ringing shattered the silence of the early morning, and I lurched up in bed; it was 5:45. A thin, reedy voice came faintly through the telephone. "Mr. Schoenbrun, this is the Embassy of Vietnam. Could you please come over to see Nguyen Van Bich. He has a message for you."

I was awake immediately. I shook my wife. "Dorothy, it's the North Vietnamese embassy. I think it's an answer from Hanoi. The visa." Then I slipped quickly into light cotton slacks, a sport shirt and

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where he served me cold beer while he took boiling hot, Chinese green tea. "Where is Mrs. Schoenbrun?" he asked. I was startled by his question and said that she was at the hotel, sleeping.

He looked distressed and apologized for having called so early. "I have good news for you," he said. "My government has instructed me to issue visas to you and to Mrs. Schoenbrun. I will have to see both of you and instruct you on the procedures to follow for the journey."

I thanked him and left as quickly as I could to break the news to Dorothy. We had been waiting in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, for three weeks, and had pretty much abandoned all hope of getting a visa. More than 500 journalists had filed visa applications, but no American had gotten in for months. I had so little faith in ever getting a visa that I had not even made any advance arrangements to write or broadcast.

My wife and some friends were waiting for me under a thatched umbrella beside the hotel pool. I grinned and gave the thumbs-up signal, and they broke into cheers and ran to greet me.

Sitting nearby was a quiet, elegantly dressed young Japanese, who looks like a movie star but is one of the most talented and courageous war correspondents, Kyoichi Sawada of UPI. Sawada came over to offer his congratulations, and then said softly, "Please forgive my indiscretion, but I could not help but overhear. I, myself, have been waiting for a visa for six long weeks. Please, could you tell me, how long did it take you to get one?"

I thought for a moment and then replied, "It took twenty-one years."

The first, and as it turned out, the decisive step was taken in August, 1946, when I invited Ho Chi Minh to dinner. Ho, all his life a Communist revolutionary, had come out of the underground after the Japanese surrender to proclaim himself President of an independent Republic of Vietnam, free of French colonial domination. The French, weakened by six years of war, were unable to put down

Prime Minister Pham Van Dong, Ho Chi Minh's likely successor, picks flowers in garden of presidential palace.

Ho's bid for independence, and in March, 1946, they signed agreements that recognized Ho as President of a free Vietnam in exchange for his acceptance of new commonwealth ties with France. He came to Paris in June for a conference scheduled to work out the practical details.

As a young reporter in Paris, freshly out of the U.S. Army, I called upon Ho Chi Minh and met members of his staff, including the man who is now his Prime Minister, Pham Van Dong. Almost daily, for three months, I covered their meetings with the French at Fontainebleau, outside Paris.

One day, after a news conference, I asked President Ho Chi Minh about details of his private life. He laughed and said, "But I have never had a private life, at least not a normal life. I left home as a boy of seventeen to sail the world and have never known a home since."

I sensed the opportunity for an interesting human story. "President Ho, I'm living here in Paris with my family—my wife, mother and father. How would you like to meet an American family and have a typical American dinner?"

Ho's face lighted up and he said, "That's very kind of you. I think I would like it very much."

Twenty-one years later, in June of this year, I wrote to Ho Chi Minh, recalling to him the young reporter with whom he had dinner in Paris. I concluded the letter with these words: "My wife and I are making a reporting trip through Asia this summer. We would like very much to have dinner with you in Hanoi."

The letter was delivered, and the answer was received on August 6 at the North Vietnamese Embassy in Phnom Penh. And on our arrival in Hanoi, the government representative said to us, "Our President bids you welcome in his home."

The road to Hanoi is an obstacle course even after the visa has been issued.

First, we had to go to the Cambodian state police and apply for exit visas specifically approved for Hanoi. Armed with that permission, we went to the offices of Royal Air Cambodge, the state airline, and deposited a letter, addressed to the director-general, requesting permission to buy tickets on the noncommercial, diplomatic plane of the International Control Commission.

On receipt of the police clearance and the clearance from Royal Air Cambodge, I went to the I.C.C. offices to apply for our seats in their plane, which flies to Hanoi on Fridays and alternate Tuesdays. First priority goes to I.C.C. personnel, then to diplomatic personnel, then to official missions and official guests and finally, in last place, to working reporters. We were in last place for the flight of August 11, and very worried about being "bumped." The Indian official who took our request smiled encouragement and said, "Don't worry, we'll get you on. You're the only ones paying for your tickets. Everyone else is official."

The I.C.C. agent warned that the weight allowance of 44 pounds per passenger would be strictly enforced, and that any overweight would not be put on board. This posed a problem of selection. Typewriters, cameras, paper, research notes and books for me, paintbrushes, pigment tubes, colored felt pens for my artist wife all weighed almost 20 pounds. That left little weight for the clothes we wanted to take—and we were warned to bring many changes of underclothes and blouses because of the furnace heat of Hanoi in August.

Many people had something they wanted us to take to or bring back from Hanoi. Jean Johnson gave my wife lotion and chapsticks sent to her by a Mrs. James Lindberg Hughes, wife of an American pilot who was a prisoner in North Vietnam. He had been severely burned in an accident some years ago and needed the lotion for treatment of his scars. And the Cambodian clerk at the Royal Hotel begged me to remember to buy him some stamps for his collection. All of our friends gave us their special medicines, guaranteed to prevent malaria, sleeping sickness, diarrhea, jungle rash and a number of other diseases.

I could hardly credit my eyes and memory when I saw the plane taxi up to parking position in front of the departure lounge. It was a civilian version of the World War II Flying Fortress—not pressurized or air-conditioned. We boiled on the ground, froze over the mountains and could not hear clearly for three days after the flights.

On our first attempt to reach Hanoi, August 11,

These "manhole" air-raid shelters line Hanoi's streets; looking like open sewer pipes, they are barely large enough for one person, and are frequently filled with rain water.

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we covered the lap of two and a half hours to Vientiane without any trouble, but had barely crossed into North Vietnam when we were signaled to turn back because of American air attacks.

On August 18 we took off again, this time in thick gray fog. Almost immediately the plane began to bump and twist. The pilot climbed to get above the weather; our ears snapped, then went dead as the pressure deafened us. The plane strained and creaked, fighting a strong headwind. A young Pole turned chalk-white and was sick in the seat ahead of us. My wife was pale, sitting back, eyes closed and jaw set hard.

Suddenly the plane began to drop. We fell like a stone about 100 feet, then bucked violently as the pilot fought the controls. The hostess came out of the pilot's cabin, held herself upright with difficulty, and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to inform you that we are returning to Vientiane. A typhoon is raging over the entire area."

On Tuesday, August 22, we all went out to the airport again. This time the flight was smooth and perfect. We came over Hanoi so swiftly and easily that it was almost an anticlimax. Except for the surprise we saw below us: All the lights were on in Hanoi. It was an open city.

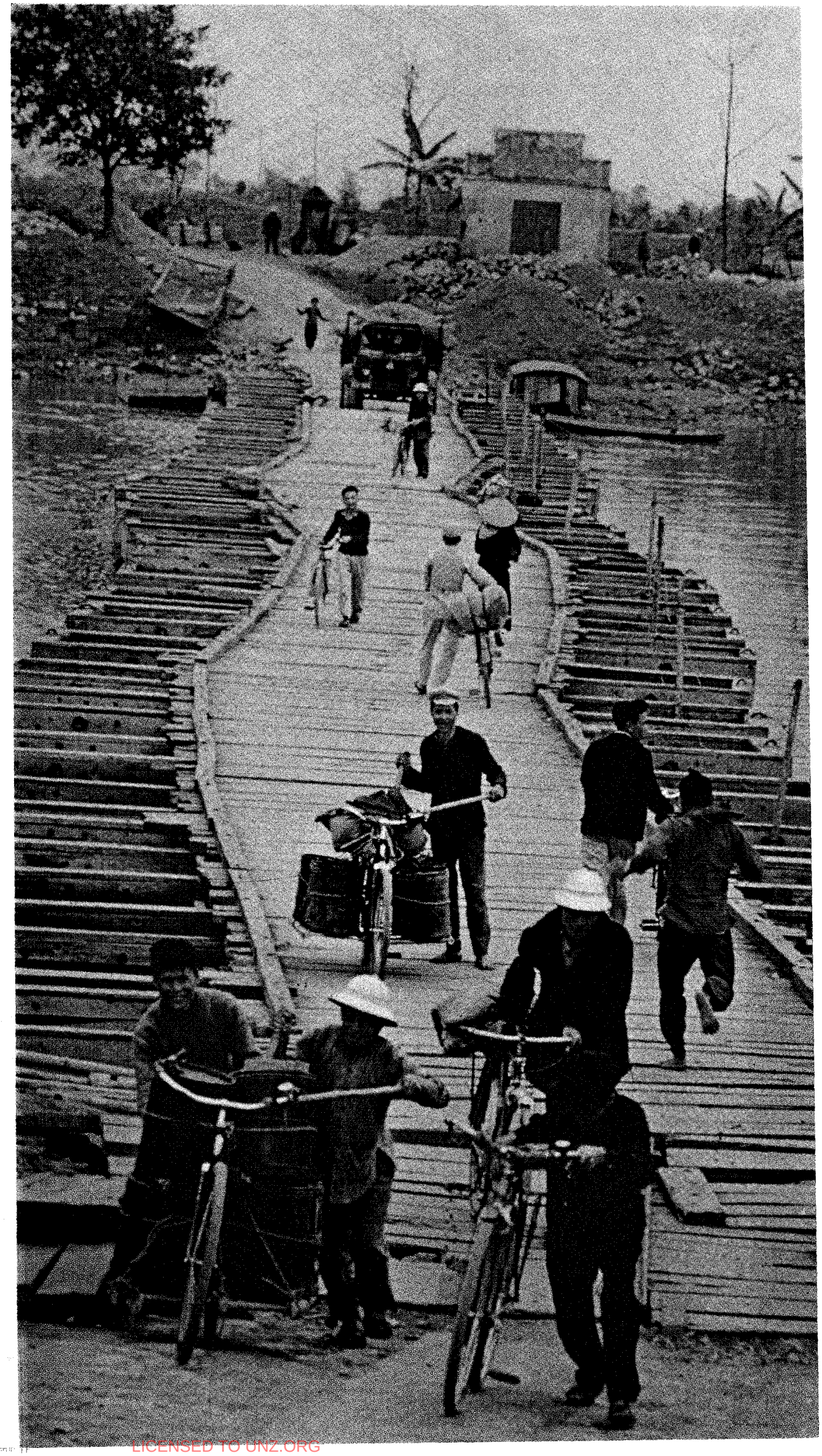
On arrival at Gia Lam airport we found out why. A big bomb had landed in the heart of the city that very day, only a few blocks from the hotel where we would be billeted, in a residential street of apartment houses and retail shops. The reason they kept the lights on at night, I was told, was to prevent American spokesmen from saying the city was bombed by accident. Every time a bomb is dropped inside Hanoi it is described as an accident, but it would be difficult to claim that the whole brightly lighted city had been raided accidentally.

The Long Bien Bridge had been bombed out, and the only transport to Hanoi was by ferry across the Red River. It also turned out that our escort team had been stuck on a sandbank in the middle of the river, and we were told to "make ourselves comfortable" and wait.

It was over 100 degrees at Gia Lam, and there was no breeze. The airport bar had run out of ice. There was nothing to drink but hot lemonade. The most depressing aspect of Hanoi heat is the knowledge that there is no escape. A monsoon cloudburst only means steam heat from the wet sidewalks when it is over. It is as hot at midnight as at dawn. And there are no air conditioners, no place to cool off even for a minute. The oppressive heat and humidity were to be the greatest burden of our trip. Not even the bombings, bad as they were, could compare, for danger struck swiftly and then passed. The suffocation never ended.

Our escort teams finally arrived, mud-stained but smiling, laden down with bouquets of flowers: pink lotus, white jasmine and huge red-velvet carnations. They handed one bouquet to my wife and another to me. In my long career as a foreign correspondent no one had ever given me flowers. To receive an exotic bouquet in Hanoi, when the planes of my country had been bombing the city, was so incredible that I began to laugh, and then my wife laughed, and then both of us lost control. The long, difficult journey, the suffocating heat, the feeling of unreality as Americans in Hanoi, all these emotions and physical strains combined to break down our reserve. Our escorts must have thought us quite mad.

We finally were able to explain to them our sense of unreality. They understood at once and told us that we would have many strange experiences as we moved about the country. "You will



. S. bombers have knocked out dozens of bridges, but the ietnamese quickly throw up these pontoon bridges, and e supplies keep moving—by truck, bicycle and foot.

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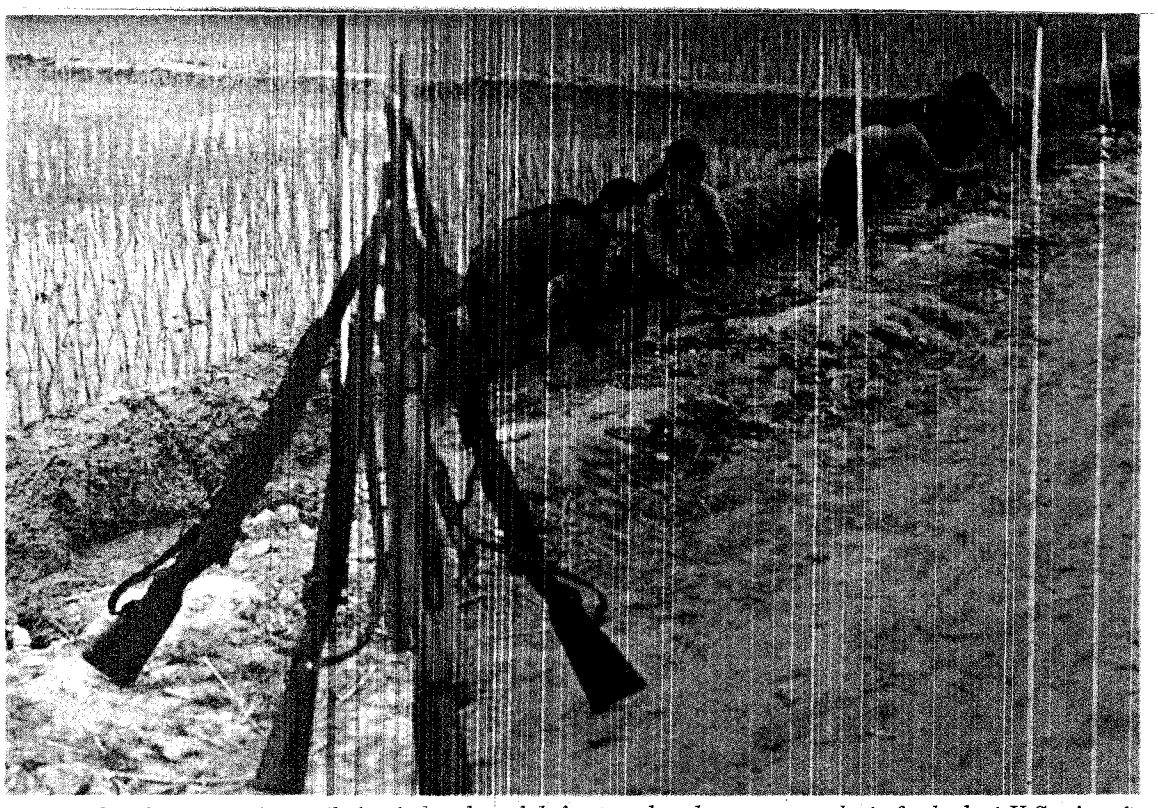


As agricultural areas are frequently bombed and strafed, farm workers keep guns nearby to fire back at U.S. aircraft.

be welcomed," they said. "Do not worry about that. We have no hatred for the American people. We believe that if they knew the truth about this criminal war they would stop it."

This was only the first of many times that we were to hear North Vietnamese express their ultimate confidence in the judgment of the American people. The government has taken great pains to indoctrinate the people to believe that a "group of wicked imperialists of the military-industrialist complex" are in power in America, that they have major access to the press, radio and television, but that basically the American press is free, and the people of America are not imperialist and will eventually see through the falsehoods.

We were to spend almost all our waking hours—18 hours a day—with the men who came to greet us at the airport that night: Vu Trong Kinh, officer of the State Cultural Commission for Relations with Foreigners, Vu Quoc Thanh, of the same organization, and a third little man whom my wife soon christened "Turtledove" because of the way he literally cooed at us. He was Nguyen Duc Thang, age 62, a veteran of the battle of Dienbienphu and entrusted with "facilities" for our trip. "Facilities" meant everything from keeping us supplied with tea, bananas, cigarettes, news bulletins, research materials and transportation, to waking us up between 4:30 and 5 every morning.

Thang, or Turtledove, was eager to please and kept suggesting that we tell his superiors how good a job he was doing. He was desperately afraid that he was going to be retired from active service. "I am very young for an old man," he kept saying. "I want to participate in our resistance. This is the greatest struggle in our history. Storytellers and singers will tell of our exploits for a thousand years!"

Thang lived five miles outside Hanoi. During our stay he would cycle in every morning at dawn, cycle home for lunch, then back again in the afternoon. He refused to take his meals with us, although we asked him often to join us in the hotel dining room. "No, this is the only moment you have a chance to be alone together without us," he said. "I will not intrude."

The escort officers Kinh and Thanh were very different men from Turtledove. They were longtime revolutionaries, dedicated Communists and of sufficiently high rank to have automobiles instead of bicycles. But they, like almost everyone we were to meet, were equally exhilarated by their resistance to American power, and they showed the same sense of sharing in a great historic adventure.

Thanh, like so many of the men in Hanoi, is a Southerner. He had originally joined the ranks of the Viet Minh in 1947 soon after war had broken out with France. He was fighting in the South when the cease-fire and regroupment agreements were reached at the Geneva Conference of 1954. He was one of the Viet Minh who went north, as the Geneva Accords had stipulated, to wait for the elections that would enable him to go home in triumph. But Ngo Dinh Diem, who had been put in power in Saigon by the French and the Americans during the Geneva Conference, refused to hold the elections, and Thanh never got home.

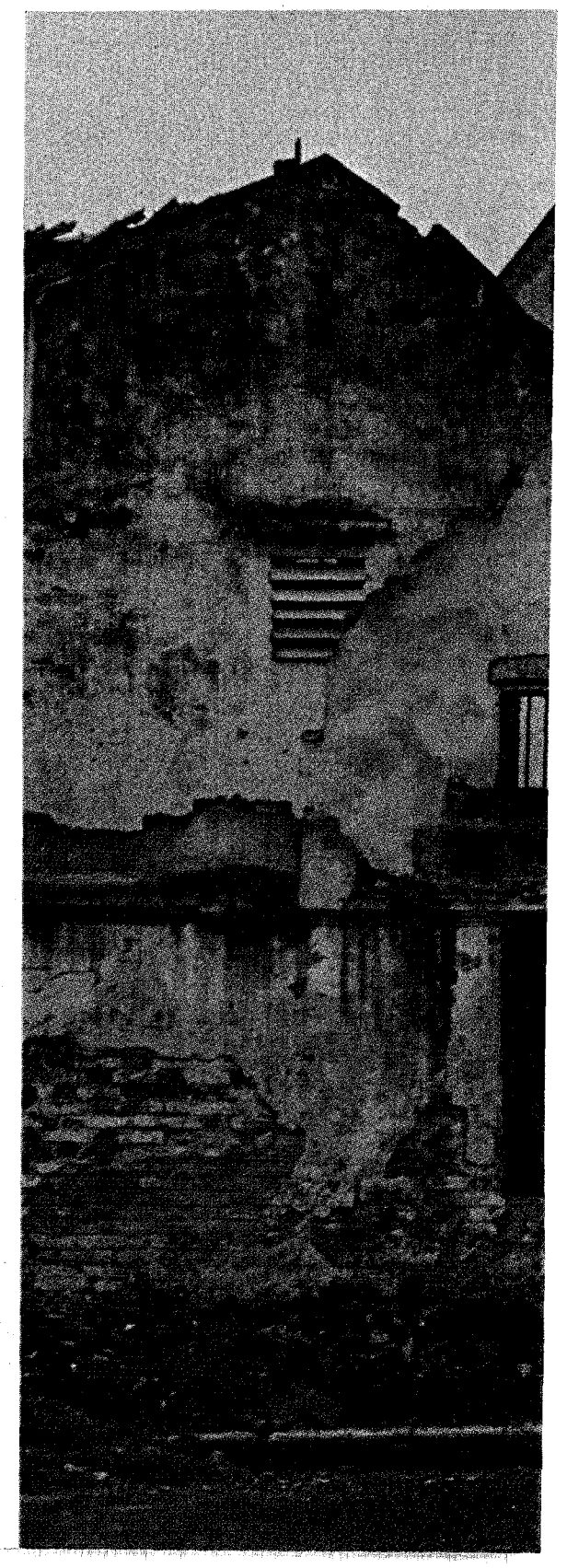
"I have not seen my wife and daughter since 1952," he said. "When I left them to go into the maquis, my wife was pregnant. I learned later that she had given birth to another daughter. That daughter, whom I've never seen, would now be fifteen if she is alive." His eyes were liquid, but he added fiercely, "And if my daughter is alive, I know she is fighting in the ranks of the Front, just as my wife and elder daughter are . . . if they are alive."

The last news he had had was from friends who told him that Diem's police had broken into his parents' house one night and had arrested his father and mother. His wife and daughter, visiting with friends, had been alerted and had escaped, making their way deep into the forests to join up with the Front. "My father and mother died in Diem's concentration camp," Thanh said. "I will avenge them. We will win this war and destroy the criminals of Saigon, and we will reunite our families. What else is there to live for?"

Kinh, a slight, slender Vietnamese, wearing big, black, owlish spectacles, said, "Almost all of us can tell you the same story. Our families have been torn apart in twenty years of war. Even those of us fortunate enough to have our families in the North are still separated from them, for we have evacuated women and children to the countryside. It is not safe in Hanoi. You will see."

At last a bus was commandeered to take all the passengers to the Red River, where the ferries were again functioning. It was almost 1 A.M. The bus, jammed with the 45 passengers, their escort officers, overnight kits and flowers, lumbered slowly down a blacked-out road between thick rows of banana trees. Suddenly it braked on top of an embankment, in front of a freshly dug slice of earth leading from the bank down to the river. We lurched out of the narrow doors, clinging somehow to our load of bags and equipment, and slithered down to the water. The "ferry" turned out to be a flat-bottomed old scow, pushed by an ancient tugboat. We moved forward with the crowd, went ankle-deep in water and mud, and stepped up onto wooden planks leading onto the scow. It was jammed with 10 cars and about 75 people. I was sure it would sink.

The ancient tug wheezed and creaked as it pushed the scow out into the middle of the rising Red River. It fought the waters upstream in order to push us into position to glide back down to the landing place on the far bank. Off to the right, in the pale light of the moon, we could see the black arches of the Long Bien Bridge. "Repair teams are working on it now," Kinh said. "And our batteries are waiting for the planes to come



Bomb damage in this residential district extended over three blocks; although we claim to bomb only military targets, Schoenbrun found evidence of "terror bombing."

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back. It will cost heavily to strike at it again."

The men in Hanoi talk "costs" just like the men in Washington, but they are convinced that America can stand the costs of war less easily than they can. A fighter-bomber costs some three million dollars or more, and they claim to have shot down more than 2,200. The Pentagon admitted, at that time, 675 planes downed over North Vietnam. The figure is now much higher. Taking minimum costs per plane and minimum estimates of planes downed, the air war in the North has cost the United States at least 1,000 men and two billion dollars. In money alone this is the equivalent of the entire annual budget for the anti-poverty program in the United States. As for Hanoi, its losses have been made up by aid from China, Russia and the rest of the Communist bloc. The new Russian aid program alone has been estimated at close to two billion dollars. "We are poor and you are rich," Kinh said, "but we have very little left to lose, and you have everything to lose."

The tug pushed against the fast-flowing water, the scow creaked, and finally we began to float rapidly down toward the opposite landing.

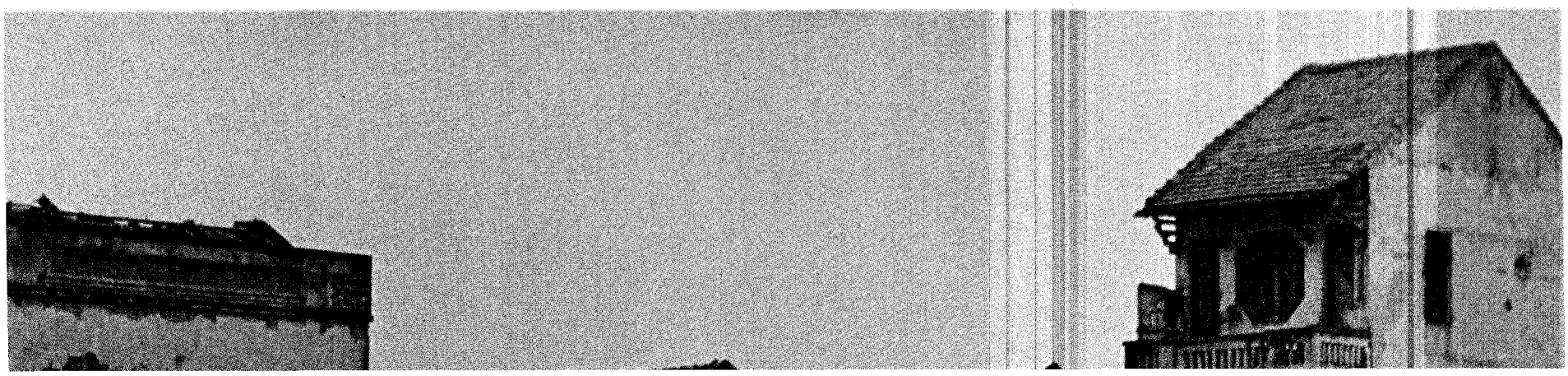
On the Hanoi side there was a brief search for our escort cars, then Kinh apologized and said, "Sorry, we'll have to walk to the hotel."

My wife, always well-groomed and neat, looked like a savage. Her hair had been blown apart by the wind, there was a smudge on her cheek, grease on her white-cotton dress, and she scratched constantly at dozens of mosquito bites. She took a deep breath, smiled at me and said, "Well, anyway, there's no air pollution here."

I remember the last time I had walked down those streets, in May, 1954, the day that Dienbienphu was overrun by the troops of General

(*Continued on page 44*)

Young factory worker prepares to fire rifle at "air pirate."



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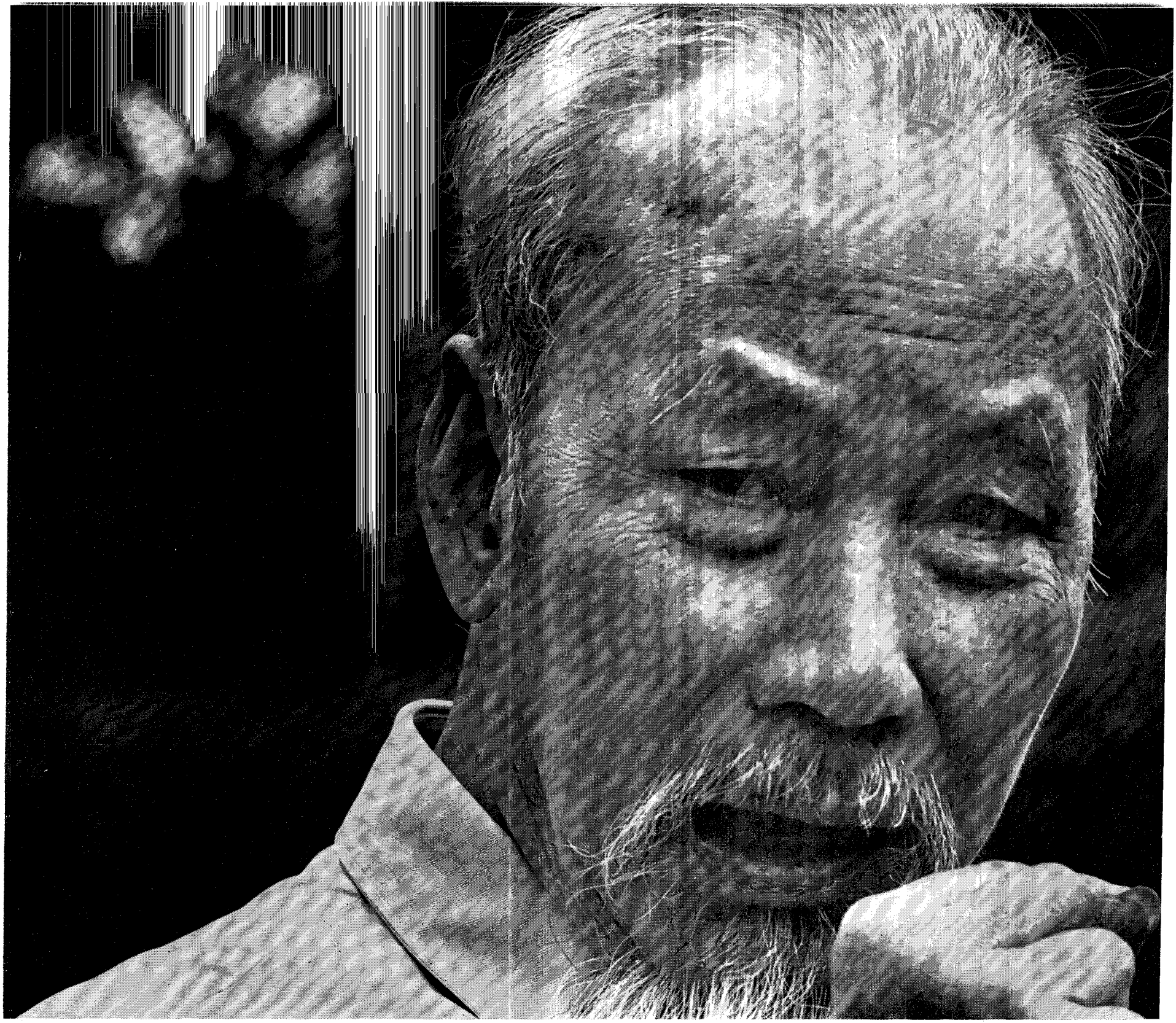

A talk with HO CHI MINH

By William C. Baggs

Few American reporters have ever interviewed the ancient Communist leader of Vietnam. One who did was William C. Baggs, editor of the Miami *News*, on a visit to Hanoi early this year. Here is his report.

Ho Chi Minh was speaking of age and tobacco. A smile visited his face when he glanced at an unlighted cigarette in his fingers and, in English, he said, "My physician told me I should not smoke any more. But when you are as old as I am, you do not worry about the harm of cigarettes."

With that, he lighted a match and took a puff.

Ho is now 77, and often he mentions his estate of old age. He appears more than reconciled to elderly years. Perhaps he is pleased that he has lived a long life in which the years were so taut, so furious, so dangerous. He has been a revolutionary since 1903, when he was 13, and he was expelled from the lycée in Vinh on the accusation of promoting hatred for the French colonialists and seeking independence for his country. He has been underground, on the run, or at war ever since.

"Ho Chi Minh" is merely one of the several aliases he has used. His name at birth was Nguyen That Thanh. He had barely celebrated his 22nd birthday when he left home and became a cabin boy on a French vessel. During World War I he abandoned a London kitchen (where he had worked as a helper to Escoffier at the Hotel Carlton) and found work in Paris as a retoucher of photographs. He soon became part of the hierarchy of the French Socialist Party. In 1919 Ho addressed a petition to the peace conference at Versailles. He did not ask autonomy for his country, but only the freedom of press and assembly. But the statesmen at Versailles were not listening to the insistent young Asian, who by now was publishing an angry weekly (*The Underdog*) and making speeches in the fashionable left-wing corners of Paris. The following year Ho sided with Marcel Cachin in the dispute that split the French Socialist Party and led to the founding of the French Communist Party.

Ho Chi Minh attracted the recruiters of the Soviet Union in the early 1920's, and he spent two years in Moscow as a student and revolutionary before he was sent to China in 1925. He would be a

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roving agent for the Communist International (Comintern) until the middle '30's. In 1930, starving peasants marched on Vinh, where Ho had been expelled from school, and he instigated an uprising against the French. He was tried *in absentia* and sentenced to death. The French couldn't get their hands on Ho, but the British did, and jailed him for a short time in Hong Kong.

It was not until 1944 that Ho returned to Vietnam to stay. He had organized a political party four years before, in China, and named it the League for the Independence of Vietnam (Vietminh). He worked for the United States Office of War Information in Kunming in South China. The Americans supported Ho and his colleagues in the crossing from China into Vietnam in 1944, and from his mountain base he led raids on the Japanese occupying his country and also cooperated with the 14th Air Force in rescuing downed American pilots. He entered Hanoi the following year and proclaimed the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam." It seemed as if the dreams of the revolutionary had become reality after years of exile and plotting. But the French, not in a mood to dissolve their overseas empire, thought Ho wanted too much independence for his new government. War started in 1946, and it ground on for eight years until the French were defeated.

Speaking last January about the years of war, Ho said, "We have been fighting for our independence for more than twenty-five years, and of course we cherish peace, but we will never surrender our independence to purchase a peace with the United States or *any party*."

Ho had invited this writer and two other Westerners to his office in Hanoi for a conversation. The visitors were impressed by the lack of visible security at the old palace, where the French governors once ruled. Two sentries stood where the road turned into a private drive on the palace grounds, but no other soldiers were seen either inside or outside the large rococo building. A young man admitted us, and we were escorted to a bare parlor (decorated only by a painting of a brownish eagle on the wall). Ho appeared at a brisk walk, sat, expressed his philosophy about age and tobacco, and started talking.

"What in the world is going on in the United States?" he asked. "Your country has no history of being aggressive. I know something about the United States. What are the people thinking? Why have you invested so much in such a large war in this little country so far away?

"Tell me, gentlemen, is the Statue of Liberty standing on her head?"

We had heard, from diplomats in Europe and Asia, conflicting stories about the state of Ho's mental and physical health. Any doubts he was in good health for a man of his age and experience evaporated during the talk. He is a small man, very thin, and the sandy-colored jacket seemed several sizes too large for him. He does not have the complexion of a former consumptive. (Ho has suffered a tuberculosis attack at least once.) Now his skin is rosy. His mind? The old revolutionary did not skip once as he dredged facts and small details from his crowded memory.

"There is no possibility of a talk with the United States until the bombing of our country has stopped," he said. Then, almost incidentally, as if he had just thought of it, he added, "And no new American troops should be introduced during any conversation."

Did this mean that talks of peace would begin if the Americans stopped bombing North Vietnam?

Ho became impatient with the interpreter, and he spoke in English, with very little accent:

"You gentlemen are businessmen. I, too, am a businessman. I want to see the goods before the price is established."

He smiled, as if he were pleased by his figure of speech. He asked for a cup of coffee. Twice more in the talk, the question was asked if talks could begin once the bombings were stopped, and twice Ho used the same words in response:

"Talks could begin after the bombings stop."

Ho is not a traditional strong man. His home is not a palace but a cottage that once quartered the gardener who kept the grounds of the palace. He is, however, the father of his country, a legend in office, and he thinks in those terms. Speaking of his countrymen, the 17 million people of North Vietnam, Ho said, "I was never married. I never had time. But I have seventeen million children."

Ho appeared eager to talk of the United States. How was New York City? If peace came to Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson would be greeted with flowers as a tourist. The thought seemed to amuse the old man. Then his face sobered.

"We respect the American people. The American people are an intelligent people, and they are a peace-and-democracy-loving people.

"The American soldiers are sent here to kill and get killed, and most of them have an education. If they came to help, as technicians, then we would welcome them as friends, as brothers.

"But now they are coming to kill and get killed. This is a shameful thing.

"This may be difficult for you to believe. I am grieved not only when the Vietnamese people are killed. I am also grieved when American soldiers are killed. I sympathize with their parents."

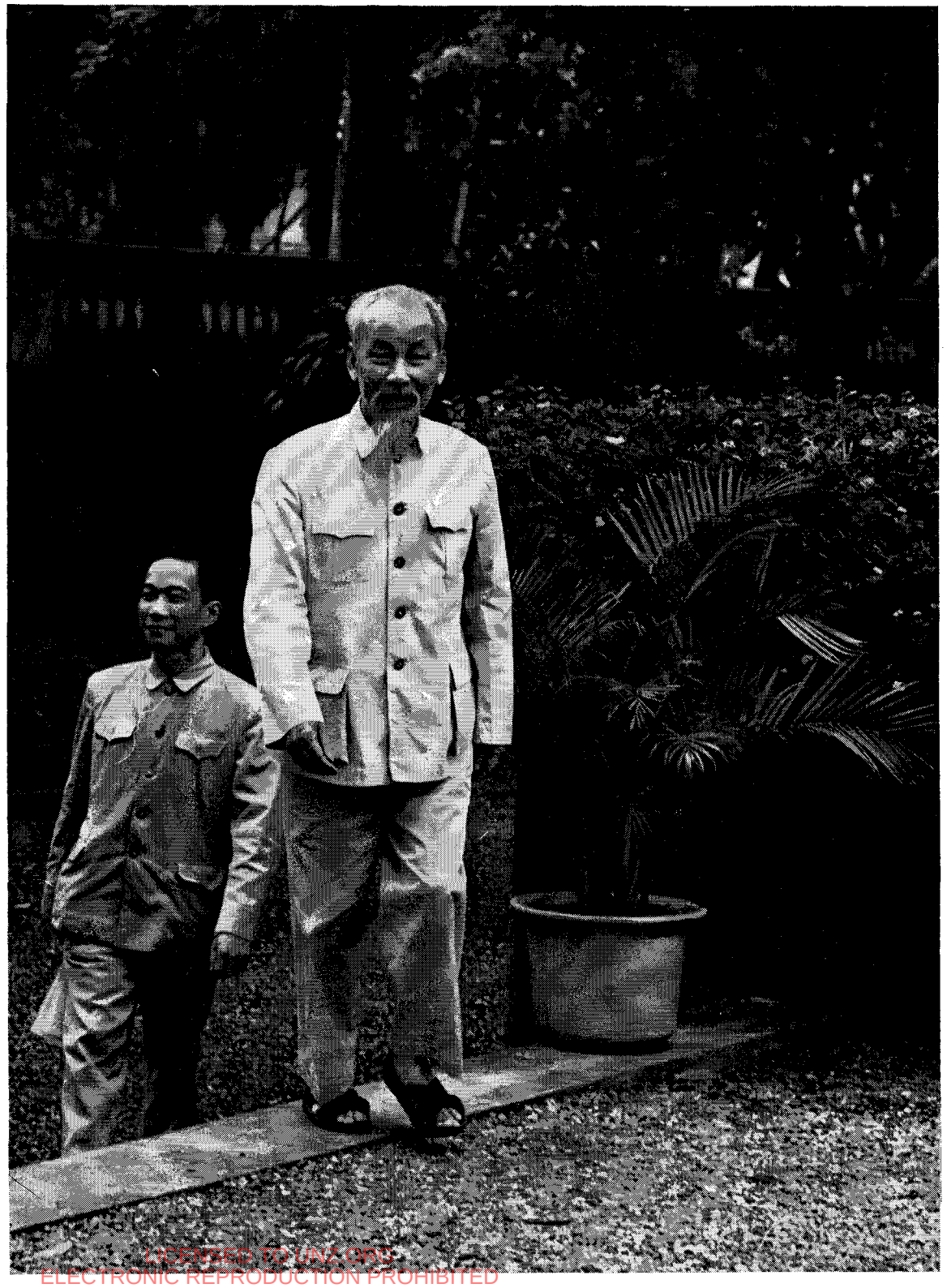
If Ho were so full of sympathy, then why didn't he agree to conclude the war?

"But it is not my country which is bombing America," he said, again in English. "It is the Americans who are bombing my country.

"You know, the Americans talk of ending the bombings if we would make some reciprocal gesture. But this would be like a person who is held up by a bandit in Chicago. And after he holds you up, he wants to know what price you are willing to pay him not to shoot you."

He paused, and the nearest emotion to passion that the visitors saw in this serene old revolutionary prefaced his next remark. His eyes were intense, his right fist clenched.

"You must know of our resolution," he said. "Not even your nuclear weapons would force us to surrender after so long and violent a struggle for the independence of our country." □



Accompanied by secretary, Ho strolls in garden outside his headquarters, former residence of French governors.

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STAY TUNED FOR THE PRINCESS

Lee Radziwill makes her TV debut as the star of a mystery melodrama.

By Terry Coleman

Apart from being Jacqueline Kennedy's sister, she is three women, which can be awkward. "Oh," she says with wide gestures, "I have an amusing time with myself. Jekyll and Hyde. When I call someone up, shall I say Bouvier or Radziwill? And as for people calling me princess, like the newspapers, let them if it gives them pleasure." But then she says, No, really she is not confused about her identity, really not. Where she draws the line is clear. People she works with, theater people, think of her as Lee Bouvier; to her friends in London, where she lives, she is Mrs. Radziwill; and to the papers, well, some of them *want* a princess.

At home her family servants also call her princess, but that, she says, is different. They are Polish servants; they know her husband as Prince Radziwill, and respect his Polish title. "A title from 1400 or from time immemorial," she says, "ratified under the Holy Roman Empire by Charles the Fifth."

But in London, rehearsing a television drama for the American Broadcasting Co., she was Lee Bouvier. Off the King's Road, where the miniskirts come from, is the Duke of York's Headquarters, a splendid, classical barracks erected by the British army during the Napoleonic wars. A façade of great Tuscan columns commemorates the glorious memory of the British Empire . . . and parked by one of these columns one afternoon this fall was Lee Bouvier's white Mustang.

Indoors, in a high room rented from the War Office, they were rehearsing *Laura*, a melodrama based on Vera Caspary's novel. The two-hour teleplay, written in part by Lee's friend Truman Capote, will be broadcast on January 1[illegible]. The production was cheaper to tape in England than in America, but still cost almost $700,000. At the beginning of the show, the credits come up in this order: Robert Stack, George Sanders, Arlene Francis, Farley Granger, and then "introducing Lee Bouvier as Laura." It is, after all, her first TV appearance, and only her second as an actress.

Lee, in a tweed suit, was rehearsing a scene with George Sanders, who plays the smoothly villainous Waldo, the one who committed the murder, though that is the surprise twist that is known only to the millions who have already read the book or seen the old Otto Preminger film. Sanders was being very gentle with Lee, easing her along.

LAURA: It doesn't affect what I feel for you. In an odd sort of way I need you more than ever.

"George," said Lee, "why did you laugh when I said that?"

"I was acting, my dear."

Lee laughed herself, and went on laughing for the next three run-throughs. She was very nervous. When producer David Susskind came in late from lunch, she called out Hi to him loudly, and said she thought from the time he took that he'd gone back to America. They sat together, and he said she's the greatest.

The rehearsals broke up early, at ten to four. The floor manager put his hands on Lee's waist and talked earnestly about a scene for tomorrow. the rest of the cast stayed for a chat with the director, and Lee and Susskind left together. Susskind

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told her that since she was working half a day for a whole day's pay, he was going to start paying her by the hour. Then on the way down, while she went back to fetch something, he again said she was going to be the greatest.

"She has star quality, a marvelous vocal instrument, a talent not to be ignored. She has courage, she has confidence. She's had everything—clothes, travel, marvelous standard of living.

"And she's beautiful, an exciting woman."

Outside, Lee said that her Mustang began to whinny at 90, got into it, and rode off.

At home, a few days later, the butler said the princess would be down in a moment. Her husband, Stanislas Radziwill, is a 53-year-old real-estate entrepreneur who married Lee in 1959, her second marriage. The Radziwills live in a four-story Georgian town house in Buckingham Place, with Anthony, who is eight, and Anna, who is seven. The princess has a marble hall, and a drawing room in Chinese style. On the table are an ancient Egyptian lion's head and books about 19th-century courtesans, great gardens of Britain and ballet design. Over the fireplace is a portrait of a Radziwill princess who became Louise of Prussia. On a desk is a photograph of President Kennedy as godfather at Anna's christening, at Westminster Cathedral in 1961.

When the princess came down, she suggested a walk. We strolled along Buckingham Gate, across the front of Buckingham Palace and into Green Park, she kicking the leaves and hugging her coat round her against the morning wind.

I wanted to ask about her New York agent's statement that the offers of work probably wouldn't have come if she hadn't been Mrs. Kennedy's sister, but I could hardly get the question out before she was saying she owed the agent nothing, and that the people who had really helped her were Susskind and Capote. Susskind, she said, was a perfectionist. "If I were only Jacqueline Kennedy's sister, if that were all I had to offer, do you think that David would stick his neck out, oh, that far for me (making a little space between thumb and finger) unless . . . Look, he cares for his reputation, and so does ABC."

At Chicago, she said, where she made her stage debut in *Philadelphia Story*, the director didn't rehearse her enough, but the critics were fair. The best notice was in a Polish paper, which gave her two pages. She is now 34, and thinks the trouble about starting late is that she cannot make the demands she could if she had been acting longer.

We had crossed Green Park and sat down on a bench on the south side of Piccadilly. Mrs. Radziwill was beginning to unwind. I asked her how she felt about the personal publicity that had pursued her over the years.

There has been a lot to put up with, she indicated. It's fair enough, if you are Jacqueline Kennedy's sister and go on holiday with her to Naples, to have it reported that when you went bathing, the U.S. 6th Fleet lent a nylon anti-submarine net to keep the sharks away; and it's fair enough, when Mrs. Kennedy and her children stayed with the Radziwills in 1965, to have their feeding of the Regent's Park ducks reported in detail. It's also fair game when a paper reports that a bed bought by the Radziwills, on the occasion of the Kennedys' visit in 1961 and by inference for the President, cost £245. But what of the constant little digs about the title?

Prince Radziwill came to England after the war and in 1951 became a naturalized British subject. As such, in strict law, he cannot hold a foreign title without a Royal license, which has not been granted to him—nor indeed, in recent years, to anyone, the process having fallen into disuse.

When the Kennedys came to England in 1961 the Queen entertained them, and the Radziwills, at Buckingham Palace, and in the Court Circular the Radziwills were described as prince and princess. The popular papers wanted to know why.

What of this, and what of the speculation that when she was in Chicago this year her hotel room should have cost $210 a day but that she got one third off as a "theatrical concession," and that the audience was just curious—the kind of gawkers one might find at a coronation or a lynching?

Oh, said Mrs. Radziwill, sitting back on her Piccadilly park bench, in the beginning snide comments upset her, but not any more. "After all, what do you care if some nut in the street calls after you, 'How dare you wear that luxurious coat?' You can't get far if you're disturbed by that kind of criticism."

Now, she said, she is in public life—and at this she rose and stood with her feet wide apart.

"I know how fleeting everything is—power, fame. I've been an observer long before I became a participator, and around me I saw how secure some of the people at the top thought they were. And they were not. Some rich people think the world owes them something. But nothing's ever given to you. You must make it for yourself."

And is this, then, why she is acting?

She did not answer this directly, but sat down. "I have a few good qualities. An intense concentration sort of—no, don't say sort—and a great curiosity. I know immediately who interests me and who doesn't."

As for her bad qualities, she said, "I'm impatient, lazy, undisciplined."

Yet she did learn to act. When she told musical-comedy writer Alan Lerner that she was thinking of the stage, he called up Binkie Beaumont, the London impresario, and he referred her to a coach who had taught at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. She had private lessons, mostly reading, reading, reading. But she felt she wasted some of this time. Then a week before she left for Chicago she found a girl who taught her mime. "Mime makes you think. It makes you think, how do you turn on a tap, how do you wash your hands?" she said. And she rose, turned on an imaginary tap and washed her hands in the London air. "How do you reach for soap, for a towel? It all makes you so aware of yourself, so free.

"Now before," she said, pushing her shoulders back, "I could never stand up for an hour. I have sort of a bad back. Now I can stand six hours without noticing."

What were her plans? Which way was she going now? "Up."

What? "Up. Going up."

But cautiously. She had been offered a part in a Sean Connery film, but said No. Then director Roman Polanski had offered her a small part in *Rosemary's Baby*, but she declined that too after she read the script. And there was another film she had declined because it was "well, second class." Her main interest is in the live theater, but she said that because of her life, because of two young children, she could not play in a long run, which she thinks would bore her anyway.

We walked back through the park, and at home she showed me her favorite photograph of herself, in a magazine, with the headline A STRONG FACE. It is just a head, with gentle eyes and straying hair. She likes it because it's not "cluttered up with clothes and junk." Then, becoming the princess again, she took from the desk a leather-bound thesis presented in 1937 for a doctor's degree at the Swiss university of Fribourg by Stanislaz-Albert Radziwill. Her husband, she said, is a scholar, and is much misrepresented.

That afternoon Lee Bouvier was on the *Laura* set, not at the elegant Tuscan barracks in the King's Road but at a TV studio in north London. It is like any TV set, crowded, hot, chaotic.

Lee is in white. She stands on the stairs leading up to her dressing room. Susskind, of the capable glance, sees her, tells her she is beautiful, and asks whether there is anything that he can do for her.

"David," she says, "yesterday. Someone else could have stood around for me all yesterday." The day before, she had been on the set from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., without a proper lunch, only coffee.

"Well, Lee," he says lamely, and goes off to the viewing room as she goes upstairs to make up.

George Sanders comes in. On the monitors, as they tape the scenes, he has great authority. But every now and again he fluffs his lines, and gets more and more irritated with himself.

The Sanders voice speaks to a dresser: "And what's my next outfit?"

"The brown one. I'll come up with you, shall I?"

"My dear," he tells the girl, with the old Sanders smoothness, "my dear, you are presumptuous."

He departs with style. They watch him. Been like a prickly cactus all morning, says one.

Back on the set, Sanders and Robert Stack bicker their way through a take. Sanders is worried about his fluffs, and Stack keeps moaning that Sanders's hand is obscuring his face on camera, until Sanders finally snaps his head off. It is hot. Lee appears in her third costume of the day, learns that she is still not wanted though she has been waiting two hours, and changes into a flimsy dressing gown. Two of the studio girls watch her move away and one says to the other, "Walk, walk, walk. Even when she's sitting down her eyebrows are nervous."

Outside for some fresh air, Lee bumps into me, takes me for a long-lost friend, shakes hands, and in the middle realizes she was talking to me all morning. She says I must think she's awful but please don't mind, she's so keyed up. She is eternally restless. That morning in the park, in the course of our 40 minutes on the bench, she had got up and sat down five times.

Now in the studio again, she sits, leans far forward, and says that she wants to be a success, that ambition is killing. And then at last she goes on set to tape a scene in which she throws her cigarette case scornfully onto a table. She does this with panache. She has presence, the presence of a princess, a Radziwill princess, a Bouvier princess, a Kennedy princess.

But Lee resents being called a Kennedy princess. She is already Lee Bouvier, Mrs. Radziwill and a (Radziwill)) princess. Three is enough. □

Lee as "Laura," with George Sanders and Robert Stack.

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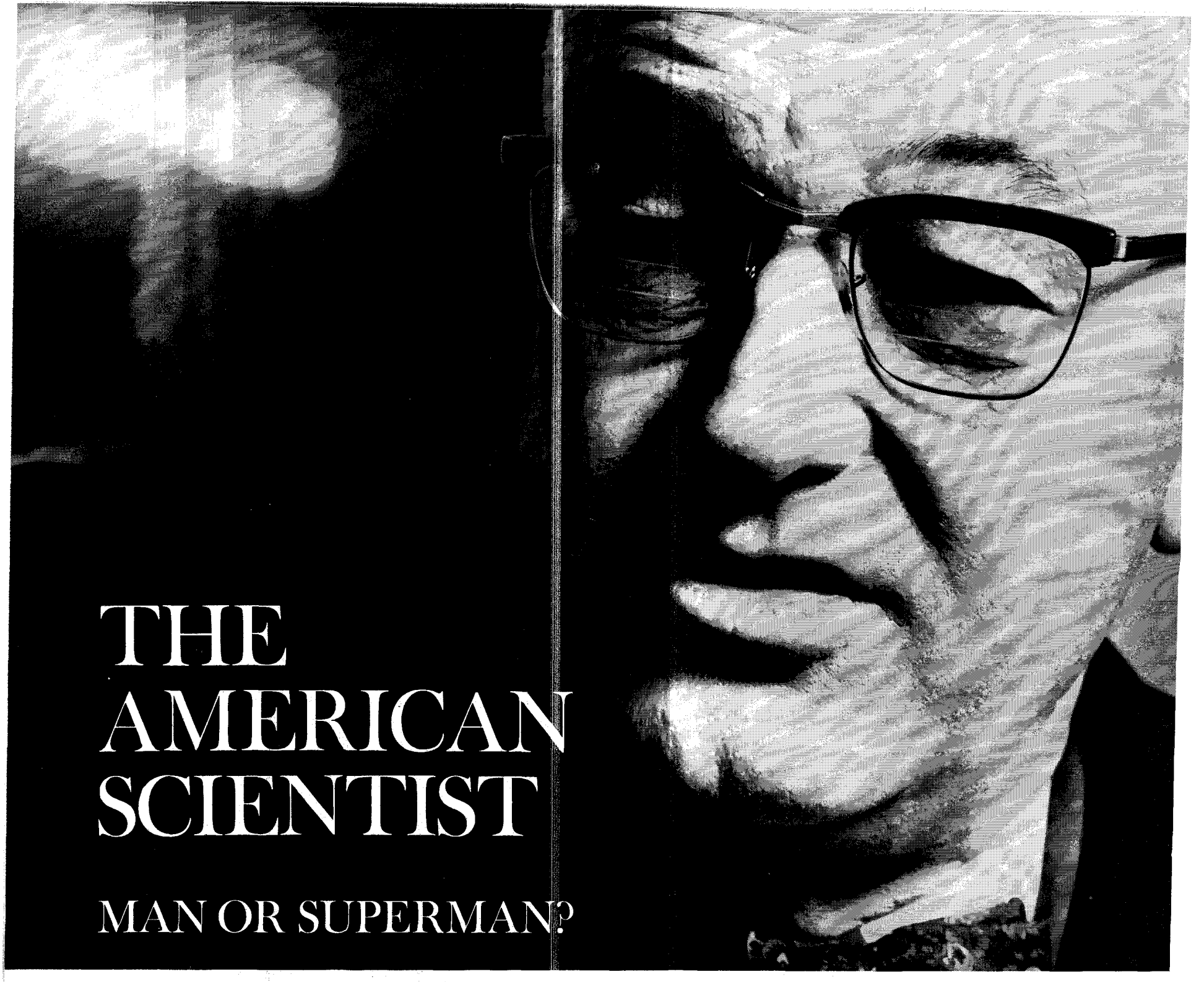

THE AMERICAN SCIENTIST

MAN OR SUPERMAN?

He is part of an elite body capable of leading us into a glorious future, or no future. He is also a human being. Here is a look at how he lives, works, thinks, feels.

BY MAX GUNTHER

Photographs by Harvey Lloyd

On a recent afternoon in Washington, D.C., an executive of the Westinghouse Electric Corp. burst out of a hotel dining room and hurried across a corridor into the dim tranquility of a cocktail lounge. "My God, I couldn't talk to them!" he said. "*I couldn't talk to them!*"

He had just lunched with a group of teen-age scientists—some two dozen immoderately bright high-school youngsters who had won a Westinghouse science contest. To win, they had had to pass stiff tests and originate their own scientific projects. One had built an electronic apparatus for studying a phenomenon called nuclear magnetic resonance; one had synthesized a compound called 2, 4, 6, 8 tetramorpholinopyrimido (4,5-g) pteridine; one had developed a trigonometry based on the isosceles instead of the right-angled triangle.

"I tried to be friendly and so did they," said the executive at the bar. "But it was as though I were from another planet." He had been trained in the commercial aspects of Westinghouse's huge enterprise, he said, but he thought he had picked up enough general knowledge of science to talk intelligently about it, at least with high-school students. "I wanted to talk to them about their ambitions, their career plans after college. Hell, I couldn't even understand what they were doing in high school."

The British scientist-novelist-philosopher C. P. Snow had commented on this difficulty several years before. In 1959 he delivered a series of lectures at Cambridge University that were later collected in a book called *Two Cultures*. The book blew up a small hurricane of discussion at both scientific and literary gatherings in both England and America—and to a smaller extent in Soviet Russia too. Snow's thesis was that the world's scientists and its literary-artistic intellectuals ("who incidentally," he grumbled, "while no one was looking, took to calling themselves 'intellectuals' as though there were no others") have drifted apart so as to form two polar groups. Between the two is "a gulf of mutual incomprehension." The mass of educated people gravitate toward one pole or the other, or stand baffled in between. The gulf grows deeper and wider with every passing year.

If Snow's observation is accurate, the implications are alarming for both America and Russia. These two giant nations contain some three fourths of all the scientists in the world. Both have been increasingly dominated by scientific thought in the past two decades. Both see their destinies as depending on technological achievement. In both

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Herbert Grier: With bare hands he pulled the trigger cables out of a live atomic bomb that had failed to fire.

nonscientific voices have complained that the government hands out great basketfuls of money to scientists for every dollar or ruble it gives a poet. Responding to this generous treatment, the scientists have given each government the means to destroy all life on earth; and the result of this has been to make each nation ever more desperately dependent on its scientists. The scientists are an elite body, steadily growing in size and power, capable of carrying the world forward to a glorious future—or no future.

If scientists are in this position of eminence, it would be sad at best and maybe disastrous if they were unable to communicate with anybody else. A favorite nightmare of science-fiction novelists has been that of a future government slavishly doing what scientists tell it to do without knowing why, unable to understand the scientists' reasoning, yet not daring to ignore them. In his farewell address seven years ago, President Eisenhower warned that "public policy could become a captive of a scientific-technological elite." A few years later the dean of Harvard University's School of Public Administration, Don K. Price, asserted that this captivity was already a fact. In a 1965 book, *The Scientific Estate,* Professor Price pointed out that scientific projects get funds from Congress "almost on faith." People used to look to churches and universities for basic value judgments, he said, but now scientific findings are helping to erode the churches' stature, and universities are increasingly dominated by scientists and are financially dependent on funds handed out for scientific research. "Science has become the major Establishment in the American political system."

It seems important for the rest of the world to stay in communication with this influential new Establishment. What are American scientists like? Are they really withdrawing into a world of their own? Are they different in important ways from other people? Or are they just men and women with jobs, distinguished mainly by unusual difficulty in explaining what they do for a living?

I'm a theoretical physicist," says Dr. John Slonczewski, when people ask what he does. If pressed for details, he feels a pang of discomfort. "The trouble is," he says, "the words I'd use to explain how I spend my time are not common words. They're part of the scientific language."

Even Slonczewski's nonscientific superiors at International Business Machines Corp. have only vague notions of what they pay him for. He works within a pyramid of scientists, with men on each level reporting to those on the next-highest level. Somewhere near the top of this pyramid are men who are both scientists and executives. These men act as translators. They find out what the scientists are doing and relay the information in general terms to the corporate management, and they find out what the management wants done and translate this into specific directives for the scientists. Middle-level managers and scientists seldom meet. Like almost all large technological corporations, IBM is composed of two pyramids joined tenuously at the top.

Dr. Slonczewski (the "c" is silent) is fairly typical of men in corporate science. He is an amiable man of 38, with thinning sandy hair and a relaxed, contented face. He is in the upper-middle region of IBM's scientific pyramid. His ambitions drive him upward but not directly toward the apex. He does not want to be an executive. Asked what the pinnacle of his ambition might be, he answers that it is to win a Nobel Prize. He grins, but the remark is revealing. His hopes lie not in climbing the corporate pyramid or even in making a lot of money, but in accomplishing some feat that will earn him greater respect from his fellow scientists. The status symbols of what C.P. Snow called the "traditional culture"—big title, big house—mean little to John Slonczewski. The kind of status he seeks is a strictly scientific status.

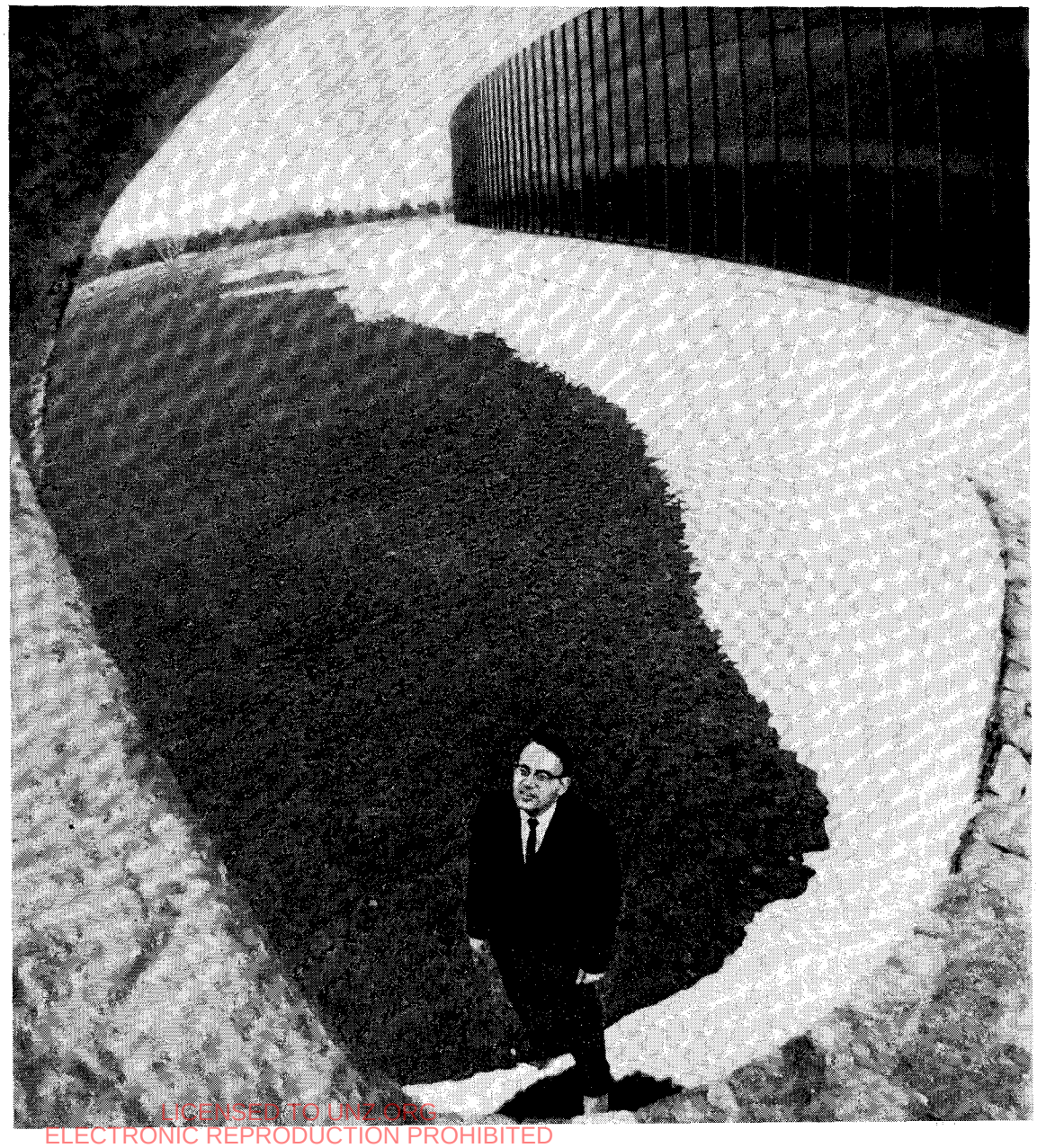
Precisely what does he do for a living? To put it simply, he thinks. That is all. He seldom enters a laboratory, seldom touches a piece of equipment. He sits at a desk, he walks about, he drives his car and thinks. In the mornings he usually does his thinking at home, in an untidy upstairs study. Around lunchtime he drives some 15 miles to the IBM research center at Yorktown Heights, N.Y., where he has an office—smaller, sparer, decorated in corporate gray. Sometimes the trip is longer than 15 miles because, enveloped in thought, he misses a turn and travels miles in the wrong direction. Once arrived at the research center, he talks with other scientists "for stimulation and to keep in touch," or he discusses problems with the more hardware-oriented scientists who try to put his thoughts into technological action. But most of his job is conducted inside his head.

He thinks about a multitude of things. IBM doesn't care what they are as long as they have some connection, even remote, with the company's enormously varied endeavors. "You can't go up to a man like Slonczewski and tell him, 'Invent something that will make us some money next month,'" says an executive. "All we can do is give him a place to work and a lot of freedom and a good salary, and hope he'll come up with something that will one day turn a profit." IBM has some indirect means of telling whether Slonczewski is doing his job properly—for example, his output of scholarly papers and his standing in the opinion of his peers in the scientific community—but mostly it must take him on faith.

Recently Dr. Slonczewski has been thinking about the behavior of electrons and nuclei in certain kinds of crystals. The train of thought could lead to improvements in computers and other electronic devices, but Slonczewski finds it hard to explain how, except to other physicists. Attempting an explanation to a layman, he begins to use phrases like "optical absorption spectrum" and then stops, baffled. He realizes the phrase needs explanation—and the words he must use to explain it will need still more explanation.

John Slonczewski was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., just before the great stock-market crash of 1929. Like many scientists, he took up music early in his life. He was an accomplished violinist in high school, as well as a straight-A mathematician. His father was an electrical engineer, and he thinks this influenced him toward his career. "I decided on physics in my freshman year of college. Why physics? I don't know exactly. Maybe the orderliness of physics, the knowledge that here was a whole universe of order, waiting to be revealed.

"I suppose this is a typical scientist's story. College, for me, wasn't what you'd call a ball. In fact, it was the least interesting period of my life. It was solid work. I didn't spend my spare time in interesting ways, didn't date girls or whoop it up." Sometimes he envied the good times that liberal-



John Slonczewski of IBM: "Precisely what does he do for a living? To put it simply, he thinks. That is all."

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arts students seemed to have, but only fleetingly. His work absorbed him.

Today he and his dark-haired wife, Esther, live with their three children in the suburban town of Katonah, N.Y. Their street is an ordinary suburban street, but their house stands on a small knoll at the end and looks as though it doesn't quite belong with the others. John and Esther Slonczewski belong to a chamber-music group, but beyond that they mix mainly with other scientists' families. Esther is a music teacher, not a scientist, but she likes the company of scientists. "I find them stimulating." Occasionally she and John go to a neighborhood party. "We like our neighbors a lot," says Esther, "but sometimes . . . well, a few weeks ago we went to an afternoon party where everybody was watching a football game on TV. They all seemed to be having a marvelous time. John and I felt left out. I wished I could enjoy the game too. I was quite envious."

If scientists don't feel at home in the traditional culture, it is at least partly the traditional culture's fault. C.P. Snow, thoroughly at home in both cultures, was fond of button-holing literary-artistic folk and asking them to describe the Second Law of Thermodynamics. "The response was cold. It was also negative. Yet I was asking something which is about the scientific equivalent of 'Have you read a work of Shakespeare?' "

The traditional culture has not only been lazy in trying to learn what scientists are talking about; it has often tried to hide behind a pretense of not caring. An editor of a prominent literary magazine once wrote: "I marveled at the Surveyor when it went to the moon with a Polaroid dangling from its typical tourist shoulders and sent back snapshots of its trip . . . I marveled, but I didn't applaud. In the first place, I never choke up at snapshots of other people's trips. Especially when they're not in color. . . ." With these words the editor dismissed a heroic scientific effort, the product of more than 100,000 clever brains. This kind of belittling remark, common in literary-arty circles, makes scientists mad.

The mathematician complained that his minister was 'always making bad jokes about programming God in a computer.'

Or, instead of sniggering, the traditional culture may go to the opposite extreme and speak of science as a dangerous enemy. At a convention of the American Library Association in New York, one speaker urged his colleagues to defend their libraries against "the all-pervading influence of science." He conjured up visions of an era in which the contents of books will be reduced to formulae and stored in electronic information-retrieval machines, with books that don't lend themselves to this treatment thrown away and forgotten.

Religious leaders have also spoken of science as an enemy. The word "scientism" is heard often from the pulpit. It refers to scientists' insistence that objective, rigorous proof is more important than simple belief. In its derogatory sense, it suggests that scientists won't accept an intuitive feeling about anything that can't be seen or touched or measured. In truth, many scientists are able to divide their lives into separate compartments, demanding proof on Wednesday but accepting feelings on Sunday. Of 20 scientists picked at random

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Robert Greenblatt: His mind commutes huge distances from problems in algebraic topology to picket lines.

and interviewed at Honeywell Inc., and the Borg-Warner Corp., 12 were members of churches and attended services regularly; five were casual churchgoers or agnostics; and only three professed themselves to be atheists. Still the feeling persists that scientists are antireligious. "The minister always acts surprised to see me show up Sunday morning," grumbled a Honeywell mathematician. "He's always making bad jokes about programming God in a computer. He wants to start arguments with me."

But the idea of science as enemy probably has its strongest expression in the worldwide fear of a nuclear war that could wipe out mankind. Scientists have, indeed, invented horrifying weapons and are busy inventing still more ghastly ones.

Red-streaked dawn was breaking over the Nevada desert. In a shack atop a 300-foot tower rested an atomic bomb, its automatic triggering mechanism ticking off the final seconds before detonation. In bunkers a mile or so from the tower, the technicians waited, tense, as the instant came. It came, and passed. The bomb unaccountably had failed to fire.

Moments passed, then a bunker opened and three men emerged, climbed into a car and drove toward the tall, sinister silhouette across the sand. Herbert Grier and two associates got out of the car at the base of the tower, climbed the steel-runged ladder to the shack, hacksawed the wires that secured a trapdoor, and opened the door. Herb Grier went inside. With his bare hands he pulled the two trigger cables out of their sockets on the skin of the bomb. Then he resumed breathing.

Herb Grier assisted at the birth of the Atomic Age and has been one of its chief nurses ever since. Thus the long climb up the tall tower might have been just part of a day's work. But Herb Grier was sweating profusely just as he was on another occasion when he and eight other members of a firing party were trapped in a bunker for two days by radioactive fallout from a giant thermonuclear shot in the Pacific.

It was early in the Second World War that Grier, then a young research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was pulled out of a top-secret, top-priority gunsight project, and put to work on something still higher in priority. The chief of the gunsight project, Prof. Charles Stark Draper, was baffled and angry at losing a good man. "I'd like to know," he said, "what in the world could conceivably be higher priority than a gunsight."

"Well," said Herb Grier, "all I can tell you is that it's called the Manhattan Engineer District."

The Manhattan District created the world's first atomic bombs and was the nucleus of the present U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Herb Grier, who was born in Chicago in 1911, took to science early. As a boy he tinkered with automobile engines, built engines of his own. He went to M.I.T. in 1929 to study physics and other sciences, earned his Master's degree in 1934 and became too busy to proceed to a doctorate. At M.I.T. he had met Assistant Prof. Harold Edgerton, who was interested in developing high-speed devices to study motion. Grier and another student, Kenneth Germeshausen, stayed at M.I.T. to work with Dr. Edgerton as research associates.

It is in this respect that the sciences today have an odd resemblance to the system of craft guilds in the Middle Ages. A man learns not only in the classroom, but also by serving a long apprenticeship under a master scientist. This apprenticeship can be highly personal—you work for a man, not an institution—and it can mature into friendship and eventually partnership. This is what happened with Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier. Foreseeing chances to earn money with their growing ability to study devices and phenomena in fast motion, they agreed to pool and share whatever earnings might come their way.

The war split the partnership temporarily, but the Manhattan District put it back together. The fledgling atomic scientists of the day wanted answers to many questions: How fast neutrons multiply in a chain reaction, how fast a fireball grows, how much heat and explosive force are generated. Dr. Edgerton and his two partners were assigned to invent devices to get the answers.

Their paychecks came from M.I.T., which did contract work on the Manhattan District for the Government. After the war M.I.T. wanted to get out, and the Atomic Energy Commission asked the three partners to take over much of M.I.T.'s work. The three men formed a corporation for the purpose: EG&G, Inc., which since then has been the scientific organizer for every U.S. nuclear test, aboveground and underground. The little company's responsibilities included (1) designing trigger instruments to fire the bombs, (2) designing instruments to record phenomena of the explosions,

Dora Hayes, biochemist: She has known since high school that "people were going to think me slightly odd."

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(3) hooking all the instruments to the weapons and (4) pulling the triggers.

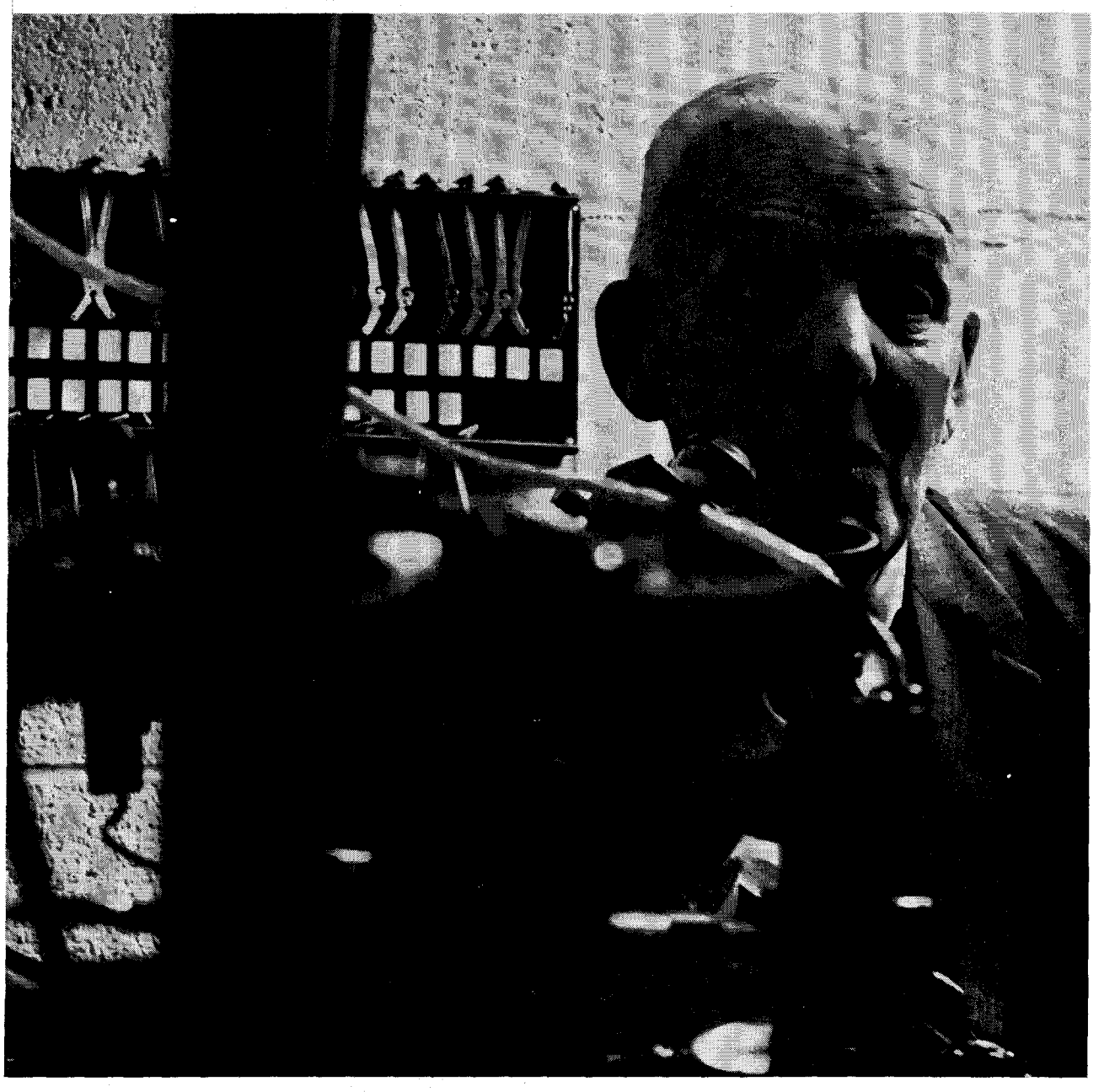
EG&G has expanded into such fields as nuclear rocket research and industrial measuring instruments. Its income has grown some twelvefold in the past 10 years. Net sales in 1966 were well over $60 million. Like many other scientists turned businessmen, EG&G's three founders are wealthy.

At 56, Herbert Grier is a tall, rangy man with close-cropped graying hair and a craggy, weathered face. Unlike John Slonczewski, he has led a life of vigorous outdoor action, drama and danger. He has been present at nearly every nuclear shot the United States has fired—not merely present, but at the terrifying center of the stage. Before each shot he and other EG&G people fretfully roam the blast area, check instruments, make last-minute repairs. "It's a sad kind of job, in a way," muses Grier. "Those instruments were built with loving care. They don't have long to live." Some instruments—high-speed cameras and radiation-measuring devices, for example—are mounted right next to the bomb. They transmit pictures and readings, then cease to exist.

In recent years, as the U.S. has reduced its nuclear-weapons testing, Grier and his partners have turned their attention toward peacetime uses of atomic energy. With two other companies they formed the C.E.R. Geonuclear Corp., in Las Vegas, to exploit nuclear energy in oil exploration, earthmoving and other noncontroversial projects. Grier is the new company's president and has become a civic leader in Las Vegas. He retains his post as EG&G's senior vice president and divides his time about equally between the two jobs. "I don't behave or—I suppose—look like a scientist any more. You'll find me riding airplanes with an over-stuffed attaché case on my lap.

Do they have their own world? 'Scientists are flesh and blood like everybody else. You can always understand them if you try.'

"I travel so much that I don't have a lot of free time. Most of my hours at home get used up repairing things around the house." Home from a trip, back with his wife and 12-year-old son on a pleasant street on the rim of Las Vegas, this man who has fixed hydrogen bombs fixes leaky faucets.



Cocktail-party psychoanalysts might speculate that Herbert Grier is absorbed in constructive atomic and civic affairs because he feels guilt over his role in nuclear weapons. When a young reporter asked him about this once, he replied, "Don't call it guilt, call it sorrow." But other scientists insist that guilt is the better word, and over the years there has been a great deal of public soul-searching among scientists who fear that the weapons and techniques they have put into government hands may lead to the world's death.

One of the earliest and most famous spokesmen for this concept of mass scientific guilt was the late Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who did basic theoretical work on the first A-bombs and then reacted so violently against nuclear warfare that the U.S. Government revoked his security clearance. Since the mid-1950's more and more scientists have spoken out against nuclear weapons and war in general, and now some are leading militant political-protest groups.

Last December the New York City police rounded up a motley group of shouting, placard-waving protesters and herded them into a precinct station. They had come from near and far with a plan to obstruct the processing of military draftees at the Whitehall Street Induction Center. One of their leaders, a tall, blond, argumentative man of 28, gave his name as Robert Greenblatt and his occupation as mathematician. He had come from Cornell University, where he was an assistant professor of mathematics.

Professor Greenblatt's mind commutes huge distances between the warm, untidy world of human affairs and the cool world of mathematics. At Cornell he has spent half his time in teaching and the other half in research. He is a specialist in algebraic topology, the study of theoretical four- and higher-dimensional spaces. His research aims at new insights into problems such as the shape and nature of the universe and the behavior of subatomic particles. Like John Slonczewski, he does most of his research in his head, sitting or walking alone. But in his time off from the university he plunges into controversies.

He is now temporarily away from Cornell, working as a coordinator for the National Committee to End the War in Vietnam. He also was active in the Inter-University Committee for Debate on Foreign Policy, a pacifist organization composed mainly of faculty members and graduate students. Loosely allied with it are similar groups such as the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and violent splinter groups devoted to draft-card burning and courthouse-step-sitting. Several dozen pacifist groups joined forces for the Spring (1967) Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Dr. Greenblatt, as a regional co-chairman of this effort, led his regional forces in a placard-carrying protest march in New York last April. He also participated in the Washington demonstration on October 21.

"The nuclear bomb experience probably started all this," Dr. Greenblatt says when asked why he and other scientists have become polemicists. "The sheer destructive power of modern weapons has made scientists rethink their moral responsibilities. It's no longer easy for a scientist to say, 'Well, I only invented it. How it's used is somebody else's responsibility.'"

Dr. Greenblatt thinks, too, that the nature of the scientific profession has helped bring scientists onto the streets with placards. "A scientist is trained to use his own brain," he said. "He thinks things out for himself. He isn't awed by self-styled 'experts' who may tell him war is necessary."

Frank A. Geldard: He's trying to find out whether and how skin can be used as a medium for communication.

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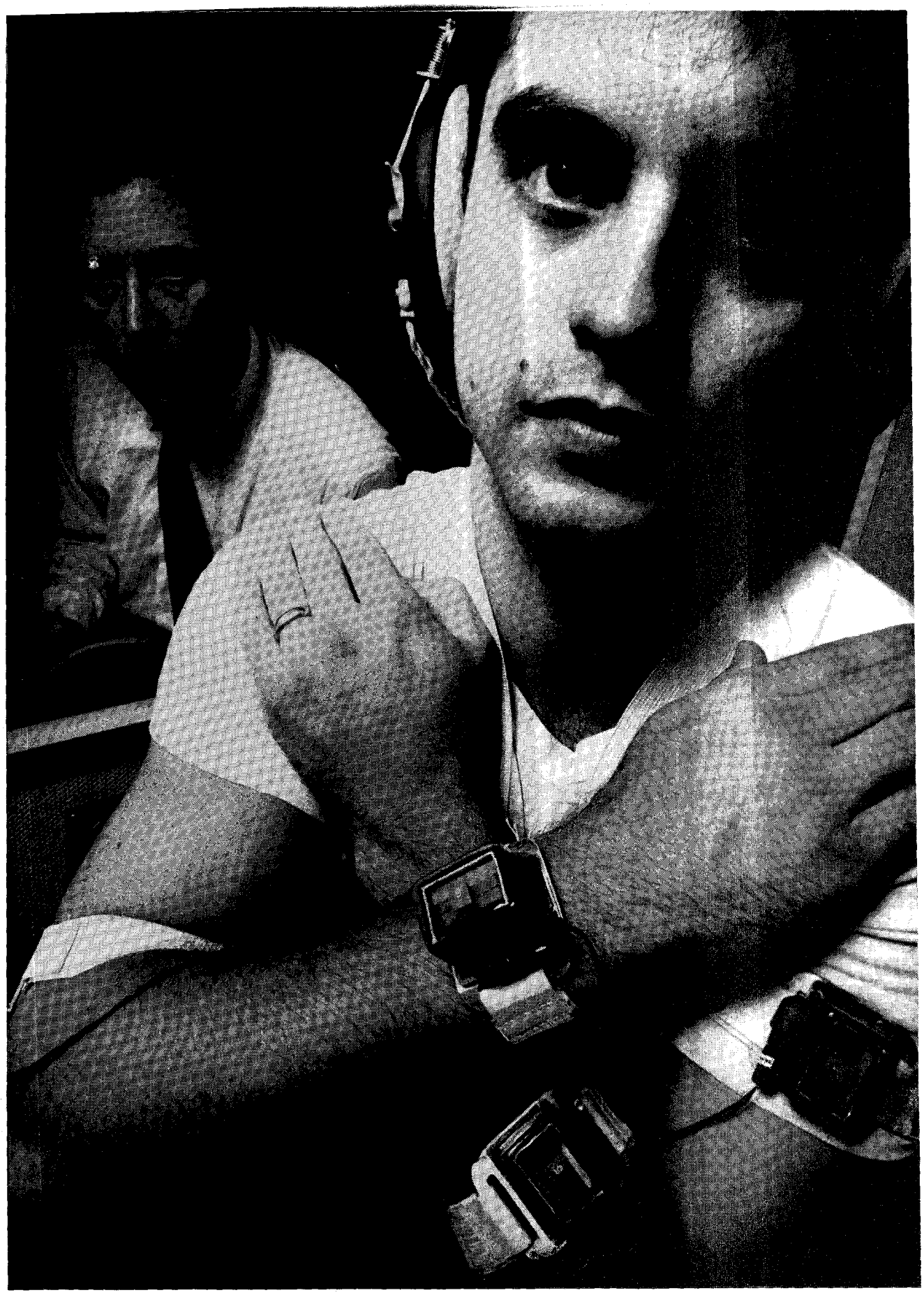

Carl Sherrick, in back, Geldard's associate in "skin talk" research, transmits messages to a graduate student.

One in 12 scientists in the United States is a woman. Dora Hayes is a fetchingly pretty woman of 36, with brown hair, blue eyes and a slow, tranquil voice. On evenings and weekends she is Mrs. Hayes, suburban housewife and mother (of two boys, seven and five), in Fairfax County, Va. On weekdays she is Dr. Hayes, research biochemist at the U.S. Agriculture Department's sprawling, campuslike laboratory complex in Beltsville, Md. Dora Hayes was born and reared in the little town of Kindred, N. Dak., where she was the only girl in her high-school's elective science course. "I knew right then," she says, "that people were going to think me slightly odd for the rest of my working career."

At Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., she met chemistry teacher John Hayes and eventually married him. He now works for the U.S. Army in Washington, D.C. After breakfast each morning the family scatters in several directions. Occasionally, during school vacations, the boys go with their mother to the laboratory.

The lab is a fascinating place for a small boy. It is a long, narrow room, thickly cluttered with equipment. Shelves along the walls and a workbench in the middle are crowded with chemicals, instruments, jars and cages of insects. Strange, sour odors hang in the air. At one end of the bench a young man sits on a stool, carefully slicing insects so that parts of them may be studied; and at another cleared space a girl prepares slides under a microscope. These are college students, beginning their scientific apprenticeships. Their relationship with Dr. Hayes is relaxed, friendly, informal; but they address her as Dr. Hayes. Senior scientists who frequently drop into the lab for a visit address her by her childhood nickname, Holly.

Holly Hayes is working on a new way to eradicate agricultural pest insects. She is studying insect hibernation, or diapause. "We want to know exactly what makes an insect go into diapause in autumn and come out of it in the spring," she says. "What we'd like to do is find some way to trick an insect into emerging from diapause too early. If he comes out in February, say, he'll either freeze or starve to death."

She sits on a stool, hunched over the impossibly cluttered workbench. Half a dozen experiments are in progress at the same time. In one corner a centrifuge whirs and chatters, separating components of insect "fat bodies"—liver-like parts that are thought to function in storing energy during an insect's winter sleep. In another corner, oak silkworms in glass jars are being exposed to controlled amounts of ultraviolet light at various temperatures. At the moment Holly Hayes is absorbed in a study of the role played by insects' eyes in starting and stopping diapause. In one hand, with tweezers, she holds a fat, gloomy-looking insect called the pink bollworm—a destroyer of cotton crops. In the other hand she holds a laboratory probe. She dips the heated end of the probe into a mixture of wax and lampblack and deposits a droplet on each of the bollworm's eye spots, temporarily blinding him. He and hundreds like him will be used as controls in studies of the effects of light—brightness, duration, color—on diapause. Holly Hayes's apprentices will help black out the insects' eyes, but she must do the job herself until she is sure her hot-probe-and-black-wax technique works properly. "There's a lot of drudgery in science," she remarks.

She puts the blinded bollworm in a jar and reaches into a tray for another. She sighs. "I suppose it isn't what's generally thought of as woman's work," she says. She wishes that the fact could be ignored during working hours, but she was brought up and remains a woman.

"There are unbounded opportunities for women in science, if they could only forget they're women," she says. She stands, straightens her back, glances at her girl apprentice at work on a slide. "Women sometimes tend to trade on their femininity. They ask to have things done for them, things that they ought to do themselves. If you want to be treated as a man's professional equal, obviously that's not the way to go about it. I don't want people around here to do me any special favors because I'm a woman."

But as she turns to leave the lab, an elderly gentleman scientist leaps up to open the door for her.

Science often looks glamorous to the outsider, but the glamour, if any, occurs only occasionally. As Holly Hayes points out, there is drudgery in this as in all other professions. And, as in other professions, there are wide differences in individual scientists' approaches to their jobs. Some men and women are creative, imaginative and adventurous; to them, science can be a voyage of discovery. Others simply hold jobs.

Dr. David L. Johnson, electrical-engineering professor at the University of Washington, once took issue with a boast by computer manufacturers that the machines "release our scientists from drudgery and let them participate in more creative activity." It's true that computers can handle huge amounts of boring arithmetic, said

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Richard M. Bloch, of the Auerbach Corp.: scientist, salesman, engineer. "He is four or five men packed into one compressed, supercharged individuality."

Dr. Johnson—but there are many scientists who want to do exactly that kind of work.

Dr. Johnson hastened to add that such scientists are valuable. Science could not get along without them. If all American scientists nurtured dreams of glory and the Nobel Prize, all would scorn doing what Dr. Charles R. does.

Dr. Charles R. is a small, gray-haired man of 58 with a deeply lined face and rimless glasses. He holds a Ph.D. in chemistry. As a young man he may have dreamed of the Nobel Prize, but he cannot specifically recall doing so, and he dreams no more today. He works for a small East Coast company that manufactures toiletries.

In a dim back corner of the company's plant, the scientist reigns over a secure little empire centering on a cramped laboratory with grimy cinder-block walls, a dusty concrete floor and wooden shelves that sag under containers of chemicals. He is the company's only chemist, and the only man who really understands what goes on in here. His only helper is a taciturn youth who graduated from high school a few years ago.

Dr. R.'s job is to monitor the quality of the sweet-smelling liquids and pastes that the company manufactures. He doesn't invent new toiletries. For that, the company calls in consultants and expert perfumers from outside. Dr. R. is simply a sampler and analyzer of materials flowing through the production process. He checks the raw materials coming in. He walks around the plant with little glass bottles, collecting samples from various stages in the process. In his dingy little lab—"R.'s Castle," the production workers call it—he puts the samples through sundry chemical analyses and enters facts about them in a set of neat, metal-covered logbooks. The rows upon rows of blue-, green- and black-inked figures in these books are Dr. R.'s life work, the spoor of his obscure passage through the world.

When he retires in another six or seven years, he will have filled some 25 of these logbooks. He will turn them over to his successor. And then he will disappear.

There are opportunities in American science today for routine-lovers and innovators alike. Industries compete ferociously for the best of each year's college crop. According to a study made at Michigan State University, liberal-arts graduates can expect starting salaries of $515 to $540 a month in most cases. But a young chemist with a bachelor-of-science degree, says the American Chemical Society, can walk straight from college to a job paying $650 a month. With a master's degree he can get $775; with a doctorate, $1,075.

There are about half a million scientists and a quarter of a million science and mathematics teachers in the United States. The U.S. Office of Science and Technology makes massive statistical studies of them every few years and produces a reliable picture of what scientists are like as a group. The latest study includes data collected from some 224,000 scientists in America.

About 35 percent of these men and women hold doctoral degrees. This compares with 32 percent in the 1956–58 study—and shows the growing importance of the doctorate in a scientific career. Some fields of science seem to attach more importance to the doctorate than others. The degree is held by 39 percent of physicists and 35 percent of chemists, but by only nine percent of meteorologists.

Scientists' pay has been rising rapidly. The median annual salary of all full-time employed scientists is $11,000—a hefty boost from $8,000 in the 1956–58 study. Physicists are among the highest-paid: Their median salary is $12,000. Agricultural scientists are among the lowest-paid, $9,000. In terms of work activity, the best-paying job a scientist can get is that of an executive administering other scientists' work ($15,500); and the lowest-paying is teaching ($8,900), or production and inspection ($9,800).

Some eight percent of American scientists are women—up from six percent in 1956–58. Their median pay is $8,500, up from $5,900 in the earlier study but still well below the over-all median of $11,000. The majority of them work in the fields of psychology, chemistry and the biological sciences.

"If a scientist is reasonably competent, he is likely to find himself in high demand until the day he retires," says Robert Sibson, a New York management consultant who specializes in helping companies solve scientific personnel problems. "Since the beginning of the Second World War there simply have not been enough scientists to go around in this country." He tells the story of a major Detroit company that mounted an intensive scientific recruiting drive a few years ago. The company sent four of its top scientists on a tour of the nation. Their assignment was to talk to as many scientists as they could buttonhole, discreetly selling the Detroit company as a good outfit to work for. The campaign failed. All four of the touring scientists were hired away by other companies before they got back home.

"In a job market like this," says Sibson, "scientists could ask for and get astronomical salaries

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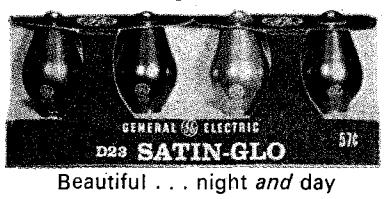
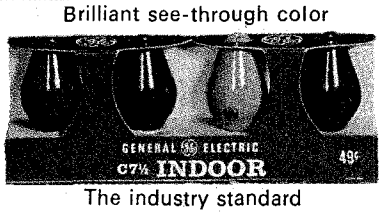
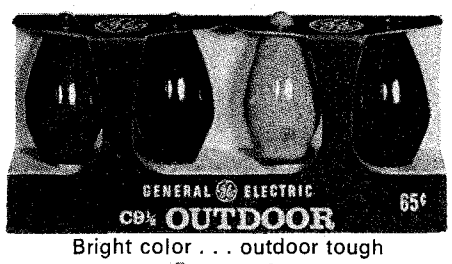


Beautiful . . . night *and* day

Brilliant see-through color

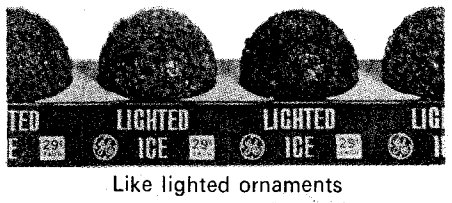


The industry standard



Bright color . . . outdoor tough

Sparkling color, action



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they wanted to. The odd thing is that they don't. To me, this is the characteristic that most strongly distinguishes scientists as a group. The typical scientist actually loves his work. Money is important to him only when the lack of it is an irritant."

This trait has baffled many an administrator responsible for the recruitment, care and feeding of scientists. A bewildered R.C.A. executive tells of a top scientist in his department who quit the company. A secretary cleaned out his desk to make room for a new man. Buried amid dog-eared technical journals and crumpled pieces of paper covered with cryptic notations, she found several large, months-old uncashed paychecks.

Some scientists do get rich, of course—particularly those who, like Herbert Grier, set up their own companies. But many others simply get comfortable. Then virtually no financial blandishment can lure them away.

Many companies and Government agencies have offered important jobs to Prof. Frank A. Geldard, research psychologist at Princeton University. He has seldom even been tempted. He meets business executives and Government administrators and military officers when he leaves Princeton on brief consulting assignments, and it is usually on these trips that job offers come his way. But always he hurries back to his beloved university.

It isn't that the work he is doing wins him high applause or makes him a candidate for a Nobel Prize. The work is quite obscure, in fact. The world in general pays it little attention. But it is the work Professor Geldard wants to do, and this is the point.

Professor Geldard is a tall, slightly stooped man of 63 with snow-white hair, clear blue eyes and a loud, contagious laugh. The work that absorbs him—he first became interested in it in 1940—is what he calls "cutaneous communication." Others sometimes call it "skin talk." Dr. Geldard is trying to find out whether and how the human skin can be used as a medium of communication.

In the Cutaneous Communication Laboratory at the university, Dr. Geldard may begin a typical day by holding a brief meeting with his four-man staff—a research associate and three graduate-student apprentices. They review what was done yesterday. They talk of papers they are writing. Then they go to work.

There are several rooms in the lab. Dr. Geldard and one of the apprentices go into a small room cluttered with electronic recording equipment. The apprentice strips to his shorts and enters a glass-windowed isolation booth. To his arms, legs and trunk he tapes 10 little cubes—vibrators—each with a wire trailing to a panel on the wall. They produce a gentle "buzz" that can be felt by the skin.

Dr. Geldard feeds punched paper tape into a machine outside the booth and turns the machine on. It goes "Click-click . . . click-click . . ." Each time it clicks, it activates vibrators on the apprentice's body—sometimes two or three at a time, sometimes as many as eight or nine. The apprentice tries to "read" the vibrator patterns. He tries to tell whether the two patterns in each "click-click" are the same or different. He answers into a microphone, and Dr. Geldard makes notes.

These notes, and reams of others collected over the years, give Dr. Geldard data about the ability of the skin to distinguish patterns—its speed, accuracy, limitations. It turns out to be fairly clever, but it doesn't feel patterns as effectively as the eyes see them or the ear hears them. In experiments in which vibrator patterns have been coded to letters of the alphabet, practiced "readers" have received some 35 to 40 words a minute. This compares favorably with the speed of proficient Morse Code telegraphy, but it doesn't match the average 125 words per minute of speech or the average sight reader's speed of 250.

The National Institutes of Health support Dr. Geldard's lab, hoping that his work may lead to a communication or reading system for the deaf and blind. A few other organizations have also shown interest over the years. In general, however, the work has gone unnoticed outside the scientific journals in which it is periodically reported. None of this greatly troubles Professor Geldard. "What we're doing here is pure research," he insists.

Working with the professor is research psychologist Dr. Carl Sherrick, a quiet, dark-haired man of 43. Dr. Sherrick first met Dr. Geldard in 1948 when Geldard was a psychology professor at the University of Virginia and Sherrick was a student, fascinated by the work Geldard had started on skin communication. Sherrick became Geldard's apprentice and earned his doctorate under the professor's kindly eye. "He left me shortly after that," says Dr. Geldard. "But I couldn't do without him for long. When we expanded the cutaneous research project at Virginia, I sought him out and brought him back to work with me." In 1962 a professor's chair at Princeton became vacant and was offered to Geldard. Before accepting, he made sure there would be room for Sherrick.

The two of them are together most of the time. Geldard does most of the talking when they are explaining skin talk to someone. Geldard is the dreamer, Sherrick the tinkerer. Geldard thinks of a certain kind of measuring or recording device that they need; Sherrick takes up his tools and translates the thought into machinery.

Sherrick always stands back to let the professor precede him through doors. But often the professor puts his large hand on Sherrick's arm and gently pushes the younger man out first. They lunch together frequently.

"It's a pleasant kind of life," says Professor Geldard. He lives with his wife in a comfortable house by the shore of Princeton's Lake Carnegie, where he keeps a small sailing dinghy. At night and on weekends he is drawn into the rich, varied, sometimes frantic social life of the great university. As dusk settles over the lovely old campus, scholars and teachers and administrators close their books, lock their offices and repair to cocktail parties, dinner parties, bridge games, concerts. There are no barriers here between areas of scholarship. Frank Geldard, professor of psychology, may spend an evening with professors of literature, history and religion. In a university, at least, C.P. Snow's two cultures meet regularly and mix thoroughly.

Still something is missing. The meeting and mixing seem not to extend far beyond the university society. If there is a cloud on Frank Geldard's serene horizon, it is the world's indifference to his work. He doesn't talk about it much, and usually, when asked point-blank about it, he denies that he cares. But sometimes, in unguarded moments, he will utter a mild complaint.

"It shouldn't really be my business to think up practical uses for my work," he says. "The *doers* of the world should do that. The doers should be combing through scientific literature, hunting for things that can be put to use. If only—if only the doers would pay more attention. . . ."

But you have to understand a scientific discovery before you can do anything about it—before you can put it to use, make it marketable, carry it to the ultimate user and sell it. A doer, in Geldard's terms, almost needs to be a scientist himself. Especially if he is trying to make use of difficult sciences such as physics and chemistry. If he is not a scientist he may not even understand the language, let alone the principles.

One theory of history is that if a certain kind of man is needed badly enough in a certain time, such a man will inevitably come forward. Exactly this is happening now in American science. In an age that is producing scientific discoveries at a bewildering rate, scientific doers have come forward to do a job—to put science into users' hands with a minimum of delay.

The requirements of such jobs are peculiar. The men who fill the jobs are not ordinary men.

Richard M. Bloch, 46, is vice president of the Auerbach Corp., a Philadelphia-based consulting firm that is known throughout America and Western Europe as a pool of expertise in technology generally and automation particularly. Bloch is basically a mathematician and logician, with secondary qualifications in physics—but this is like saying that a car is basically wheels. Mounted on the wheels is a variety of other things; in Bloch's case, a staggering variety. He is four or five men packed into one compressed, supercharged individuality.

Bloch is a tall, lean man with intense dark eyes and a ready grin. He smokes cigars incessantly. He has a lazy, slouchy way of sitting that gives an impression of utter relaxation—yet there is a simultaneous, contradictory impression of hot, nervous energy. He habitually drives a car with one hand, slumped behind the wheel, waving his cigar with the other hand as he talks, and he misses accidents narrowly and nonchalantly. His voice is loud. He has opinions about almost everything. His mind is omnivorous.

Dick Bloch learned to play chess at the age of three. By the time he reached high school in Rochester, N.Y., he was not only well rounded but intellectually overgrown. He was the school's top mathematics student (in fact, he graduated with a record score of 99.96 percent on a state mathematics examination). He was a champion at chess, table tennis and golf. He edited the high-school yearbook. He was an accomplished pianist, and he played the piccolo and flute with orchestras and chamber groups.

He was fascinated by the mathe-

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matics of probability, and this led him into an early and lifelong interest in gambling. In his freshman year at Harvard he lost much of his spare cash playing bridge, and he spent his sophomore year teaching himself to play better. Today he is a Life Master. When he has time he visits Las Vegas and Puerto Rico to match wits with professional blackjack dealers. He is also a daring stock-market speculator and a taker of hair-raising risks in the commodity futures market.

During the Second World War, while he was assigned as a mathematician in the Naval Research Laboratory, Bloch drew detached duty with one of the first large computers ever built: Harvard University's now legendary Mark I. Bloch became its chief programmer and nurse. Various Government agencies—including the Manhattan Engineer District, though he didn't know what this implied at the time—handed him mathematical problems to be solved on the machine.

Through the mid-1950's he worked mainly as a scientist, eventually joining the computer division of Honeywell Inc. He helped develop new kinds of computers with increasingly complex internal logic, and invented mathematical, logical and electronic tricks by which computers could catch and correct their own errors. Gradually he changed roles to become a communicator scientist—a man like those at the top of John Slonczewski's scientific pyramid at IBM, interpreting science for businessmen and *vice versa*. His sure judgments of, and jovial fondness for, people led him from here into the role of scientific salesman. He sold Honeywell computers for unorthodox new uses, in fields as far apart as scientific research and parimutuel betting. Having sold the machines, he personally took charge of designing the specialized logic for each use, supervised the engineering and "generally jittered around like a mother hen" until the machines were installed and working. Then he became a scientist-executive: a vice president of Honeywell's computer division. During his time in office, the division (now 12 years old) rose to become the second-largest computer maker in the country. Its 1966 sales were about $270 million.

Isaac Auerbach, himself a businessman-scientist, had founded his technological consulting outfit in Philadelphia during the mid-1950's and had long had his eye on Bloch. "I wanted my company to grow," says Auerbach. "I wanted to seek new fields in which I could sell the company's scientific know-how. What I needed was a team of men: a scientist to decide what fields looked likely, a salesman to show people that the Auerbach Corporation had what it took, a hard-headed businessman to make sure we proceeded safely and sensibly. Dick Bloch is precisely that team of men."

Bloch joined Auerbach early in 1967, with the title of vice president of corporate development and the three-word assignment: "Make us grow." The company, with offices in several U.S. cities and in Holland, is now growing at an average rate of 12 employees a month (there are about 300 at this point). Says Bloch happily: "This is the job I've wanted all my life."

Sitting in his large modernistic office with its view of downtown Philadelphia, or flying back and forth across the country, Bloch each day goes through an amazing series of metamorphoses. He is wreathed in cigar smoke; he seems periodically to duck into the smoke cloud as one man and emerge as another. On one recent morning he began by briefing two nervous young men who were setting out to sell Auerbach's scientific consulting services to a small midwestern company. ("Now listen, be dignified but don't be stuffy. Those are two different things. Even a clown can have dignity, you know. . . .") Next he talked with Isaac Auerbach about the advisability of Auerbach's buying a small company that manufactures specialized computer equipment. Auerbach at the moment manufactures nothing, and Bloch believes the ability to design and build certain kinds of unusual equipment will strengthen the company's position as a consultant in the computer field. Bloch then dictated some letters, lighted a fresh cigar and edited a scientific report prepared by Auerbach technical writers for a Wall Street investment house that wishes to place a multi-million-dollar bet on the future. ("Damn it, why don't they write these things in *English?*") He went out to lunch with a reporter who was writing an article on electronics and needed an English translation of the scientific mumbo-jumbo in his notes. Next, Bloch boarded a train for New York. In a private club that evening he talked to the board chairman of a giant electronics firm that wants to enter the computer-making business. The board chairman wanted a skilled consultant to hold his company's hand and lead the way into the new venture. Bloch convinced him that Auerbach could do the job.

Then Richard Bloch ordered a glass of brandy, lighted another cigar, leaned back in his chair and remarked with great good humor that he was tired.

John Slonczewski lives in a world of scientists, but he also lives in a suburban housing development and is by no means totally cut off from nonscientists. Herb Grier, atomic scientist and civic leader, has plunged into the very midst of the traditional culture. Robert Greenblatt is emotionally involved in the world of protest. Dora Hayes holds determinedly to her other roles as woman, wife, mother. Charles R. would blend into anybody's woodwork. Professor Frank Geldard's life might be called cloistered, but his cloister houses many nonscientists. Dick Bloch moves in any circle he chooses. Can it be said that these people have established a culture of their own?

John Slonczewski doubts it. "It depends what you mean by a culture," he says. "If you mean scientists have their own language and like each other's company—why, yes, we have a culture. But on that basis, so do bankers and electricians. There are dozens of cultures, hundreds."

Dick Bloch doubts it too. "The general public knows a lot more about science than it did twenty or thirty years ago," he says. "Science is in the papers all the time. The average educated man has a pretty good general knowledge of it. And science isn't all that mysterious anyway. Scientists are flesh and blood like everybody else. You can always understand them if you try hard enough."

He pauses for a moment to stoke up his cigar. "And if you need help," he says, "just call me." ☐

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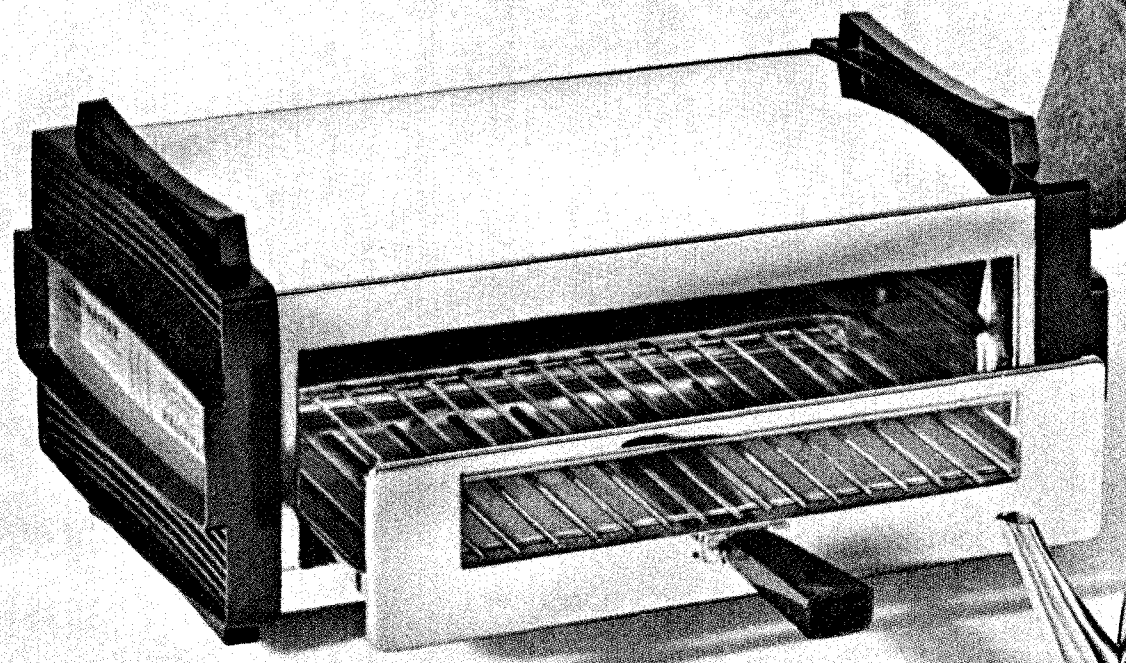

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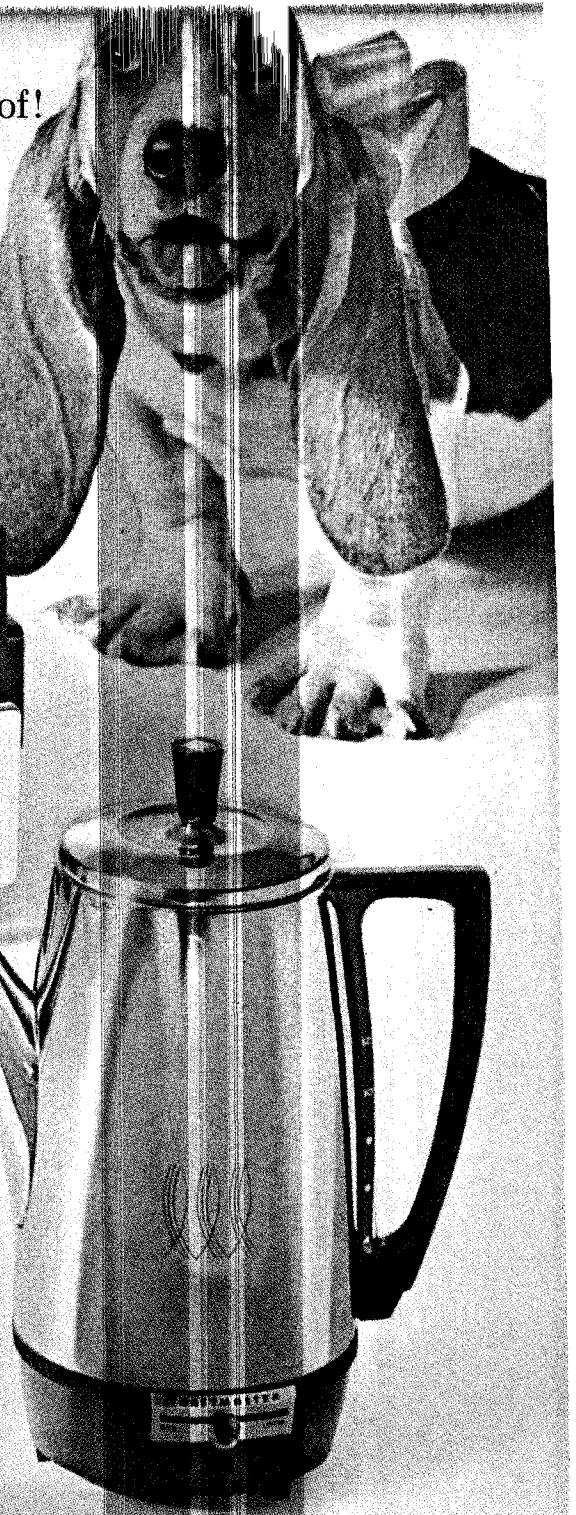

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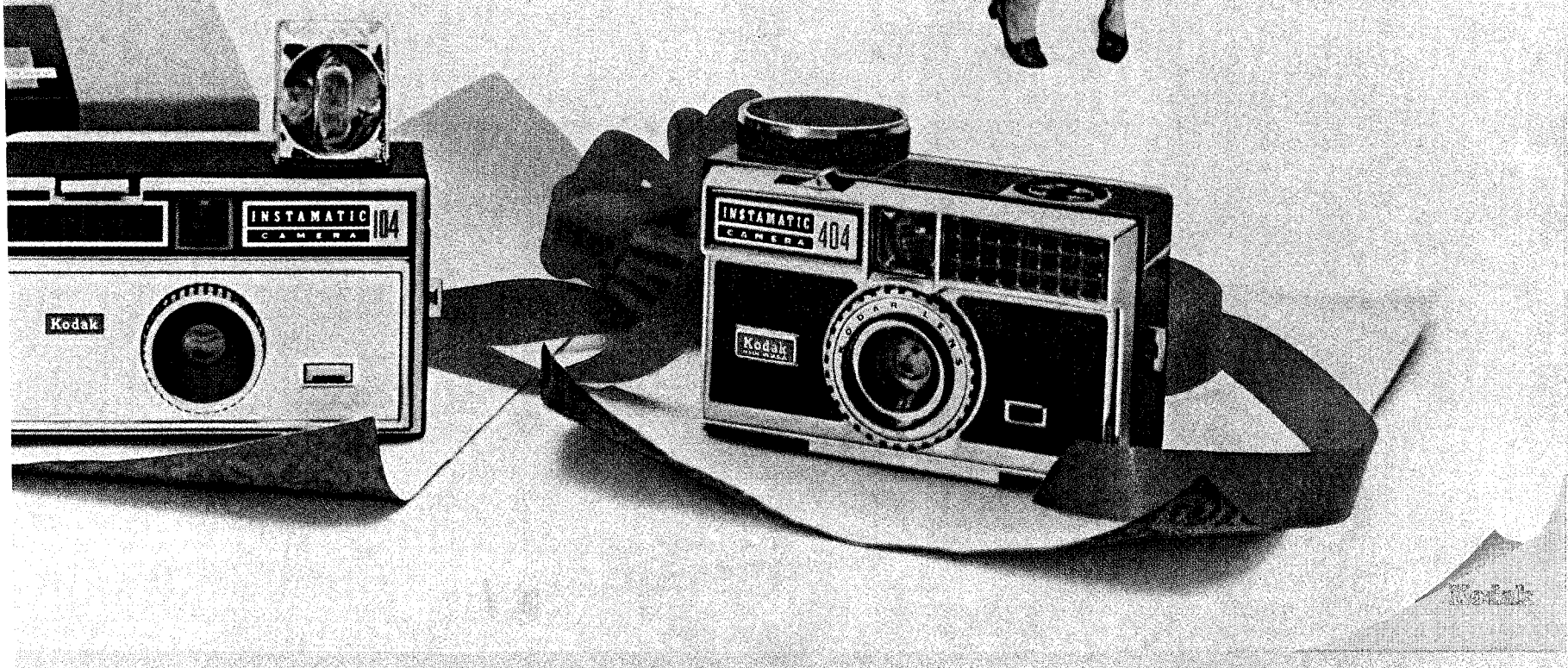

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Journey to North Vietnam

(continued from page 25)

Giap. The Vietnamese were smiling that day, while the French, conscious that the end had come, walked silently and sadly to their headquarters at the Hotel Metropole, the same hotel where we would be staying that night, but now renamed the Thong Nhat, Hotel of the Reunification. There was another difference between August 22, 1967, and May 7, 1954: This August night, tired as we were, we did not have to fear the grenades of Viet Minh terrorists. Now, the "terrorists" were our escorts. The danger this time would come from the skies, from American planes. As though reading our thoughts, Kinh said, "The planes don't come at night, or even early in the morning. You'll get them at lunchtime."

The hotel had not changed. It was the same French colonial mansion, with a huge lobby, on the left of the entrance, running 50 feet long to a bar at the end, about 20 feet wide, with a high ceiling. Big, slow-turning fans circulated the air on the ceiling but did not bring much freshness to the lobby itself. The bar was closed, and no one was stirring. It was almost 3 A.M.

Our suite was spacious: a large living room, with a serving table set with teacups, bowls of fruit, candies and cigarettes and a giant Thermos filled with very hot water. Kinh promptly made tea for us and then left, warning us that they would be back in about two to three hours. "You've got to see the wreckage of Hue Street," they said.

We showered and went into the bedroom, depressed at the news that we would have only a few hours of sleep. But we were too tired to talk about it. "How are you?" I asked. "Dead," my wife replied and promptly fell asleep.

At 4:30 I was startled by a rap on the door. Turtledove was there. The workday had begun.

We showered quickly, jumped into sport shirts, slacks and sandals and went down to the breakfast room for a fresh pineapple, yogurt, thick country bread and coffee. Later we would learn to eat the Vietnamese breakfast, which consists of hot Chinese vegetables and vermicelli soup.

We left the hotel and walked to Hue Street, about 12 blocks away, where the bomb had dropped. An entire row of houses, more than half the street long, had been wiped out, plus an area going back some 50 feet deep to the street behind. On top of the rubble was an ant-line of people picking up bricks and bits of twisted metal. Two bodies were stretched out on the sidewalk, covered with canvas.

As we came closer we could see that the ant-line was made up of girls between 15 and 20 years old. Kinh explained that most of the rubble disposal was done by young women. They were almost all beautiful—we rarely saw a Vietnamese girl who was not at least pretty. "Women play a major role in our war effort," Kinh said. "You see their long, black hair? We call them our 'Longhaired army.'" As far as we could see, the neighborhood was purely residential, and Kinh insisted it was terror bombing. I did not believe it, for I had seen terror bombing in Tokyo and in Berlin and knew what the Air Force could do if it were given the green light. It was my guess that one of our planes, being chased by a MIG or a SAM missile, had jettisoned its load in order to pick up speed for evasive action.

Whatever the truth, one of the main results has been a welling-up of anger and a determination not to give in. Everyone in Hue Street was filled with hatred for "the air pirates," the only term they use to describe our planes. All along the streets, wall murals and graffiti carried the slogan, DA DAO GION XON GIAC MY!—*Down with Johnson, the American pirate.* "Gion Xon"—the Vietnamese transliteration of the President's name—are the most hated words in their language.

From Hue Street we went out of Hanoi to tour the surrounding countryside and the antiaircraft defenses. Hanoi looks like an armed porcupine, with hundreds, probably thousands, of spiny, steel gun snouts sticking out beyond the tops of the trees. Some of them are World War II or Korean War vintage, but I saw a number of modern, radar-operated guns. I began to appreciate what American pilots told me in Saigon, that Hanoi and Haiphong are defended by a steel curtain of flak even stronger than the one around Berlin at the height of World War II.

As we drove back into Hanoi the sirens sounded. Fortunately we were near our hotel; we raced for the entrance, jumped out of the car and ran through the lobby to the underground shelter at the rear of the garden courtyard. The sirens were still howling when the antiaircraft batteries on the roof of the hotel began a teeth-jarring series of explosions.

Deep down in the narrow shelter, 15 feet underground, we could hear the staccato blasts and a far-off rumbling of bombs. It was incredibly hot. No one talked during the 10 furious minutes of the attack.

We spent the rest of that day, one of the heaviest raid days of the war, running to shelters wherever we were. We managed to avoid using the one-person shelters that dot the streets of Hanoi. They come up from the sidewalk like open sewer pipes and are barely big enough for a Vietnamese to jump inside, but too small for a Westerner.

We had lunch at the hotel, but had to run from the table twice as the sirens sounded. Our waitress was a lovely, dimpled child who looked no more than 17. As soon as the siren sounded, she would put down her tray and dash back into the kitchen, pulling off her lace apron as she ran. When we got around the other side of the dining room, into the garden, we would meet her coming out of the rear door of the kitchen, dressed in a khaki uniform, wearing a steel helmet, carrying a rifle as big as she was.

The waitress, like almost every able-bodied young woman, was a member of the armed militia. Her job was to go up to the roof and act as a parachute-spotter. Almost every one of our pilots shot down over North Vietnam has first been captured by a militia girl or boy and held until the army comes up to take him prisoner.

Later that afternoon, at dusk, we drove 10 miles outside of Hanoi to inspect the dikes of the Red River Delta, and we saw what happens in a small hamlet of only 30 huts when the sirens go off. Everyone has been given a job to do. Little boys and girls five and six years old scurried around gathering up chicks and piglets. The older children went after the pigs and goats, while the teen-agers rushed into the fields to get the bullocks and drive them into deep slit trenches cut into the paddies. Mothers took care of the very young children. Militia men and women grabbed their guns and took up spotter posts in the fields and woods.

We were in the hamlet of Phu Xa, in the village of Phu Thuong, which had been badly hit in an air raid on August 13, 1966. Twenty-four villagers had been killed and 22 wounded in that raid. They have built a monument to the dead in the village square, and a museum in which they display American shells and the remnants of an anti-personnel, steel-pellet bomb that had torn up some of their people.

Phu Xa is a Catholic hamlet, or used to be. Since the war, many Catholics have joined the Communist ranks. The same was true of a number of peasants, who had rebelled against the heavy-handed collectivization of agriculture in the agrarian revolt of 1956. Now, under pressure of our bombs, they huddle around the local Communist Party cell leader and the county agricultural agent, who provide them with protection and the means for survival. "Thanks to your raids, we have accomplished in two years what it might have taken twenty years to do in peace," one Communist cell leader told me.

This was a useful propaganda ploy for him to use on an American reporter, but my own observations showed that it was based upon reality. Wherever I went, I saw the brisk, efficient, tightly woven operations of the Communist Party and the county agents. They supply disinfectants, weed killers, seeds, tractors, bulldozers and guns to every able-bodied citizen. A government that dares to arm its citizens is a government confident of the support of its people.

August 24 was another day of heavy air raids around Hanoi, particularly on the Gia Lam district across the Red River, and on the rail yards north of the city. I sat for hours in the air-raid shelter, hammering at my escort for permission to get out into the field and report what was happening. Late that night permission came through.

We were at the bar of the hotel, engaged in an argument with Kinh, when word of the permission was delivered. Ever since our arrival, my wife had been quietly but insistently pressing him about seeing Col. Hughes, the burned American pilot for whom we were carrying special lotions. She carried the lotion around with her constantly in a shopping bag and kept asking Kinh when she could deliver it.

That night Kinh was complaining bitterly about the "barbarism" of the air raids. My wife told him that she too was deeply distressed by the killing and burning, but, she said, "You charge that we are barbarians, yet you won't let me bring medicine to an American prisoner who is suffering." She paused and added, "When I go home, I'm going to tell people that *you* are barbarians."

Kinh looked startled. My wife is a gentle woman, and her sudden vehemence was impressive. I laughed and said, "Well, Kinh, now you're in big trouble. You insisted I bring my wife with me, and you've been telling us all about equality of women. You'd better let her see Colonel Hughes."

Kinh smiled uneasily, made a note in his memo book and promised that he would take the matter up again with the authorities. At that moment a messenger arrived with our clearance to go out into the field the next morning. Kinh looked relieved and said, "You see, things are moving."

We were picked up at 4:30 A.M. by Kinh and Turtledove and an army driver in a Soviet-built copy of an American command car. We headed south out of Hanoi along that historic "Route Mandarine," the old Mandarin Road that falls like a plumb line due south linking Hanoi to Saigon. Now renamed "Route Nationale 1," it is no longer a true route or highway and certainly not national, for it is destroyed in so many places that one cannot stay on it for long. Ten miles out of Hanoi it became a rough cross-country lane of ruts and loose rocks.

Finally we found ourselves stopped at the bank of a river, where a bridge had once been standing. There is no bridge now, but traffic was moving across on one of the many ingenious devices the Vietnamese have fashioned to keep going despite the bombs. They floated six flat-bottomed sampans down to the bridge site, lashed them together with pontoons and laid over them a carpeting of wooden planking.

The cars were going in single file, each waiting for the one ahead to get over before moving onto the bridge. There were also dozens of bicyclists trundling their bikes across, and an endless line of peasants, loaded down with baskets suspended on the ends of long, flexible bamboo poles.

Each of the peasants, many of them young women, carried a load of about 50 pounds. The bicyclists, too, were heavily laden. Each bicycle had a wooden plank over a wheel, with a basket on each end, 50 pounds per basket, 100 pounds per bicycle. Twenty bicycles carried one ton of supplies. There are tens of thousands of bicycles circulating day and night from North to South, and I realized then why our awesome airpower could not halt the infiltration. Bombing North Vietnam is like trying to fight a swarm of mosquitos with a sledgehammer.

The capital of the Kim Son district is the historic Catholic city of Phat Diem, which I had visited often during the French colonial period. Most of its buildings have been destroyed, including all of its churches and chapels, with the single exception of the big cathedral, which stands out alone in front of a park on the village square.

As we walked along the canal toward the ruins of the Chapel of the Virgin Mary, the air raid sirens began to howl. Above, we could hear the rumble of engines. They were coming out of the sun, and we were blinded. Whatever their destination, they did not attack Phat Diem at that moment. The attack passed on, to return later.

Kinh then led us to a collective farm in the nearby village of Thuong Kien. We were invited to lunch by the county agent, in the administrative committee meeting room. The so-called "meeting room" is a huge trench, cut into the earth, inside a thatched hut. The trench would be of no use against a direct bomb hit,

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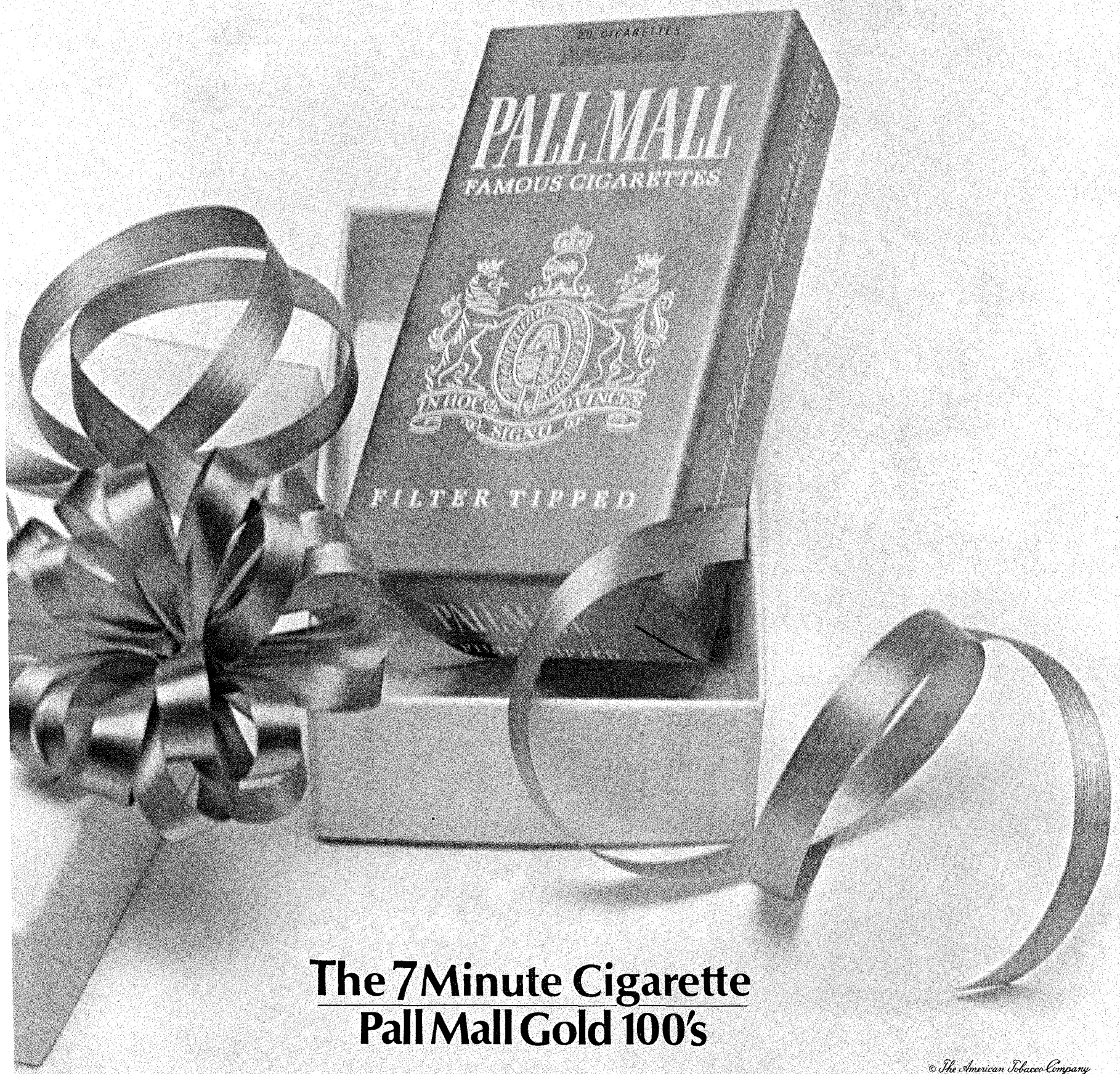
If you gave him a watch last Christmas, this year give him something to time.



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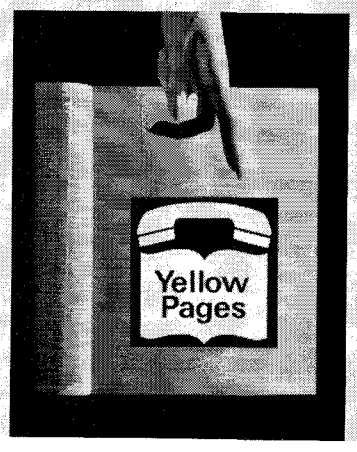

I heard the staccato whistling of rockets and jumped for cover.

but it offers excellent protection from flying shrapnel and from the dread steel-pellet bombs.

Our meal had hardly finished when the sirens went off again. The peasants began running out of the paddies toward the shelter of a long, low-lying shed in the principal courtyard of the collective farm. Little children, babies, dogs, chickens and goats were wailing, barking and thrashing about.

A peasant came up, handed me a piece of smoked glass, and pointed it at the sky. Looking through the glass toward the sun, I finally spotted the planes. There were three of them, flying in a V formation. As I watched, they turned lazily over in wide, sweeping arcs, then suddenly broke formation and dived toward us. I heard the staccato whistling noise of rockets shooting through the air, the sound getting louder and louder. Everyone screamed and jumped for cover. My wife and I plunged into a bamboo hedge next to the shed. We heard a loud explosion, then silence, then the roar of the engines as the pilots pulled out of the dive, leveled off and climbed rapidly back into the sun. We pulled ourselves out of the hedge, brushed off our clothes, and looked up just in time to see the planes heading east, out toward the sea and their waiting aircraft carriers. The entire operation had lasted not more than five minutes

We were out in the middle of an innocent agricultural district, in flat rice paddies, with no military target anywhere. It was this performance that began to convince me that our planes do, at times, engage in terror bombing and strafing. Later, in conversations with American officials and correspondents in Vientiane and Bangkok, I discovered that this was not an infrequent occurrence. Bombing instructions are not always as precise as they might be; targets of opportunity are not defined exactly, and some pilots, for varying emotional and personal reasons, decide that a bullock or a windmill is a suitable military target.

The vice president of the administrative committee of the Kim Son district, a Catholic named Tran Van De, joined us after the raid. He said that most traditional Catholic rites had been suspended because of the war. Almost all the churches had been destroyed, and it was too dangerous to have a large assembly of people meet in any one place. He said that the faithful go to small, rudimentary "chapels," located in farm huts, to celebrate mass late at night when the bombers rarely come.

Tran Van De said that there were 23 villages in the district, and that they had been bombed almost daily since June, 1965. The first big raid came on June 20, when 22 bombs hit the main street of Phat Diem. The next biggest raid took place on April 24, 1966, when 72 people were killed and 46 wounded in a Sunday raid at the hour of Vespers. "That was the last time we gathered a congregation for Vespers," he said.

We toured the district with Tran Van De, so that he could back up his charges by showing us the damage. We saw craters around the canals and the dike systems all around Phat Diem, as he described nine different attacks on the dikes and the small dams of the irrigation system in Phat Diem and three nearby villages. We saw the ruins of the chapels and churches, the hulks of shops and homes. More than 8,000 families have been evacuated from the destroyed city of Phat Diem and dispersed throughout the countryside. They are still not immune to air attacks, but they are safer because of the wide dispersion of huts.

Tran Van De said that his committee had organized a rural militia to fire on low-flying, strafing planes. He introduced us to an 18-year-old girl, Vu Thi Hien—her name means "Little orange flower"—who was credited with one of the "pirate kills." She is a slender, shy, big-eyed girl, proudly wearing a "People's Heroine" medal.

"It was Saturday, August 5. at noon," she told us, "when six planes came over in three waves of two planes each. They attacked Ninh Binh and then came over Kim Dai. I was having lunch when I heard them. I grabbed my rifle and rushed out to my post with my team. The planes dived low to strafe sampans in the river. My comrades and I opened up, and we fired twenty-seven rounds. We hit the gas tank, and it exploded. The plane dove down."

There is no doubt that she and her "comrades" did fire at a plane that went down in flames, but I was skeptical about rifle fire bringing it down. It could have been hit by flak from a nearby battery or flashed out for accidental, mechanical reasons. Whatever the truth, Vu Thi Hien genuinely believes that she shot down a plane. and so do all the villagers.

Our drive back to Hanoi was a nightmare. There had been so many air raids that it was decided to move after sundown. This was a 60-to-90-minute trip under normal conditions, but it took us from eight at night until six in the morning. We drove along totally black roads, our only illumination the small blackout lights that threw a pale blue fog a few feet ahead of us. Our driver strained forward over the wheel, jamming on the brakes whenever a crater or a fallen log loomed up ahead. We were thrown against each other constantly and clutched handgrips to keep from being thrown violently out of the car. Every muscle was strained and aching, and my wife's hands were cut and bleeding within two hours.

Suddenly, the car braked violently. Kinh grabbed us and began to pull us out, telling us to move slowly and carefully. The car was poised two inches short of a drop into a river. We stood there peering into the darkness and then heard the creaking of chains and pulleys from somewhere out in the blackness. Kinh laughed and shouted, "Bravo! A ferry!"

I strained my eyes and saw a scow and a man hauling on a steel cable that stretched from one bank to the other, connected by a system of pulleys that permitted him to pull the scow back and forth across the river. The car

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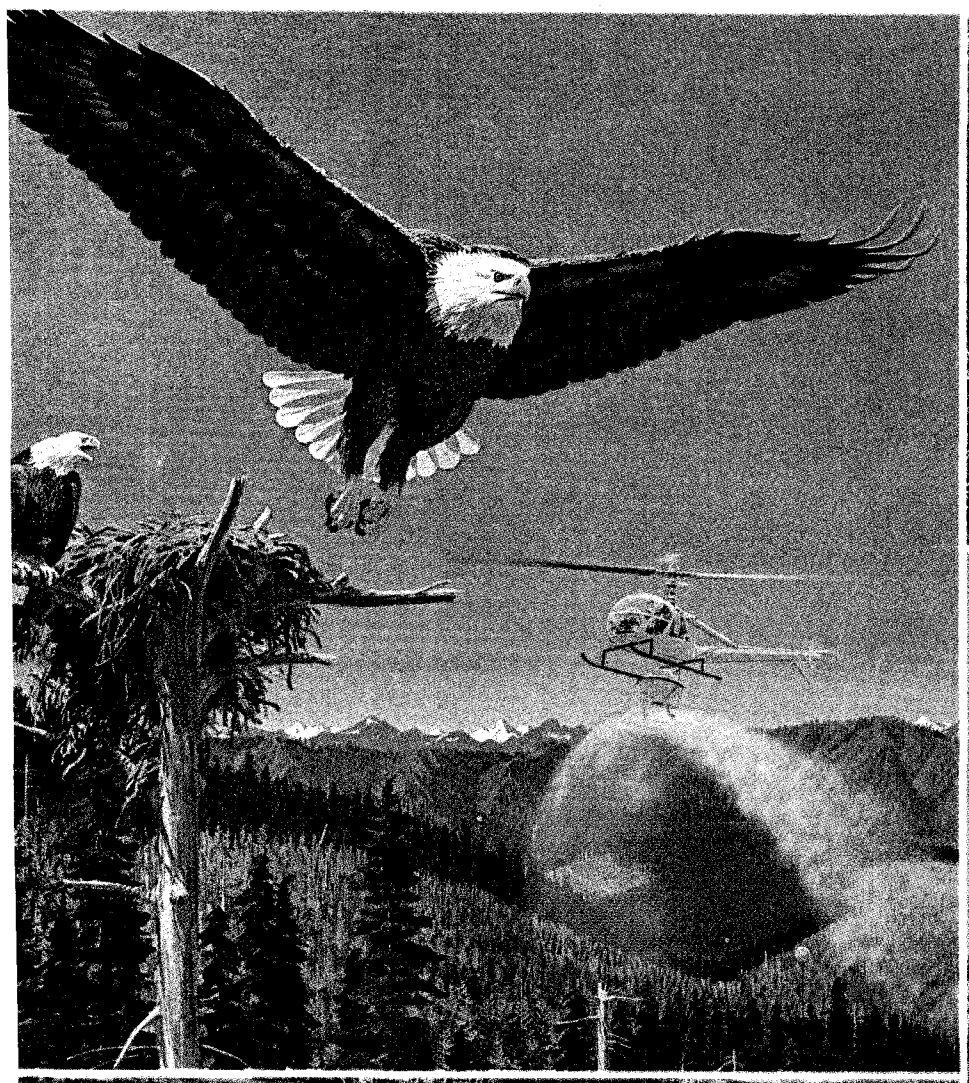

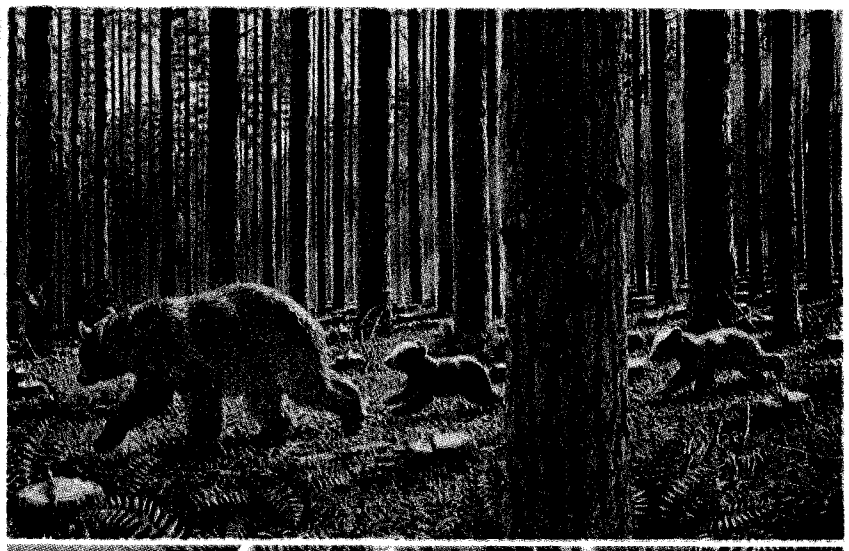

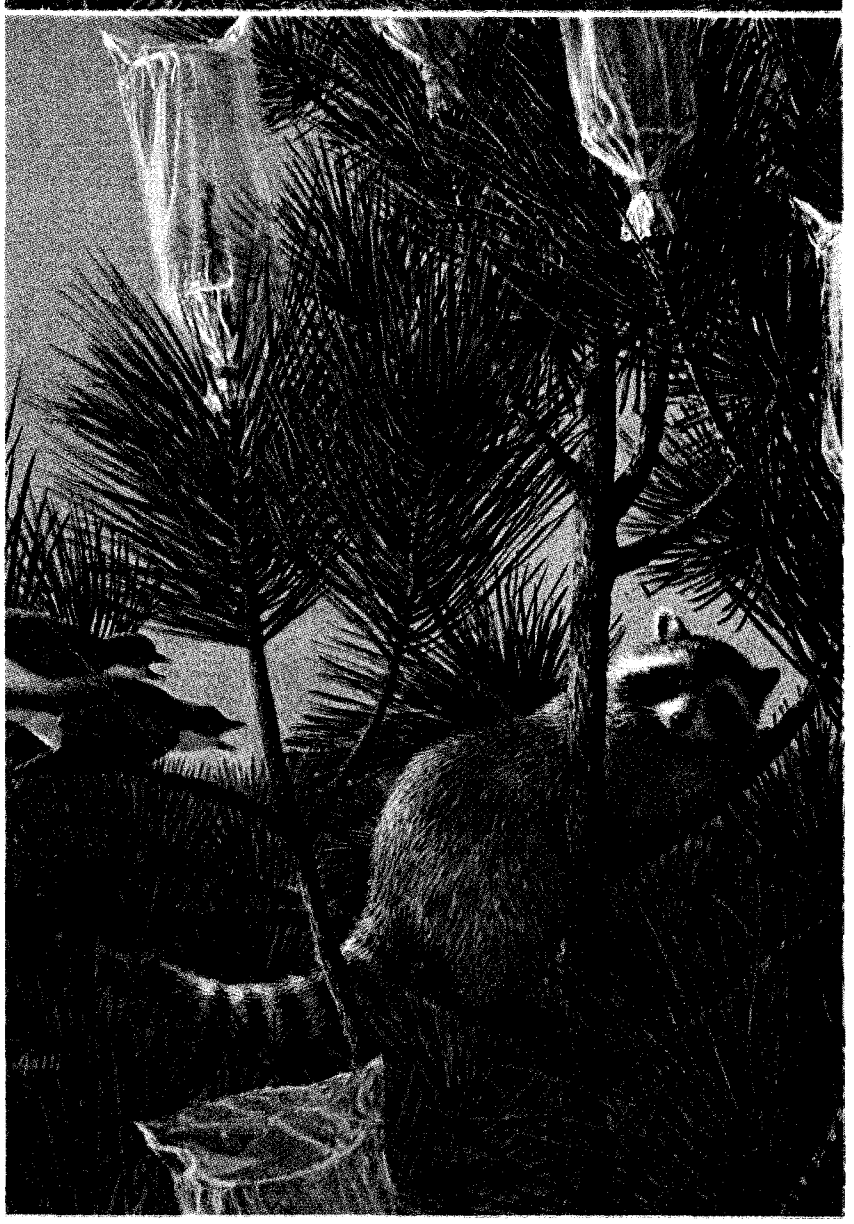

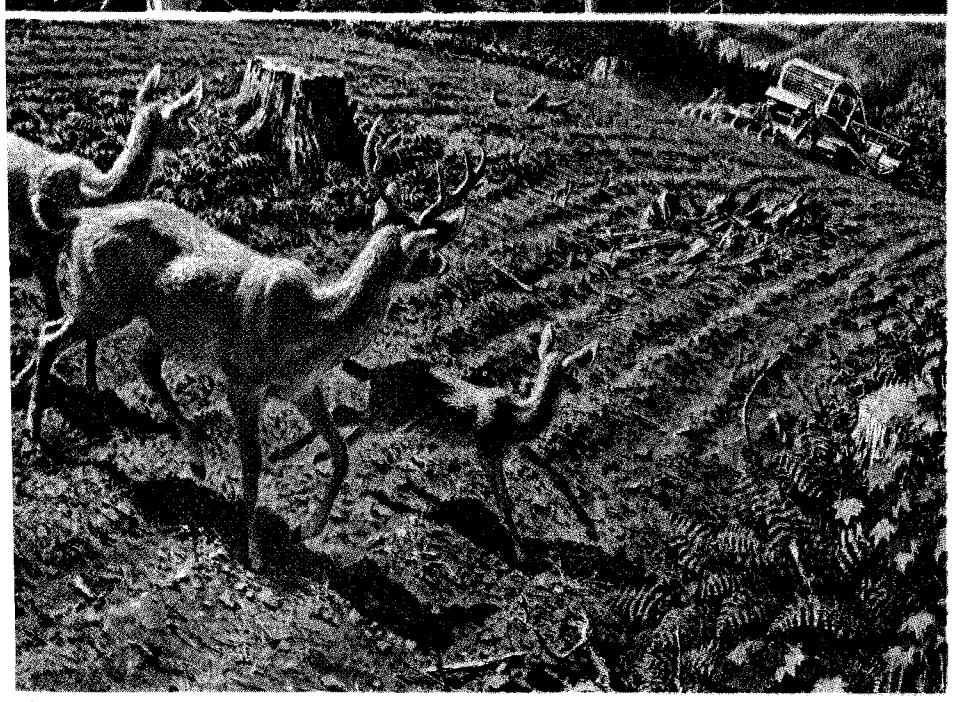

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The most popular circus act was a clown imitating Lyndon Johnson.

drove onto the ferry and we made our way across the stream and then up the embankment to a path that led up to the top of a dike between two rice fields. Our car lurched onto the dike and slithered 10 feet to the brink. There was a 30-foot drop on both sides.

The dike was thickly coated with mud, but sand had been sprinkled over it to give some traction to the wheels. We crawled along at about five miles an hour, skidding gently as we went around the bends. We drove that way for the two longest hours of our lives, until finally we saw the twinkle of a light and the silhouette of trees off to the left.

"There is a path off to the left a hundred meters farther along the dike," the driver said. "We'll be back on the ground soon."

This time, instead of skidding slowly through sand and mud, we bounced wildly over rocks and boulders for another hour. Off to both sides of the car we could see tiny, twinkling lights like fireflies in the darkness of the night. Within a short time our car had fallen between the rocks into a mudhole.

Our driver shouted something, and the fireflies promptly began to move toward us. As they grew closer we saw that they were small oil and tallow lamps carried by a group of boys and girls in their teens. They were laughing and singing, and they carried shovels, rope and hammers. "This is our Youth Shock Brigade," Kinh said proudly. "Our young soldiers of the Battle of Communications."

For the next five to six hours of that nightmare journey we were to see the Youth Brigade often. They camp out in the paddies or in the forests all night long to be available in case of an emergency. They are a kind of permanent road-repair and rescue team, and they chattered with us as they worked to get us out of the mudhole. When they finished, they picked up their tools, shouted good-byes and made their way back to their camp. We drove on, and they became twinkling fireflies again.

Finally that endless night turned into a gray, wet dawn, and we found ourselves at the floating bridge that led us back to the Mandarin Road, the last lap to our hotel in Hanoi. Our room, which seemed like the Black Hole of Calcutta the first night of arrival, now looked like a luxury suite at the Ritz.

We were not left idle for a moment in the days ahead. We had interviews with the Minister of Higher Education and the Minister of General Education and the Minister of Trade and officials of the Foreign Ministry and the Union of Women and the Foreign Language Publishing House and the president of the Union of Journalists and the Hanoi Radio Station and its "star" broadcaster, whom the GI's call "Hanoi Hannah." No single interview ever lasted less than three hours.

My wife and I staggered through the endless round, always tired, always caked with sweat and grime, our skin stinging with heat rash. Our only consolation was in the realization that we were getting a very full, detailed and rare view of life in North Vietnam.

Life goes on despite the bombing. The strain of supplying Hanoi has been eased by the evacuation of more than half the city. Some 300,000 people, mainly older men, women and children, have been dispersed through the countryside. One of the regime's proudest achievements, the Polytechnic Institute, with 1,500 students and faculty, is now operating in the jungle northwest of Hanoi, partly underground.

So far there have been no night raids, and the two big movie houses are always crowded. They show Vietnamese films, ranging from love stories to documentaries of the war in the South. They also show a number of Soviet, Chinese and French feature films.

The most popular attraction in Hanoi is the State Circus. There are no wild animals, no elephants or peanuts, no freaks. It is more like a French music-hall show, featuring acrobats, jugglers, high-wire acts and clowns.

The greatest attraction for the audience and the most embarrassing for us to watch—particularly since the audience spent as much time staring at us as at the stage—was the performance of a troupe of satirical clowns. The chief clown was a very tall Vietnamese, wearing a high stovepipe hat and a big false nose with spectacles on the tip, who was so obviously a caricature of Lyndon Johnson that the people would chant "Gion Xon, Gion Xon" as soon as he appeared. Right behind him were two small clowns, dressed in white uniforms, wearing generals' hats. One had a black mustache penciled on his upper lip. They were, of course, South Vietnam's Generals Thieu and Ky.

Gion Xon carried a bicycle pump, and every time the Thieu and Ky clowns, walking behind him on a leash, would begin to fold up, Gion Xon would put a rubber tube in their mouths and then pump them back up again. When, finally, the pump was no longer able to keep the puppets inflated, the Gion Xon clown pulled big, round sugar wafers stamped with dollar signs out of his pocket and fed them to the puppets, who would stand up straight and bark like dogs. It was crude, obvious satire, but the crowd loved it.

The very next day we received an invitation to the biggest event of the year in Hanoi, the annual celebration of Independence Day. This commemorates the "August Revolution," when Ho Chi Minh's resistance forces entered Hanoi after World War II and proclaimed a national revolution of freedom from the French.

Our driver was told to go to the International Club on Hung Vuong Street, where a secret-service man told us to proceed to the National Assembly Hall. Inside the auditorium the national flags were draped, red with a yellow star. The diplomatic corps had five reserved rows in mid-orchestra. Foreign delegations and press sat just behind the diplomats. The front rows were reserved for government officials, union heads and chiefs of the national patriotic organizations. The stage was decorated with flags and flowers and portraits of the leaders of the nation.

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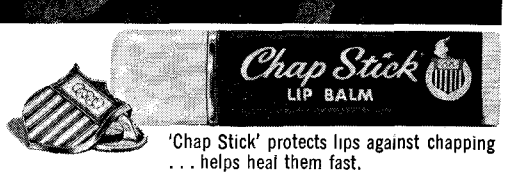

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'If Washington genuinely desires peace, it can come very rapidly.'

Then a group of officials marched out on the stage, led by President Ho Chi Minh. At the sight of him the audience jumped to its feet, cheered and applauded. "Uncle Ho," as he calls himself, even signing his name thus in messages to his people, smiled and waved his hand at his "Dear Children," his official term for citizens. I had not seen him for 21 years and was surprised to see how old he looked. At 77 his hair and beard are snow-white. His always thin frame looked skeletal, and his small white-cotton blouse hung loosely on him. Kinh said, "Yes, our comrade Ho is tired. The years of struggle weigh heavily."

The first man on his feet was Truong Chinh, president of the Assembly, one of the top five men of the hierarchy. He walked to the rostrum and in very few words stated the nation's determination to "struggle against the imperialists for national unity and independence, along with our socialist allies." He welcomed foreign visitors, friends and members of the diplomatic corps and then, to our astonishment, said, "And now, to talk on the meaning of this great twenty-second anniversary of our revolution, here is our comrade, chief of government, Prime Minister Pham Van Dong."

Ho Chi Minh smiled and applauded as Pham Van Dong walked to the rostrum to deliver the speech that had always been delivered by Ho himself.

Pham Van Dong spoke for about 20 minutes, normally only a warm-up for the usual six-hour Communist address. He claimed that "We now have the initiative on all fronts in the struggle against the U.S. imperialists," and promised final victory for independence and the reunification of North and South. At the conclusion of the speech, he delivered the ritual expression of thanks to "our allies and friends"; once again the Soviet Union was in first position and China second.

When Pham Van Dong finished, there was a round of applause and a chanting of national slogans, with Ho beating his hands. A young girl presented Ho with a bouquet of flowers and he, in turn, presented it to the orchestra leader, who promptly struck up the national anthem, and the meeting was ended.

The banquet that night was held in the main dining hall of the presidential palace. The room was lined with long rows of tables, covered with huge platters of Vietnamese delicacies, and a selection of white and red wines, vodka, cherry vodka and rice wine. At a signal, a reception line was formed, and the guests moved toward the main table for greetings.

Ho Chi Minh was nowhere to be seen. Pham Van Dong stood in the middle of the line of ministers—the place of honor—to receive the guests. It was quite clear who the No. 1 man was in the absence of Ho. Truong Chinh stood behind Dong to his right, and Le Duan, First Secretary of the Communist Party, on the left.

Chinh, once rated as a possible successor to Ho, is reputed to be a hard-liner, of a pro-Chinese tendency. There is constant speculation in the world's press and diplomatic corps about pro-Chinese versus pro-Soviet cliques inside the Hanoi regime. I personally do not believe that the leaders of the regime are concerned about anything but the preservation of their national independence and the means by which they can maintain close relations with both China and Russia.

One development that is becoming increasingly clear is the ascendancy of Pham Van Dong as the likely candidate to succeed Ho. Pham Van Dong told me the night of the banquet that Ho had to leave right after the ceremony "because the terrible heat of Hanoi is too much for him now." Ho left Hanoi for the cool of the mountains sometime near the end of April, and had not returned by the end of September; this means that Pham Van Dong, for almost half of this year, has been running the affairs of state himself.

On Sunday, September 3, Kinh told me that the Prime Minister had agreed to grant me an exclusive interview, without interpreters, at four o'clock that afternoon. "There will be no other program for you today," Kinh added, smiling. "You will surely want to go over your notes and be rested for your talk." It was the very first break they had allowed me in the exhausting schedule. I thanked him, walked up to my room and promptly went to bed.

At 4 P.M. my wife and I drove into the park in front of the presidential palace and pulled up in front of a one-story, open-terrace building that looked something like a clubhouse at a golf course. Pham Van Dong greeted us on entry, standing behind a chair at a long, narrow conference table. With him was Ngo Dien, the cool, imperturbable chief of information of the Foreign Office. Pham Van Dong began the interview by saying that President Ho deeply regretted that he had to leave Hanoi immediately and would not be able personally to return the favor of the dinner party that he had had with me in Paris, but that the Minister of Trade, Phan Anh, who had accompanied Ho to my home as his aide in 1946, would do the honors. The Prime Minister then presented gifts from Ho to my wife and me.

My wife was given a comb, one side shiny, the other a dull metal. On it, in Vietnamese, was inscribed: "This comb is made of metal from an American plane shot down over Vietnam. Thus, metal of destruction has been converted into peaceful metal in this comb." To me, Pham Van Dong handed an ashtray, with the same inscription, as he commented, "President Ho remembers that you, too, are a heavy smoker, like himself." We were also given rings, made, or so it was claimed, of the metal from the 2,000th plane shot down.

Hanoi's peace terms have been transmitted to Washington many times this past year, through varied channels, both diplomatic and public, Pham Van Dong told me. He conceded that there had not been any direct messages from

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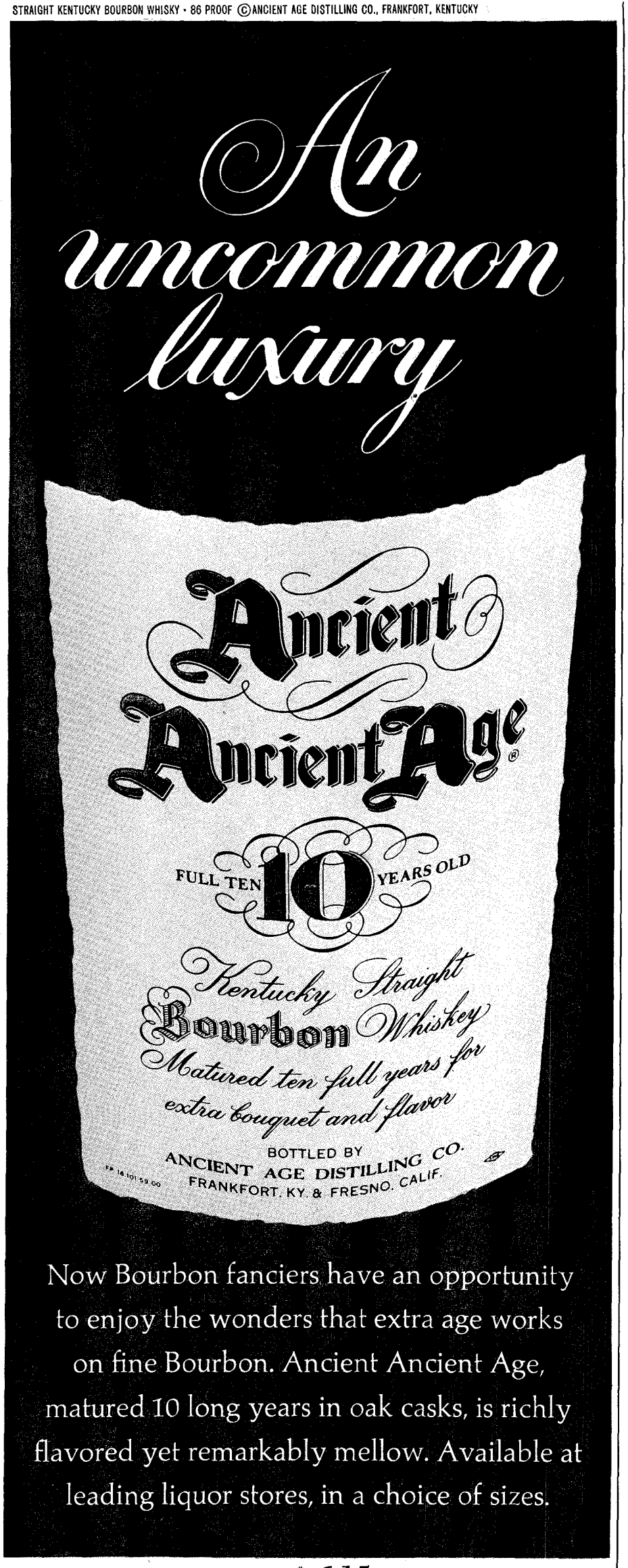
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At almost the last moment, we were allowed to visit the prisoners.

Hanoi to Washington, but insisted that Washington knew perfectly well why this was so. "Johnson and Rusk keep saying that they'll increase the pressure until they force us to the peace table. Well, you can note this," the Prime Minister said. "We will not make peace under the heel of the aggressor.

"Washington has never made a sincere offer of peace," the Prime Minister said. "Whenever they carried out a so-called peace offensive, they also intensified their aggression, both in the North and in the South of our country." His face hardened as he snapped out the words. "It is criminal to deceive people this way. Peace is not a game of politics. Peace is the profound aspiration of all peoples. I am sure that your American people want peace too. But we will not sell our fundamental right to independence for peace. Independence and national unity are sacred to us. I would have thought that the American people would appreciate this."

The Prime Minister took pains to make it clear that Hanoi would not answer or talk to Washington until the bombing had stopped unconditionally. "The initiative for peace talks *must* come from Washington," he said slowly and emphatically, underlining the "must" with the tone of his voice. "This is categorical."

The Prime Minister then said solemnly, "There will be no reciprocity for the cessation of bombing and other acts of war. There will be no bargaining. There will be no blackmail, and no ransom will be paid." In answer to a question calling for a reply to Secretary Rusk's oft-repeated challenge, "What will they do if we stop bombing," the Prime Minister curtly stated, "We have been attacked in a most unjust manner. The United States is guilty of aggression against our country. Therefore the United States must make the gesture required by the circumstances."

In answer to a question on what the possible nature and agenda of peace talks might be, the Prime Minister replied, "This is not a complicated issue. Indeed, the issue is really very simple." He sighed, shook his head and ran his hands through his hair. "If Washington stops its aggression and accepts the reality that it cannot dominate Vietnam, that it cannot set up a puppet regime, if Washington genuinely desires peace, then peace can come out *very rapidly*."

The Prime Minister then summarized the terms of a final settlement. First, an unconditional cessation of bombing and all other acts of war. Second, recognition of the National Liberation Front (the Viet Cong) as the "only genuine representative of the South Vietnamese people." Third, the withdrawal of all American and "satellite" troops from South Vietnam. Finally, then, the Vietnamese will settle their own affairs. "There is no other way," he asserted.

At one point he smiled—a man of normally good humor, he smiled very little in the course of this interview—and said, "As our beloved comrade President Ho Chi Minh has often said, 'We will strew the path of your departure with flowers.' We do not seek to humiliate the American people. But you must understand that our country is one, our people one people, with the same culture, history, language and aspirations to unity and independence. To think that Vietnam can be divided is a mad illusion. To think we can be conquered and dominated is a grave misunderstanding of our thousands of years of history in which we drove off every would-be conqueror."

The Prime Minister insisted that the way to peace must follow two paths, one that can be opened up to Hanoi by unconditional cessation of bombing, the other leading to peace in the South by recognition of and direct talks with the National Liberation Front. "If America wants peace in the South, it must talk with the Front. Neither we nor our brothers of the Front will deal with your puppets Thieu and Ky. The recently adopted political program of the Front expresses the aspirations of the South Vietnamese people. As for us, we completely endorse the N.L.F. program and will do anything we can to support it."

His remarks about supporting the Front prompted a question about just how many troops he was sending South, which almost led to the end of the interview. His face darkened, his jaws closed tight, and the muscles twitched under his skin. "I don't have to account for my actions to you or to anybody," he snapped out. After a brief, tense silence, I replied that my question was, in my view, proper for a reporter to ask, and that I had meant no offense in asking it. If he did not wish to pursue the subject, I would move on to another area. "Move on then," he ordered.

I asked him to comment on the current validity or practicality of the Geneva Accords of 1954 as a possible formula for a settlement.

"The Geneva Accords provided for the independence, unity, sovereignty and territorial integrity of Vietnam—not North Vietnam, or South Vietnam, but of the one country, Vietnam," Pham Van Dong replied. "There were two 'zones' set up, not two countries. They were to be reunified after free elections in 1956. No foreign bases were to be installed, and neither zone was to enter into a foreign military alliance. But the Americans installed a dictator, Ngo Dinh Diem, in Saigon. They gave him economic, then military, support. They set up bases. Diem, with American backing, refused to hold the elections provided for. He would not even hold one single meeting of an electoral commission to determine electoral procedures. The record of history is clear: The Geneva agreement was brutally raped."

The Prime Minister said that nonetheless "The fundamental principles of the Geneva Accords are still valid. You need only apply them. We reaffirmed these principles in our four-point program for peace in Vietnam. If America wants a return now to the

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spirit and fundamental terms of Geneva, this logically requires an acceptance of our four points and the withdrawal of all U.S. and satellite forces which were not in Vietnam at the time of Geneva in 1954."

I already knew what Pham Van Dong meant when he said the final peace settlement depended upon the Front and not Hanoi. I had discussed this with the Permanent Representative of the National Liberation Front in Hanoi, Nguyen Van Tien. Once a teacher of mathematics in a high school in South Vietnam, he has been for the past 15 years one of the leaders of the independence movement, fighting against the French and the Americans. He insisted that a cessation of bombing in the North was a "step in the right direction toward the path of peace," but would not in itself bring about talks with the National Liberation Front. "You must understand that talks with Hanoi are not the same thing as talks with the Front," he said. "Hanoi is our older brother, not our father. We are equal members of the same family and will one day be reunited when the foreign invader is chased from our soil. Now and for the foreseeable future we are separate and independent brothers, and Washington must accept this truth and act in consequence of it."

Some of the necessary "preconditions" to peace talks are obvious, he said. First, Washington must stop referring to the Front as some kind of appendage of Hanoi, and recognize it as "the sole, genuine representative of the South Vietnamese people"; second, there must be a cessation of bombing and a cease-fire in the South; third, there must be direct talks between America and the Front, not through "the ventriloquist dummies of Saigon."

Tien insisted that these "preconditions" were not part of an "official policy program," which must await a Central Committee and Presidium decision, but that "speaking personally, I feel that these are minimum conditions for an approach to a political settlement." As for the ultimate objective of peace talks, he said bluntly, "The only true peace terms to negotiate are the details and timetable of an American withdrawal of its own and its foreign-satellite troops from the South."

We came back from the Pham Van Dong interview depressed by his rigid, almost inflexible line. His position would certainly seem to confirm those in Washington who claim that the North Vietnamese are intractable, and that there is nothing to be gained in seeking negotiations with them.

As we were going over our notes of the interview, Kinh arrived, all smiles, obviously savoring exciting news. "We have received permission from the army approving your request to visit a prisoner camp."

My wife and I were overjoyed. One of our daily demands had been to see American prisoners, and to try and find out how they were being treated. And Kinh had even more good news. "Mrs. Schoenbrun, you may bring with you the lotions for Colonel Hughes. He will be there."

The prisoners were held in a villa right in Hanoi, a French colonial mansion, much like the foreign embassies, which had been converted into an army barracks. We were taken into a pleasant living room, with well-stuffed armchairs, covered in cool, white linen. Waiting for us was Commandant Bui, the officer in charge of prisoners. Commandant Bui told us that Colonel Hughes was being brought to the villa and would be there in a few minutes. I protested, pointing out I had asked to visit a camp. He smiled. "This is a camp, and you are going to visit it, but Hughes is not held at this camp. We had to bring him here."

He got up and escorted us back out into the courtyard, then crossed it to a low shedlike building that must once have been used as servants' quarters. "The prisoners are here. They have not been told you are coming."

My wife and I, eager but nervous, stepped into a narrow hallway and walked through a door. Three Americans, wearing purple-and-red-striped cotton pajamas, were sitting on cots. They jumped up as we entered, stared at us, and then one said hesitantly, "You Americans?" We laughed and introduced ourselves, and they began to laugh and shake hands with us. They were Air Force lieutenants Robert Abbott, 25, from Deckerville, Mich.; James Shively, 25, Spokane, Wash.; and Loren Torkelson, 25, Crosley, N. Dak.

Abbott had been shot down by a MIG 21 west of Hanoi; Shively's plane had been brought down by flak over Hanoi; Torkelson, another MIG victim, had been hit south of Hanoi. All had been slightly wounded, but said they had been given adequate medical care and food. They complained about the absence of letters from home and

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the lack of books and recreational materials. They seemed well, and there were no signs of any nervous disorders or any evidence of brainwashing.

Their room was small, not much bigger than their three wooden cots, with little floor space. But it was not a cell. There were bamboo rods in the open windows, not steel bars. It was, in fact, not much different from a Vietnamese soldier's room in the other building.

We left their room and walked into the one next to it. Sitting on his cot in the corner was a tall, good-looking, husky young American, looking almost like a teenager. He did not jump up at the sight of us, but sort of lazily unrolled himself, with a big grin on his face. When I asked who he was, he said, "Doug Hegdahl, apprentice seaman."

"What in the world is an apprentice seaman doing in a prison camp in Hanoi?" I asked.

Hegdahl explained that he was at the rail of the U.S.S. *Canberra*, a guided-missile ship, when the coast artillery opened up on them. The ship promptly took sharp, evasive action, and he was pitched overboard into the sea.

"I was out there in the South China Sea, twenty miles from land, with sharks all around. I began to say my prayers, when a hand suddenly grabbed my hair, and I was yanked aboard a Vietnamese fishing boat." Hegdahl laughed and said, "Mister, prison camp is no vacation resort, but it's got the South China Sea beat by far."

Hegdahl had a letter from home and seemed quite content with his lot. "I hope this war is over soon so I can go home, but I can't complain. I'm living on borrowed time."

We were taken back to the main building and led into a reception room. Tables were laid out with lemonade, tea, cakes and cigarettes. Then, from a door at the end, a man walked in, tall, thin, stooped, blinking at the bright lights. It was Colonel Hughes.

Hughes knew who we were and that we had lotion for him from his wife. He thanked us, stiffly and nervously. He was 40 years old, with black smudges under his eyes, his skin drawn tightly over his cheeks. He told us that he was not ill, but that he suffered from the heat. He said he wanted his wife to be sure he was all right, and he rolled up his sleeves and trouser legs to show me his scars. "You see they are all right, no bleeding, no cracking."

He virtually had no skin at all, just scar tissue, which must have been very sensitive and painful, but the tissue did look healthy.

I told him we would carry a letter to his wife, and that he could record a message to her. As he started to talk into the microphone, he choked up and began to cry. He finally made it, but it was a stiff, formal message, asking her to do everything she could to end the bombing. He expressed to us his remorse at what he had done as a pilot. It was a difficult, emotional interview, and my wife was in tears before it ended.

We both concluded that Colonel Hughes was in good physical health but emotionally troubled. We felt it a mark to the credit of the Vietnamese that they let us see him, for he certainly was not a showcase prisoner. We felt uneasy about the whole setup. We could not believe it was a genuine or a typical prison camp. Even if it were, it was only one camp, and we could not possibly draw general conclusions from that one visit.

There is no more perplexing and schizophrenic experience for Americans than to journey through the incredible land of the Vietnamese. Any decent, intelligent human being cannot but be impressed by the grace, courage and strength of the people. Yet, merely telling about Vietnamese morale and resistance cannot help sounding like a partisan, subjective report, particularly when coupled with the poor morale and corruption in Saigon. But this is the truth and must be told.

Yet when questioning North Vietnamese officials, I found their suspicions and mistrust of Washington close to a psychosis. Unless something happens to change the climate, there is no prospect for peace. Since returning home, I have talked with some high American officials who have assured me that I am unduly pessimistic, and that the situation is not nearly so hopelessly deadlocked as it appears. They insist that they have many sources of information, and that Hanoi is not so unbending as I believe. These officials feel that Hanoi wanted me to hear and to report a very hard line, but that this does not necessarily mean this is the exact line they will follow.

This may, of course, be true. I certainly hope so. But I can only report what I saw and heard: Stop bombing and shelling and interfering with our shipping; recognize the National Liberation Front and accept its program for general elections in the South; withdraw from Vietnam. There is very little in this policy that is readily acceptable to the Johnson Administration.

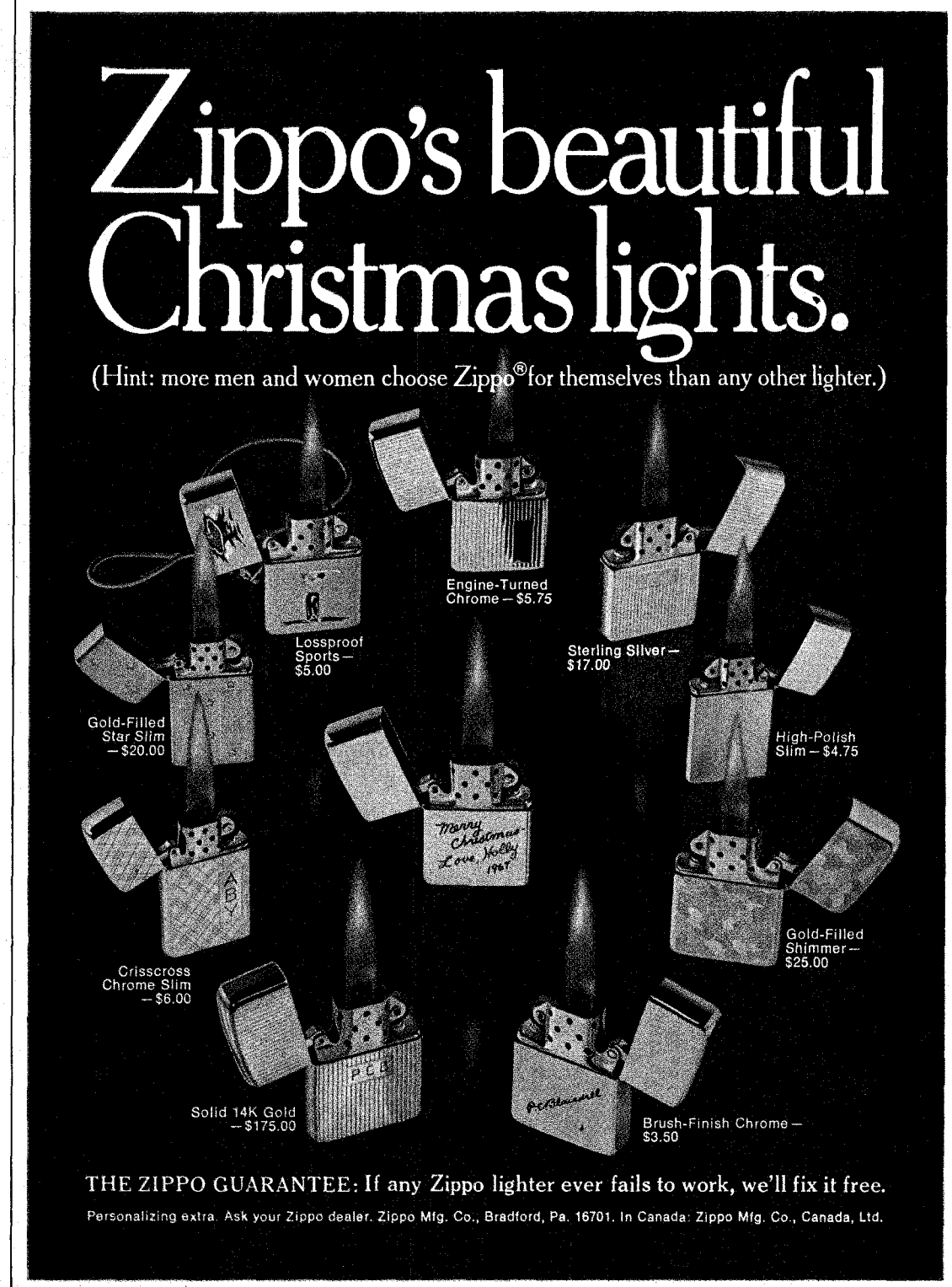
There is no clear indication either that any Republican likely to run against Johnson would be ready to accept the Hanoi-Front terms, although there has been a significant increase in liberal opinion to the "dove" side of the debate. But, at the same time, the Johnson Administration has hardened its line, counterattacked its critics and escalated the air war all through the fall of this year. There are some indications that there may be another bombing pause, but Hanoi insists it will not respond to a pause; it demands an unconditional cessation.

This is the impasse in which we find ourselves as 1967 enters its final weeks. For this reporter, coming out of a three months' tour of Asia and the Pacific area, there was no light to be seen at the end of a long, dark tunnel.

Yet, there are some hopeful signs. On a number of issues the positions of the United States and Hanoi-Front are not very far apart. More and more Americans, including Defense Secretary McNamara himself, have expressed grave doubts about the continuing value of the air offensive. The escalation has daily included more and more restricted targets on the strike list, so that there are fewer targets left to be hit. It might not be impossible for the President to announce that the air campaign has been completed and is no longer valuable in terms of cost-effectiveness.

Both the United States and the Front say that they want a peaceful, independent and neutral South Vietnam. Both say they favor free elections to bring this about. The Front says that free elections cannot be held under the American occupation, and the United States says that free elections cannot be held under Communist terror. They are both right. But, is it impossible to envisage a way to hold elections?

It is my own feeling that an honorable settlement based on elections can be achieved if half as much energy and dedication is devoted to the search for peace as to the prosecution of the war, and if the issue is narrowed to the future of Vietnam. If, however, the issue is widened to include all of Southeast Asia, if it is seen to include the containment of China, then we could be at war for years. That is, if we are lucky; if not, Vietnam might become the place where the human race began the last war of its history. □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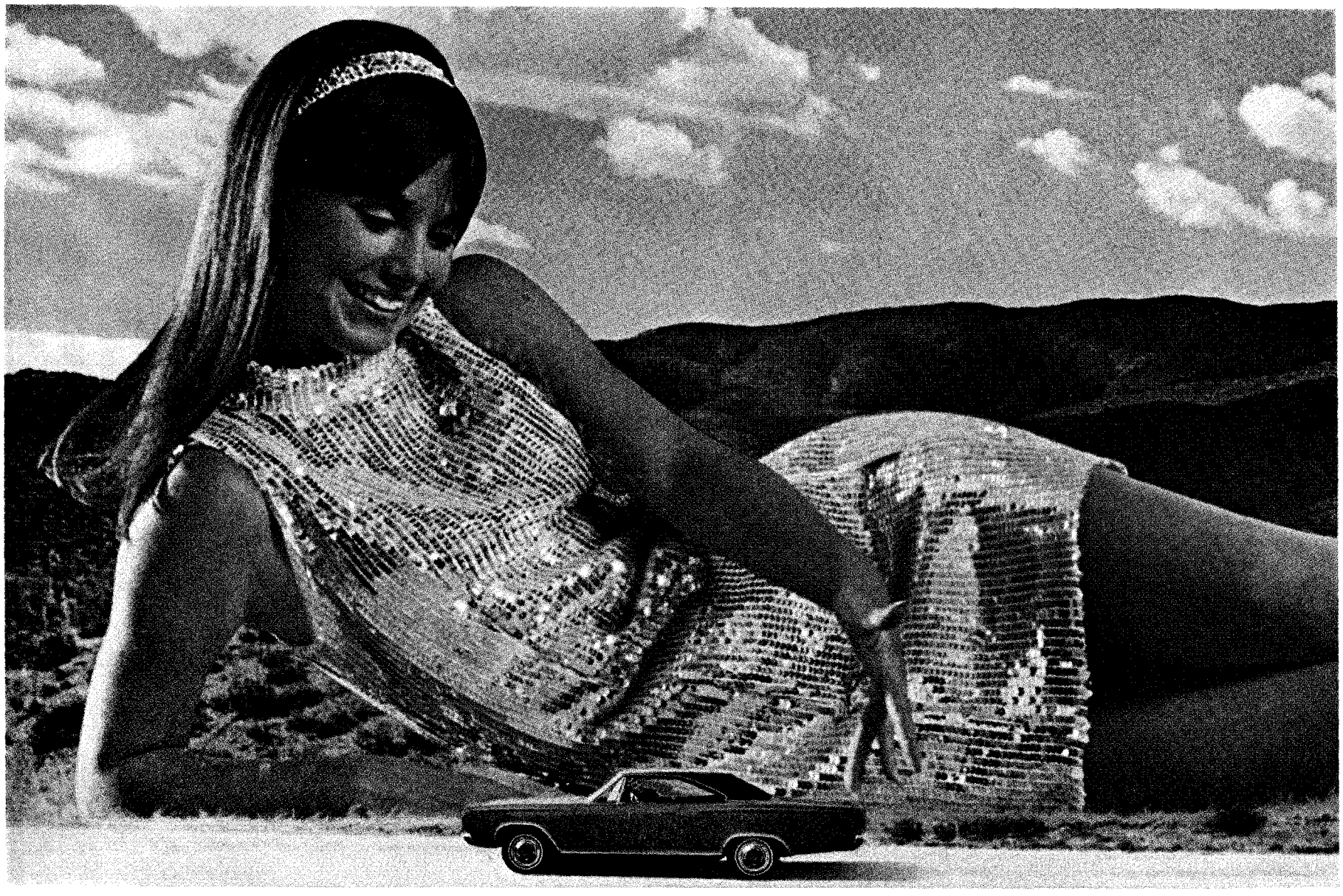

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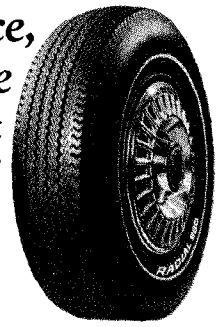

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Walls of wind broke over me—a powerful, wintry surf. And the fire escape was precarious indee

THE SHEEP KILLER

'This monster within me, boiling with vengeance, broke loose. Its footprints were warm. I could hear its breathing. I could feel its wet hand on my wrist. . . .'

BY ALFRED GILLESPIE

Late on a Thursday afternoon in June, 1967—a sticky, cloud-walled, oppressive day with no rain in it, and no sun—the body of Edmund H. Phelps was found by his mother, Mrs. Hillary Phelps Herendeen, in his apartment in the East Fifties in New York City. Phelps, a former theater reviewer, 1962 through 1965, for a New York morning newspaper, had presumably taken his own life. A bullet from a .45-caliber Army pistol, which he'd brought home with him from a postwar job as a reporter in occupied Japan, had been fired into the roof of his mouth and had entered his brain. It is presumed that death came instantly. The deceased belonged to no organization but The Players, where he lunched frequently in the colder months. He wrote the screenplays for three motion pictures in the late 'Forties and early 'Fifties and two plays, which were produced in the summers of 1953 and 1955 at the Playhouse in the Dell, Leatherton, N.H. Between his last regular job (the theater reviewing) and his death, Phelps had been working on a succession of writing efforts which he never brought to completion. His mother commented, shortly after a funeral service at St. Thomas's Episcopal Church: "If it had been a nice day or even, as Edmund would say, an *adequate* day, just a bit of pink or orange in the sky, I'm certain he would be alive and kicking at this moment." With the exception of Mrs. Herendeen, Phelps left no survivors. Among his effects was found the following paper, written, apparently with no revisions, sometime late in 1966, a year after the events he recorded and only a few months before his suicide. The "Willie Goodwillie" of this account is, of course, Phelps himself.

One morning, in the middle of my loony association with Annie Schofield, I emerged pink and shining from my tub and, with no premeditation, I wrote a message with my finger on the steam-coated mirror: HELP.

Well, it's possible I'm coming out of the vapors now, a year later; the shrieking engines are recently gone from my night dreams; and I can even ride an Escalator again without more than an instant's panic. Recently I've been able to pick up the telephone and converse with friends. The word HELP does stir a small spasm, a chirp, a pulse beat that's off a trifle. But man, they say, survives.

The scene I choose to begin with actually happened at the end of the whole farcical business. We're on Madison Avenue in the Seventies, if you don't mind, with the wintry blasts driving out of Central Park like rabid dinosaurs. A stampede of the elements! The time is 2 A.M. or thereabouts, Christmas Day. And I'm truly sorry about that, bringing jingle bells into this sordid affair. For we're dealing with melodrama here. Melodrama of a very shabby order.

A man is walking north, tilted into the wind, his trim body bundled into a heavy coat and his pate snugged into an astrakhan hat. The pate, you should know, is as hairless at its crest as a mushroom; you could rollerskate on it. The mustache blossoms out under the fellow's nose in Scottish regimental fashion. (An old friend goggled when he encountered that mustache recently. "What is it?" he asked. "Something you ran over on the road?") The man's eyes are of a shade of blue seen only in infants, kittens, mountain lakes, and me. I am indeed this impressive chap, and it is (at the time) my forty-seventh year. My waistline, then and now, is trim as a snake plant's, a condition resulting from a strict regimen of calisthenics. Before breakfast each morning, I hop about in my drawers like a cricket in a seizure of spring madness. (Actually that should be in the past tense: I "hop" no more, and I rarely have breakfast.)

The man you see there sloping through the icy blasts is in a trance—a trance so deep I cannot even now remember clearly my journey to Annie Schofield's apartment that night. I know this: In the right pocket of the man's coat there is a small packet in red wrappings, a Tiffany bracelet from Santa Claus for my mother; in his left pocket there is a gun.

He rounds the corner at Annie's street and stalks past the glass-encased lobby, then around the wall of hedge and down the sloping concrete to the basement garage. As Annie has told me in the office the day before, a Mrs. Wilpret on the second floor backed into the garage door over the weekend, shattering it, and now the basement hangs open to the night.

I enter the damp, bone-chilling cavern where the cars stand silently—Simonized hippos in the dark. As I wait for the elevator, my knees shake so uncontrollably I think they'll fly off and clatter to the concrete floor, like hubcaps dropped from a speeding car.

The elevator stops only once on its way to the top floor. An eggnog-drenched voice says, "Down?"

"Up," I say.

And then I am there, at the sixth floor, three stories above Annie's place, and I try, as I stand stock-still in the corridor, not to think of the roof.

(Lear on the heath: "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!")

Instead I think: You're a silly ass, Willie! Why don't you march straightaway down to Annie's door and ——

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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THE SHEEP KILLER

And?
"And ring the bell——"
Yes?
"And say——"
Say what?
"Say, 'Annie, I have come to——'"
To . . .
"'I've come to——'"

I see, out of the corner of my eye, my right shoulder moving up, then down, and up again. My left shoulder, I am surprised to see, is doing the same thing. And it is only then that I hear my own breathing, thick and deep in my ears, filling the corridor.

There! It's a pretty picture, isn't it? Willie Goodwillie, bloated with murder, panting like Zero Mostel in the throes of becoming a rhinoceros. Let the sound of that breathing echo in your head, if you will, because the events that led up to it are most mundane, and I want this confession of mine to have a little orchestration.

Annie Schofield, born and bred in England, had her fling at the stage in one or two small parts in Laurence Olivier–Kenneth Tynan productions and was, I'm told, not . . . rotten, but something less rewarding than rotten: She was unnoticed. She took to writing articles, initially about the theater but then pieces with titles like "What American Women Can Learn From English Women," and quickly caught on big in U.S. women's magazines with a style that was breathless in one paragraph and sassy in the next. She was forever writing about what's "in" and what's "out," but Annie's categories were "The Classics" and "The Clods." Mrs. Burton, Annie ordained, is a Classic and poor Mr. Burton is down with the Clods. Is Lawrence Welk a Classic? He is. Is Andrew Wyeth a Clod? He is. And so much for the culture corner this morning.

The August before last, when all the troubles began, P. J. Eddy, the sweet old drama editor of the *Blab,* announced his retirement. (For purposes of my own, incidentally, I have disguised all the names along the way, including Annie's and my own, and shall refer to my former headquarters as the New York *Daily Blat*, *Blab*, *Blast*, *Toot*, and *Elucidator*.) Annie, of all people, was brought in to replace old P. J. on a rich, ironclad, five-year contract. When I asked Cy Belknap, who owns the paper, why he'd chosen Annie, he said, "New blood. Young. Female. Vigor. What we need. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation." Which is the way he talks. Then he went on to assure me that Annie would have nothing to say about my theater reviews: "Mustn't touch. Hands off. Sacrosanct." The truth, however, is that Belknap had for some time past been disenchanted with my work. And, through a third party, I learned why: "Too show-offy. Wrong-headed. Sticks his nose up at everything. Hear he drinks."

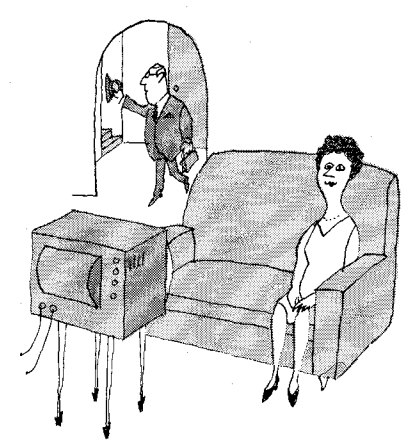
(Help!)

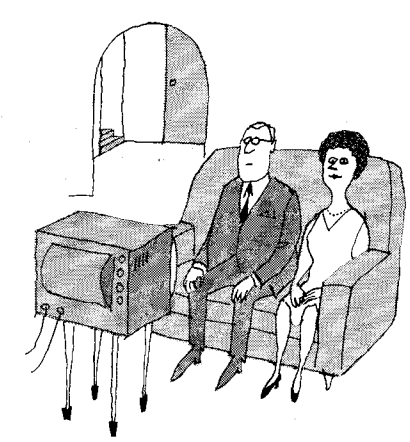
P. J. Eddy had liked sitting *outside* the Drama Department office, where he could keep an eye on the swarming *corrida* that is the city room of every newspaper. I—and my brass eagle—owned the inner room. But Annie, I heard, would have things differently. She was to rule in the inner domain while I took up residence outside at P. J.'s old desk, the crocodile in the moat.

My first meeting with Miss Schofield occurred the Monday midafternoon of her arrival. Her half glasses settled on the tip of her nose, she was standing, stage center, in my former digs, directing the local action, which involved a handyman and a painter.

I was startled to see that her hair was straight and quite long, and yellow-white, cascading about her face like a Roman fountain about the face of a marble Juno. Annie's face was hardly Junoesque, though—young, actually rather plain, and she skimped on the makeup. The chin was pointed, and so was the nose. But the eyes were good: gray, with a sudden glimmer of dark ochers and then light ochers in them. She wore a tight linen suit that seemed slate colored one minute and pea green the next; and in it, as she stood there commandingly with her legs planted firmly apart—soul-searing legs, did I mention?—she seemed mightier than Primo Carnera, and delectable as a daisy. If she was stingy with the makeup, I realized as I entered the room, she was generous with her perfume to a fault. *Essence d'Annie Schofield* washed over me—a sweet, warm immersion. Cognac hitting the throat. Opium trickling into the brain.

"That rather *tainted* old bird," she was telling the handyman, "is just a bit much, love, and it will have to come down." She meant my brass eagle. "Be a dear, won't you?"—this to the painter. "I'm mad for mauve. Do you think you could paint everything mauve, the ceiling included, but with a white trim?" A shrug from the man. "So that I can have it to live in by—oh, Wednesday?" A stiffening of the man's jaw. "Because I'd have such a bloody awful time painting it all my-





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elf. Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh." Her laugh ame out fetchingly, though it needed drop of oil in it somewhere. "The aint always runs up my sleeve!" The ıan smiled.

"You're Willie!" she said suddenly, ıarching toward me with her right and held out as though she were going ɔr my nose. As we shook hands, she owned quickly and said, "They could ave *told* me, I should think, don't you? nd after all those nights in all those ubs battling you out!" She smiled aciously, as though everything were xplained.

"They?" I said. "Battling what out?"

She looked perplexed, then brilliantly ılightened. "Oh! Gordon Kingsley! f course! Manning! The Belknaps! IcKenna! Beasley!" She was naming ıe top executives of the newspaper. They might have dropped a word."

"What word?"

"That you were coming in. I didn't want to meet William F. Goodwillie over a discussion of interior decoration."

"Uh . . . you said something about pubs and battles?"

"Those years! Those years of arguing with Ken and John and Ian about ——"

The "Ken" I translated into a certain English theater critic and the "John," maybe, into a certain playwright, but the "Ian" stopped me. "Ian?"

"Yes, I was married once, for a short time."

"To Ian?"

"Ian Hendley, a young, scowling, furious, undisciplined, and extremely talented actor who will one day make a very large mark upon the stage."

I could feel a wrench of exasperation. "And what did you all argue about?"

"About the American critics and the English critics, but often about Walter Kerr's ideas of theater and—very, very often—yours."

"Thank you."

"No, don't thank me. Thank *you*. Thank you for being—oh, so ruthless."

"Holy Moses! Ruthless?"

"To younger actors, yes—younger actors with not much confidence to go on. But by ruthless I don't mean cruel but rather . . . honest. Direct, lay-it-on-the-line honesty."

"Well! Have I bloodied up anyone recen——"

"No. In drama criticism, don't you think, honesty is, in the long run . . . charitable?"

Burning slowly, slowly, I shrugged. "You've lost me, baby."

"I do speak in a jumble, don't I? She always said, 'Count to five, Annie gull, and then count five more, and then get the noun out before the verb.'"

"Your mother?" I ventured.

"Yes."

That settled, I mentioned the desk-and-office arrangement. "Don't worry about these things," I said. "I'm seldom here, anyway. The desk outside will be fine. I'll set up my brass eagle ——"

"Which isn't *really* tainted, is it?" she asked, tilting her head gaily to the side and letting her long, yellow-white hair swing out and then settle—a coquettish habit I grew to loathe as time went on.

"No," I said, "it's a fine old colonial bird with a lot of gristle to him. Then I'll want my books, too, to put ——"

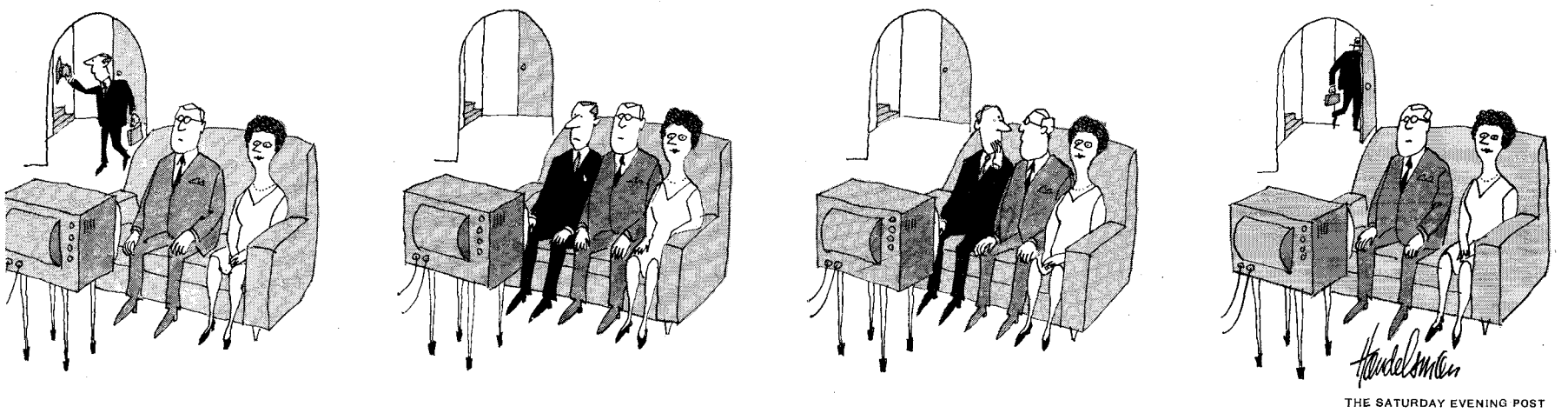
"Books!" She looked stricken.

"They've been burned?"

"No, it's just that he took them off with him."

"He," I said, with an edge in my voice.

"Yes, and I can't imagine where they are now. We didn't think they were yours."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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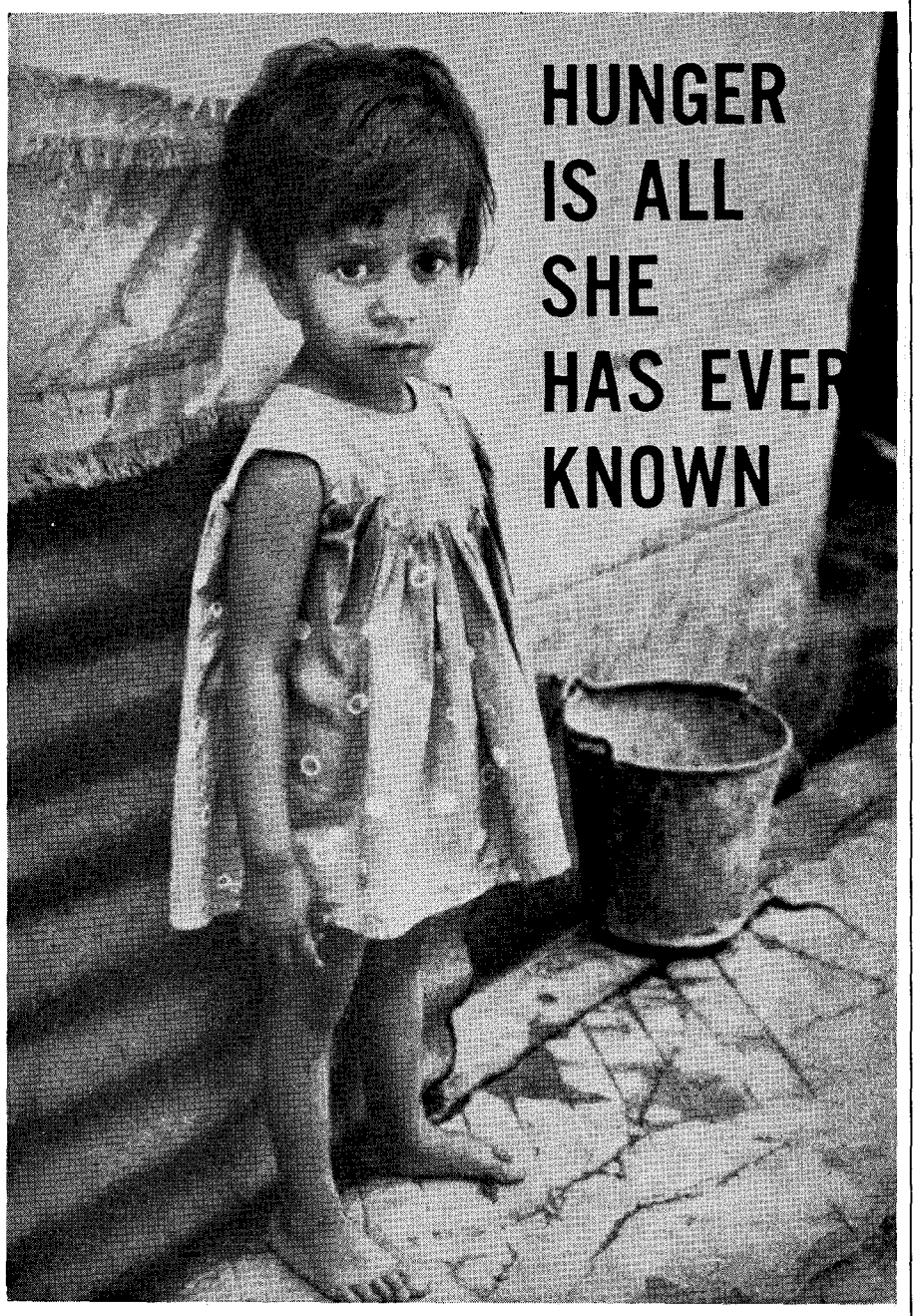

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

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THE SHEEP KILLER

"We." I turned and left the room. Shaking.

"Oh, William, I'm indeed sorry about the books!" she called after me.

"Don't be," I said. "He isn't."

I've gone to the pains of transcribing all this idiocy because it may be a cornerstone in my ultimate defense: Murderous inclinations can be born from just such trivia—out of a hello-duck-how-are-you, a lovey-why-don't-you-wear-a-tie-that-*goes*, even a William-I'm-indeed-sorry-about-the-books.

One Wednesday afternoon in September, I was sitting there in my crocodile's moat writing a Sunday piece and having troubles. Annie, talking loudly on the phone inside (I always imagined the creature at the other end of the conversation to be a deaf dog), cut each of my sentences to shreds before they could get through my fingers and onto the typewritten page.

She seemed to be eternally on the telephone, advising writer friends, actor friends, producer friends about a script, a career, a production, or, quite often, a love life. At times the tortuous chatter that came rolling endlessly out of her office sounded less like dear Annie than like "Dear Abby." "Grab him, you fool" I'd hear one day, and, "Of course, Tom, you've got to understand she's a child" the next. She cared deeply not only about her friends and even her acquaintances, but the acquaintances *of* acquaintances as well. "Really, duck, you must tell me how that Tessa made out. Tessa. *You* remember. The one Lyle was talking about? The one his mother had taken on at the instigation of the Harrises?" These conversations of hers sometimes sounded like the summings-up you get in daytime television serials.

Most of her co-workers liked her extravagantly, though I know a sports-writer who would sink behind his desk as her heels sounded their approach. One of the copy boys—a pimply, skinny, stuttering, humorless, intense kid the others called "Shanks"—would watch her across great distances at every opportunity, for minutes on end, with a stare that betrayed an emotion close (it seemed to me) to obsession. Eyes like bug eyes. Stance a bug stance. Poised.

About four o'clock that Wednesday afternoon, I did finish the Sunday piece; but it was a pitifully tattered little banner, and I did my best to patch it here and there. In a mood that had skipped from chagrin to blessed relief, I interrupted one of Annie's phone calls to tell her she was having a drink with me.

She told her deaf-dog friend: "I've been commanded by the most sought-after bachelor in New York to say cheerio to you, Samuel, my love. So cheerio." And she told me: "Let me just put on a fresh face, pet."

I took Annie to a bar on West Forty-seventh Street called The Hutch. On this excursion, three significant events transpired.

One:

Sweeping down a street with Annie, one was literally an escort. Head high, a burst of yellow-white hair, she was a sweeper, not a walker, and in her peculiar majesty she never looked where she was going. In her office, with her mind on business, Annie could kick off her shoes and lurch about like someone pedaling a unicycle uphill; but when the occasion was social, she swept. It's a wonder the girl survived her own perilous dignity into her early thirties.

Pigeons came at us.

Pigeons should be discouraged from taking to the air as much as fox terriers are, or people. But when this particular troop saw us approaching, they took thunderously to flight, flying *toward* the intruders with a great *whum-whum* of wings and a din of throaty complaint. I was startled, of course, but not so much at the sudden onslaught; it was Annie who shook me up. She screamed, quite loudly, seized my upper arms, and ducked behind me, whimpering, "Don't let them! Don't! Don't!" I had to take her in my arms, once the disturbance was over, and tell her, There, there, everything was all right. She was in tears. And the glaze was still in her eyes when, after walking a couple of blocks in silence, we reached The Hutch.

The initial shock, I was pleased to

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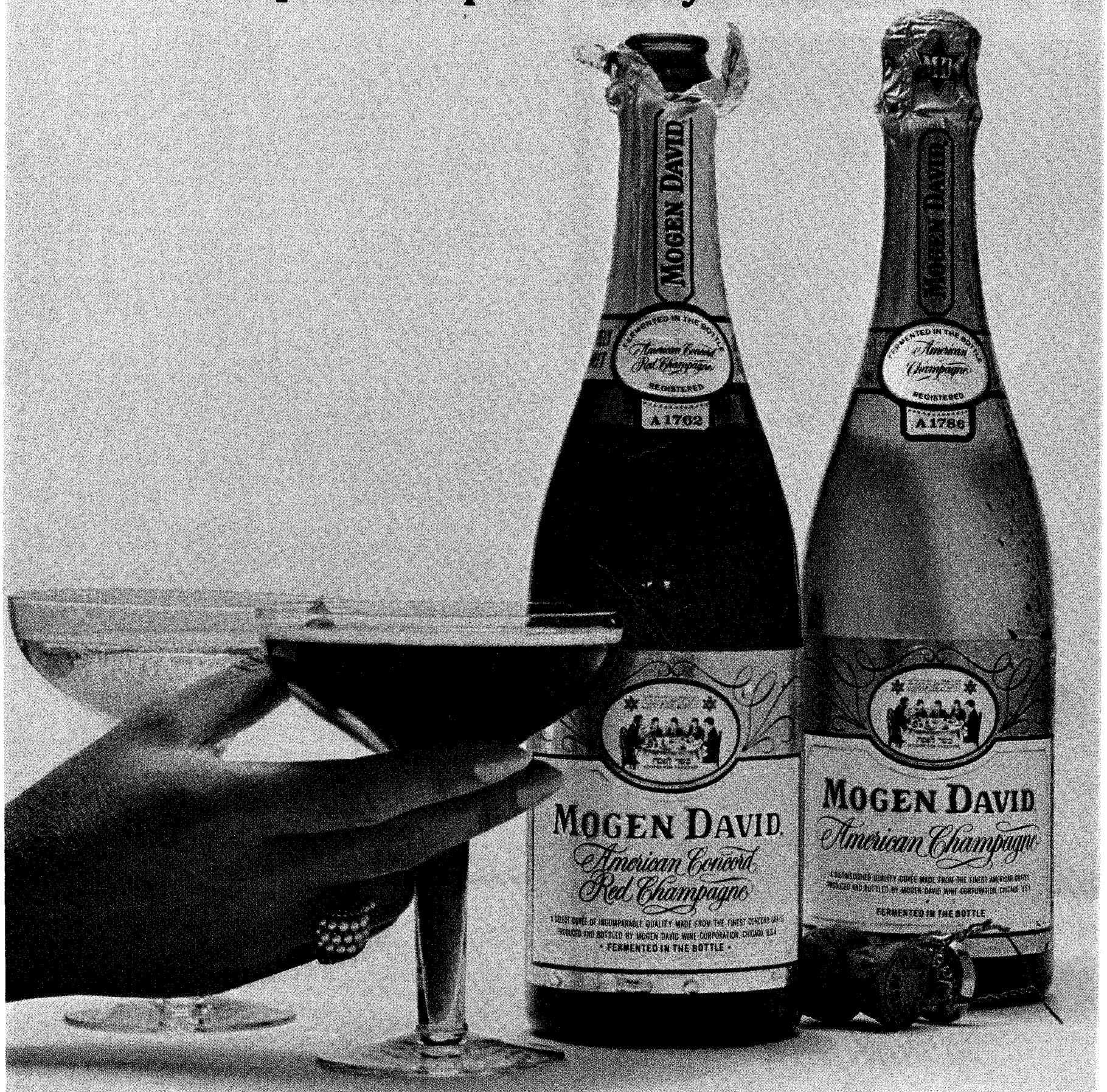
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discover, gave way to a quiet glow. Annie had felt fragile but . . . definitive in my arms; her perfume had gone to my head; and the sweet stirrings deep within me fanned out until they reached the rims of my ears.

Two:

At the tavern we were joined for a time by a getting-along-in-years friend of Annie's—Ruth Somebody-or-Other. Ruth, if I got it straight, was the former secretary of a former gentleman friend of Annie's, and she bore an unsettling resemblance to George Washington—the Washington on the old one-cent stamp, jowls and all, not the George of the five, who is straight out of the New York Athletic Club. Ruth had, she told us breathlessly, just emerged from a months-long nightmare with one of those queer fellows who telephone in the middle of the night and simply inhale and exhale at you. It was a long story, a familiar one to anyone who turns to that sort of item in his newspaper, and I won't inflict it on you here.

What really seized my attention wasn't Ruth's sick yarn of near violence and plodding police work, but (as with the pigeons) Annie's reaction to it. She was aghast, every word seeming to strike her like an electric shock. Her hands, at each new revelation, would fly to her ears. Cover her mouth. Hide her eyes. Gasp! Sob! Ooh! Eek!

Three:

Once Ruth had left and the two of us had fresh drinks in our hands, Annie settled down a bit. She said, "It's so awfully foolish, Willie, I don't know what to say to you. But ever since the fair I've been frightened to death of them."

"Pigeons," I said—a shot in the dark.

"No, birds of all kinds."

"The World's Fair?"

"No. When I was four or five years old in Whitstable, which is in Kent, she left me to fend for myself."

"Your mother."

"Yes."

I was getting good. "But why ever would she desert you?"

"Oh, she didn't run away with a gypsy caravan or anything like that. I mean that she lost track of me at a poultry fair we'd gone to. As I wandered down one aisle after another, looking for her and bawling my eyes out, I felt trapped by the great tiers of cages banked on either side of me high over my head. And in each of the cages there was a chicken or a snow goose or a hysterical quacker of *some* sort screeching its bloody lungs out. I became quite hysterical myself, and I still get the high willies whenever I see more than two or three feathered animals congregating, or conspiring, in one place. The thing you should know about me, pet, is that I *exist* on fear.

"I lived in the country every summer as a child, at an aunt's place. But in my sixteenth summer, a number of sheep were killed there, disemboweled by a madman the constabulary never caught. I couldn't stay on. Cried every night. Until, finally, they let me go home. I still dream of a huge, dark man with a bloody shirt hanging out of his trousers, coming after me. The sheep killer."

She tossed her head, and the long, yellow-white hair came tumbling after. "Do you know what I'd do if I got a telephone call like Ruth did?"

"What would you do, Annie?"

"I'd run."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. When I saw the movie *Psycho,* in London, can you guess what I did?"

"Took to your heels."

"Yes, the thing turned me inside out. Made me leave my job for a week. I went to Paris, where everyone talked French. French can't be a murderer's language, it's too suave. Willie, I'm so silly. I'm an awful sissy about things. Say boo to me and I'll pass out."

"Boo."

"It doesn't work through a mustache."

Three drinks had gone down the gullet before I made my move. Feeling irrepressibly amorous, I pulled the supremely asinine stunt of placing a hand on one of Annie's pert little knees and giving it a squeeze. "Little pussycat," I said to her, my face quite close to her cheek and my soul quite drunk with her perfume, "I think it is time to inform you that I am an Anglophile."

At the touch of my hand, the girl stiffened, sweet biology turning into poured concrete, and a look more of anger than distress came into her face. She dumped her drink, which was quite tall, into the breast pocket of my jacket.

"*Stop* it, Willie," she said in a middle-of-winter voice.

"Good God, you've soaked me!" I said.

"Good God, you're right!" she growled. Then she stood and, head high, left the place.

I took my mother to the theater that evening, as I often did. She fidgeted a good deal and regarded me closely from time to time.

"You're in a state," she told me.

"That's right," I said harshly.

"Get out of it."

"Can't."

"Now, Willie ——"

"Sh-h-h."

Annie was sitting with Ralph Ottinger, the *Blab*'s theater reporter, a couple of rows behind us; and the girl greeted the dozen or so moments of wild incompetence in the play with her eh-eh-eh-eh-eh laugh. I squirmed furiously. My publisher, Gordon Kingsley, was there, too, with his teen-aged son. The *Blab* was, and still is, well represented at every opening night. The play barely breathed and, back in the office an hour and a half before midnight, I put a bullet through its head.

In the weeks that followed the Great Breast-Pocket-Wetting Incident, the trees in Central Park became a rage of color, and I'd find a fallen red-orange leaf caught in a doorway as far south

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as Fiftieth Street. Then the leaves went brown, dead as potato chips, and the audiences in the theaters began honking so loudly into their handkerchiefs even a Carol Channing couldn't make herself heard. But the viruses of autumn had nothing whatever to do with the sheer lousiness of the plays that came in night after night. The writing was foul-mouthed and, by and large, dull. Something terrible was going wrong with the performing arts: the garbage collectors were *delivering* garbage. And I wrote about these dispiriting occasions with—well, with a kind of washcloth prose (now that I've reread some of my last reviews). Three horrors in a row will take the stuff out of a critic; fifteen will put him into catalepsy.

I told the truth about these opening nights, though it demanded the courage of a picador's horse. My mail—what there was of it—took a singularly surly turn. And Elliott Peabody, a successful Broadway producer noted for his snarlings at critics, issued the following statement to the press after I'd done in a musical of his:

"Old racehorses are put out to pasture. Generals past their prime are made chairmen of the boards of big corporations. Old nuns are retired to priories in the country. Old dogs are put to sleep with a needle. But what are we to do with theater critics gone sour? They are not right for the pasture, the big corporation, or the nunnery. I would suggest, in the case of the man of moldering spirit who festers there in his reviewer's chair at the *Blab*, and who has clearly overstayed his tenure as slummer-in-residence in the New York theater—*the needle!*

"I hereby volunteer to affix the needle, personally, to Mr. Goodwillie's aisle seat before tonight's opening, and the show isn't even my own. The arts of the theater, to which I am dedicated, can do very well without this fatuous observer, and I trust he will be thrown out onto the street post-haste by his civilized employers, as any good bartender would evict an obnoxious drunk."

Though the statement itself was dandy, in my opinion, the play that night was, regrettably, awful.

Old Belknap went considerably out of his way to avoid me.

Annie Schofield said, "Bad plays *should* be panned, Willie"; yet, when we appeared side by side on a TV discussion program ("The Fabulous Invalid: Dying or Dead?"), she upstaged me all the way and on two occasions made a damned monkey out of me.

So we come to the opening of a play produced by my old needle pusher, Peabody—a bright little comedy called *Who But Thou*. I'd been at a hospital that morning, running through some tests for an inner-ear condition that's been plaguing me for years, and my gyroscope was beginning to go wrong at dinner. My companion, a non-theatrical lady of long acquaintance, noted the greenness about my gills and the strange way I had of steering toward the pepper shaker and coming up short at the sugar bowl, six inches to the left.

"Can I do something, Willie?"

"Yes. Sit perfectly still and upright. I come out of these things." And I did.

But at the intermission of *Who But Thou*, I had to stagger from the theater and hang on to a lamppost outside. "I'll be all right once this lamppost stops sinking into the sidewalk," I told my lady friend. And again I rallied. In fact, I was good for the evening.

My review began: "All right, break out the champagne, Momma, we've got something to celebrate at last." I wrote this happy critique at breakneck speed while the Peg o' my heart cooled her heels at a nearby watering trough. I joined her, just before midnight, for a few most delirious drinks. "I'm whole again!" I told her. "The new Willie! The complete man! Bones all knit. Migraine gone. Mind agile as a barn swallow. Even a wee, wee, tiny play that's written all the way—written!—makes me drunk, sweetheart! Yippee!"

The next morning, sitting at breakfast opposite my lady love, I read the review in the *Blab*. It started this way: "If a housewifely friend of yours ever tells you she is writing a play, set fire to her."

I read on, aghast. "Because, dears, a housewife's little, homemade, icky-poo play, *Who But Thou*, opened at the Alvin last night, and as confections go, this fudge is poisoned. Spit it out in Mummy's hand."

Is that what they'd done with my word, "Momma"?

But then I checked the by-line: "By Annie Schofield."

What in the bloody blasted hell were they doing!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh: I could hear the laugh in my ears.

At the office my publisher told me, "Willie, I don't know what happened and I don't want to know." (Gordon Kingsley is a walrus of a fellow, and despite the things he was subsequently to say to me, I love him dearly.)

"Come on Gordon."

"Well, look, old boy, we all saw you stagger up the aisle ——"

"*You* know I've had this inner-ear thing, Gordon."

"Is that what you call it? Anyhow, everybody else in New York saw you hanging from a lamppost, Willie, and drama critics aren't supposed to do that. I don't know what anyone said to anyone, believe me. All I know is that Annie was suddenly back at the shop, in with Belknap. Then she was sitting at her desk writing the review, a crooked smile on her face."

A blaze lighted the room, blue flashing swiftly through red to yellow, but the fire raged only in fact somewhere behind my own retinas; and it is called fury.

"But Belknap wasn't *at* the theater," I said.

"I know he wasn't, Willie."

"Did you read my review?"

"Yes, I did. Your best in a long time."

"Was I right about the play, or was that cackling scorpion right?"

"You were right. But that's beside the point, isn't it?"

"What is the point?"

"She's in and you're not."

The words broke over me like a collapsing wall.

"I'm canned?"

"You've got three months."

"And then?"

"She takes over."

"Who said?"

"Belknap. He *loved* her review. Isn't that ironic? A bitchy panning of a nice little comedy, when Belknap's been crying out loud for a rave for *weeks*

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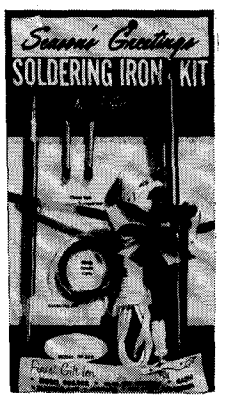

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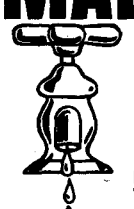

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now! Willie, if you think you can convince him, with a battery of doctors and three dozen X rays, that your inner ear wasn't set off by a few double Scotches, then you've got the greatest silver tongue since Stephen A. Douglas."

"Come on, Gordon. Who said what to whom?"

"I told you, friend. I don't know and I don't want to know."

That night I did indeed have a few double Scotches. At one point I shed a tear or two for myself and the living theater. And sometime after 1 A.M., seated in my old leather chair in the den, with some Wagner thundering on the phonograph, I put in my first telephone call to Annie Schofield. Saying nothing. Just breathing hard into the mouthpiece.

Well.

I am a man of some accomplishment, contributing, however minutely over the years, to the slow-growing intelligence of the craft of theater; a man of some distinction (my mustache being a badge of it, wouldn't you say?); and of considerable goodwill, for I have never caused a disturbance in the street or created unhappiness for one fellow creature, really—until Annie came along. How can such a man, from the "uplands" of human behavior, plummet so swiftly down into the swamps, the quicksand territory, the rotting bog?

It is because of this mystery, and of a strange sense of responsibility, that I'm committing this strange episode to paper. As a caution. A warning. A letter that may be mailed some far-off day. "Dear Whom-it-may-concern . . ."

We all have, under our skins, a vulnerability that some people call original sin and others call, simply, the human condition. We try to go through our days with integrity, prudence, respectability, and fraternal concern; yet think the first unthinkable thought, or utter the first unspeakable word, or make the first gesture *toward* an unconscionable action, and you're hooked. This newborn compulsion to see it through is stronger than dope addiction. It can create a seizure that's as unavoidable as epilepsy is to the epileptic. Get absorbed, really absorbed, in a lecher's dream, and the vision can be stamped on you, forever, like a name—that is, if you are, like me, one of the chosen ones born to be an addict. Think once of suicide, think twice, walk to the window, raise the pistol, hold the razor blade shakily in your hand, bring the glass to your lips, write the note, phone the friend, think once, think twice about it and you'll never be done thinking about it until——

Yes, even the best of us has the makings, under the skin, of a thief, an adulterer, a savage, a rapist, a monster boiling over with vengeance, a traitor, a child molester, a sadist, a voyeur, a pederast, a suicide, a panting murderer. I released my own little hairy, humpbacked monster that insane first night on the telephone, thinking I'd let him barely get a hand loose, or only the slightest foothold, and then I'd lock the door once more. But he bounded out whole.

This thing was at large for weeks, even months. Its footprints were warm and I could hear its breathing, I could feel its wet hand on my wrist. Eventually, it's true, I got it roughly back in the box, harmless as a parakeet. It happened that early winter morning with which I started this account. Merry Christmas, monster!

But while I was getting it back, something else was released, and I don't know its name. Here I sit, one year after these events, exhausted of all my energies, thinking that perhaps I'll shoot myself tomorrow and perhaps I won't. Oh, I'll wait until after I've seen that movie I've been wanting to see—my pleasures being small ones these days—or until I've finished reading the latest John O'Hara. Friday? Monday? Monday's always a good time for it. I've written the notes and then torn them up. I've had the prescriptions filled and then gotten boozed up instead.

You see, I've been out of work. I can sit down and write Chapter 1 and I've even managed to write an Act I, but I can't seem to go on to anything with the number two in it. I can't pray, because that auditorium (for me) has always been cold and empty. I've stopped traveling, because new sights and new voices hold no interest for me any more. Besides, I'm broke. And, finally, my bachelorhood, which I've alwaysdefended (defended? proclaimed!), has gone sour.

In better times women were beautiful, bewitching *events*, magnificent creatures one would take to dinner, the theater, the country, and then home for the lightest and most playful sort of conversation—no shopping-list talk, no doctor-talk, no hair curlers, no business-as-usual, which are the married man's lot. Instead: love. A bachelor's love. With (as the Richard Rodgers song celebrated the fact) no strings at all.

And those "events" are gone, too. Lovely ladies do not go off with men whose luck has run out, whose stamina is going fast, and whose lights have gone so terribly dim that the filaments are scarcely warm. Lovely ladies dump their drinks into the poor fellow's pocket and run for their lives.

I write this, then, from a sub-basement of hell, where I don't even have the fire going for me.

"Hello? Hello?" Annie said sleepily. Then, not so sleepily: "Is somebody there?" Then: "I can hear you!" And: "Say something, won't you? . . . *Oh.*" A small, gasped "oh," as an understanding of the situation washed over her.

She hung up.

When she swept into the office early the next afternoon, Annie looked tired. "Willie, come on in, won't you?"

She'd had a mysterious telephone call, she told me. "It's the Ruth thing all over again. And, Willie, it shook me up so damned much I couldn't sleep the rest of the night. What should I do love?"

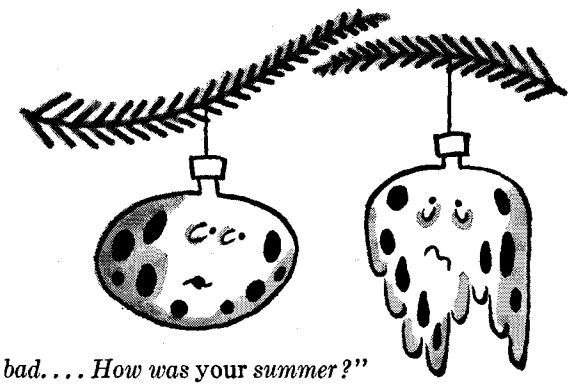
"You poor bird," I said. "Go to the police, why don't you?"

"But that's what I *don't* want to do I won't have it go on and on and play the decoy and then have the fellow, in the end, released from the loony place with my address in his pocket. I just want it to stop! This crazy kid, or whatever he is—well, he's got a slate loose—and before I know it, I'll start running, just as I've always run."

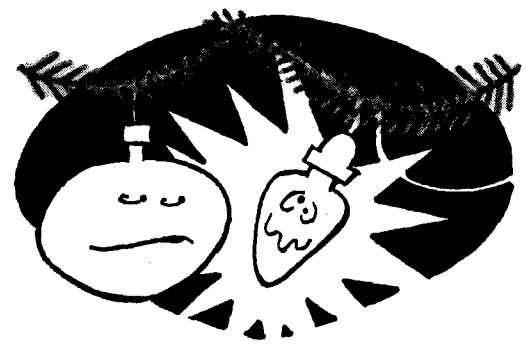
"If it keeps on, then get a private number."

"Yes. You're always right. You're a

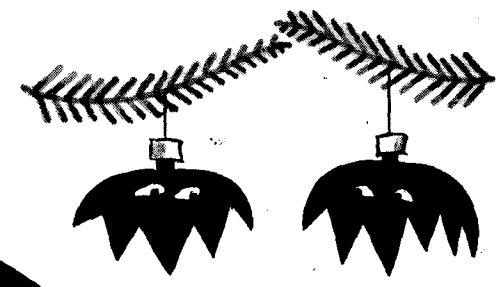
MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti



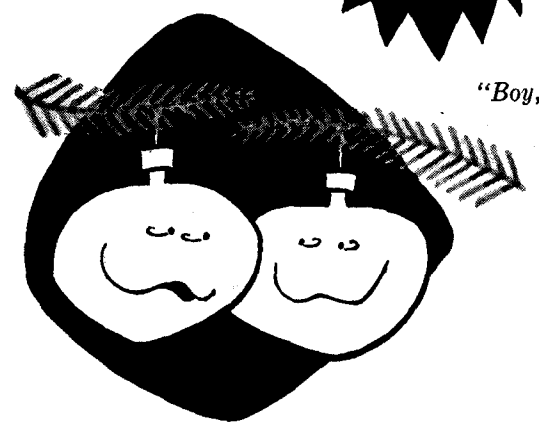
"Oh, not too bad. . . . How was your *summer?"*



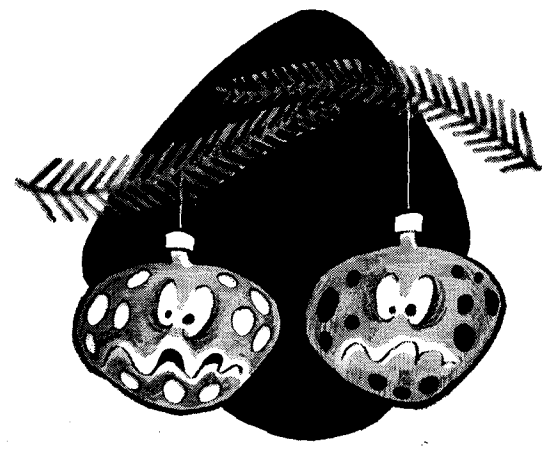
"Hey, man, what are you on anyway?"



"Boy, that was some *party."*



"He'll never get that thing together by morning."



"Good Lord! They gave that kid an air rifle!"

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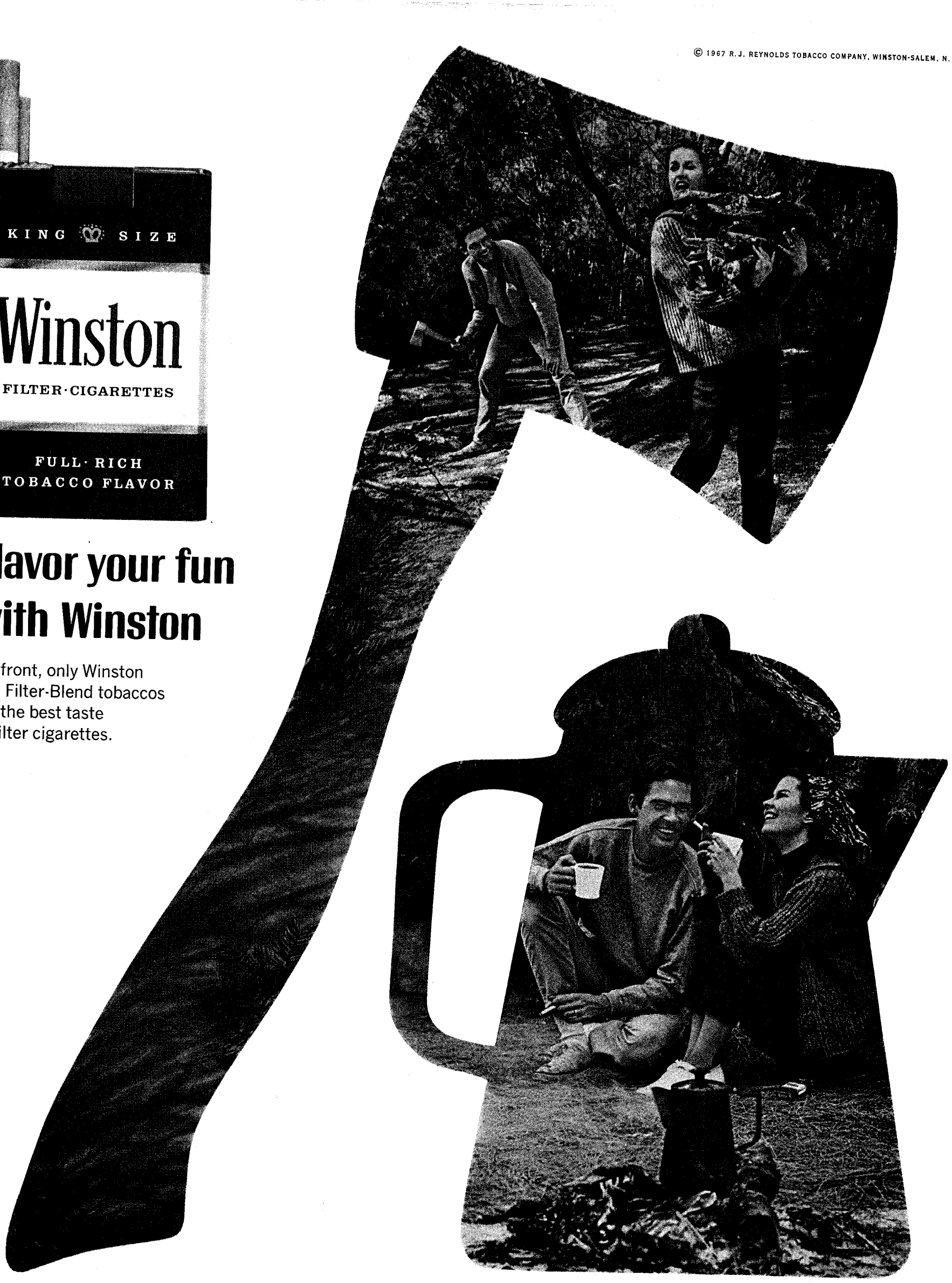

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precious duck, Willie." And she smiled.

That night her phone rang a dozen times before she answered it. Her "hello" was little more than a whisper. Then there was a brief pause through my heavy breathing, and she hung up.

By the next day's close of business the telephone company had changed Annie's number and assured her it would stay unlisted. Annie gave out the number quite promiscuously to people at the *Blab*, including the switchboard, and to quite a few friends. (She was on the phone all day, passing the news around.)

After midnight, I dialed the new number. Again, I had my phonograph underscoring the action—Brahms, I believe, this time.

"Hello? Hello? Tell me, now, who are you? Why are you doing this? You've got to be somebody I know—somebody I was talking to only today."

"I am a friend," I said in a deep but cottonmouthed voice, with a touch of Lancashire thrown in. (It was a "being funny" voice I hadn't used since high school.)

Annie paused. Her own voice turned soft and persuasive. "*What* friend? Come on, now—tell me."

"The sheep killer."

The small "huhh" that followed this announcement is with me still. I hear it as I jump awake in the night.

There was a click, and again I had a dead phone in my hand.

I cannot explain the thrill I felt at that moment. Morbid exhilaration? Something like the quick stirring of passion? I could almost smell the girl's perfume in the room. I turned off the record player and, trembling with this jungle-animal fit of mine, went happily to the kitchen for some ice. The Scotch didn't put out the fire in me right away. It took three stiff ones, offering a toast to Annie with each fresh drink. One: "Damn her eyes!" Two: "Damn her smell!" Three: "Damn her rotten soul!" I grinned like a happy pup, and then I slept like one.

When Annie had told me about the sheep killer, I asked her to try to remember who she'd told that story to. "Oh, you, Will, and everybody else in London and New York."

"Call the police."

"I can't! That sick character out there has to be a friend of mine, and God knows the idiot needs help."

"He may be dangerous."

"I know. And if he's a friend, he already knows where I live. That's the worst part! But the only way I can get to him and help him is on the telephone. I can't have lunch with everyone I know and say to them, one by one, 'You're *not* a sheep killer *really*, Harry!' or 'Joe, you'd never hurt a fly!' No, I've just got to *deal* with him. On the phone."

And Annie's therapy began that night. She asked me questions about myself, tried to draw me out.

I told her I wanted to touch her (adjusting my bathrobe, having a sip of Scotch, running a finger across my mustache, squinting at the Augustus John portrait of Sean O'Casey across the room). I wanted to smell her.

"No you don't," she said softly. "Every woman in the world, dear, has eyes and a mouth and a heart." (Good, sweet God!) "And you can't let yourself dwell on one woman, because you don't feel . . . good enough for the others, or whatever it is. You're a friend of mine, and so I know you are basically a . . . *fine* person. And women *must* admire you, *must* be attracted to you, pet."

And so on, and on.

No, I said, there was only one woman now, only one Annie. And she was . . . *next.*

"What ever do you mean by 'next'?"

I reminded her that sheep killing was an old pastime of mine, like collecting books, or traveling, or painting still lifes. Murder: that's what it would be, in the end. And my voice shook as I said it, causing me to seize the chair arm tightly.

"No, pet, you're . . . my 'china,' that's what you are."

Fifty years ago in **The Post**

A refugee searches war-torn France for his child:

'The Children of the War Zone,' by Elizabeth Frazer, Dec. 15, 1917

I had a friend whose wife had died, leaving a little two-year-old daughter whom the father had never seen. He did not even know what had become of her. He finally came to Evian—the gate of entry for the refugees into France—hoping to find some trace. And each day at the station as the arriving throng passed, he stood quietly, holding in his hand what looked like a postcard. And whenever a little girl appeared, he thrust that card under her nose. Absurd, eh? A fool, a lunatic, sticking a piece of cardboard into every child's face! But one day when he held it in front of a little maid, she suddenly burst into tears and cried *"Maman! Maman!"* That card bore the picture of her mother. And that's the way he found his child!

China?

"That's what tough little kids in Liverpool call their closest buddy. Their china. Everett was saying just the other day that my nattering all the time——"

Everett?

"Everett Morgan, an old china of mine."

Nattering.

"*You* know: talking, yakkety-yak, on the phone all day. Well, Everett said . . ."

And so we were playing The Game. Even now! In the middle of the night! In the middle of the nightmare! *Guess who. Guess what. Guess when, why, where.*

(Help!)

Our nightly calls went on through the week and into another week. The tenth of November became the thirtieth, and then it was December. Annie seemed no longer afraid—not a bit, in fact—but rather caught up in the warm crusade of pulling a friend out of his deep emotional trouble. My own harebrained crusade, to send the girl running, was going badly; and the worse it became, the more determined I was to see it through. I invented strange stories to tell her, perverse fantasies, and sometimes suggested vague threats of violence. I told her I both loved her and hated her—possibly the only near truth I spoke in all those wild, nighttime conversations of ours.

"What are you up to?" my mother asked me at breakfast one bleak morning. (She was staying at my apartment while her own was being painted.)

"What do you mean?"

"The phonograph going at one in the morning. All that telephoning."

"To the people I know, that's high noon."

"But you never gabbed away like that before. I don't like it."

"I've become sociable in my old age."

"You've become soft in the noggin, if you ask me."

The joy of the early calls—is that the word? joy?—was gone. And because Annie was throwing herself with such irritating zeal into the contest, I suppose, my mood had entered the gray area and was swiftly approaching black. Still, I found myself, through all the long hours of the day, living for the call I would make that night, the dark excitement that was turning, as perhaps it had to turn, truly murderous. I dreamed one night of strangling a naked throat until the face, the throat, the killer's hands, the sheets, and the vision itself were stained a dark violet—a bruised, suddenly frozen picture like the last moments of a sunset.

I'll tell you no more of the calls. I've put them from my mind, anyway, and I don't want them back.

One day Gordon Kingsley, the publisher, told me I was looking like something left in the icebox too long. "Are you sick?" he asked.

"Beat up, Gordon. Tired."

"It shows, Willie."

"I know."

"In your reviews."

"I know."

"I can't offer you anything but second-string reviewer—for a while, anyway—once your time is up."

"Holy smokes, Gordon, spare me that. I can't stand dingy little plays that happen in atomic laboratories in Bensonhurst. And Gilbert and Sullivan leave me pulverized. No, I'll try sitting around in a park somewhere, like Bernard Baruch, maybe start a play."

"If you want to make a four-month swing around the American regional theaters or the theaters in Europe, I'll print your pieces, Willie."

"That's not bad, pal. That would be good. Only I don't think I'd make it to the corner."

"Think about it."

"Okay."

He settled back and locked his fingers over his paunch and gave me his walrusy stare. "I've found out something, Willie."

"What?"

"I found out what someone said to someone."

"I'm not interested any more."

"Your old producer friend who wanted to give you the needle?"

"Peabody."

"Well, he did give you the needle. He called old Belknap the night of that opening."

"*Who But Thou.*"

"Yes. He said he didn't want a drunk reviewing his play. He wanted Ralph Ottinger, or Annie, or even me. So Belknap had one of his infrequent tantrums. And when he'd come down off the paneling, he summoned Annie and had her write the piece."

"Over her own dead body?"

"Don't smirk, Willie. You look like a shoplifter caught in the act when you smirk. She protested. And she's been protesting your going ever since, but Belknap won't hear of it. You've got a good attorney going for you in court, and the attorney's name is Annie."

(Help!)

"That's all you can give me? A grunt?" Gordon asked.

"Did I grunt? Then it's all I'm good for."

"It's your own reviews that are doing you in, Will. Snap out of that funk you're in, and maybe there's hope yet."

Strangely, the fact that Annie was not after all a double agent but indeed a friend, a china, mattered not a bit, because compulsion is, after all, a fire, and you can't put it out with just one squirt from the seltzer bottle. The calls went on. We don't want to kill what we hate; we simply are on the prowl for a victim. And if they're virtuous and sweet-smelling, so much the better. What marauder is satisfied with killing

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a bat, when he can bag a mockingbird?

In the third week of December, Annie passed along a piece of news that made me jump.

"My caller, Willie, has *two* voices."

"Two?"

"This new one is high-pitched, like a young boy's voice."

"How long has *this* been going on?"

"Last night was the second time."

"He switches from one voice to the other?"

"No. No, he places separate calls."

"What are the second calls like?"

"They're even spookier than my sheep killer. There's rock-'n'-roll going in the background. And Voice Number Two stutters."

"What does he say?"

"He says, 'I l-l-love you.' And, 'I'll g-g-g-get you, suh-suh-sweetheart.'"

"Maybe they are two—two distinct and separate nuts."

"That would be too much, love. My man, I'm afraid, is schizophrenic."

"Then I'd really call the police, Annie."

"I can't do that."

"Or get still another number and tell no one—not even me."

Naturally, I thought I had truly blown the lid off my sanity. As the days went by, though, it became increasingly clear to me that I was, after all, only an obsession case, not a schizophrenic. The second caller said things I'd never bring myself to say, with a syntax that made my teeth ache.

I did have daydreams, vivid enough to make me stop dead on the sidewalk—visions of falling from an airplane. The elevator at the newspaper office terrified me. I couldn't ride an Escalator, or wave from a window, or climb a ladder, or reach for a book on an upper shelf without having a vision of the sudden lurch, the long, long fall. I could sit for barely thirty minutes on the living-room sofa, reading a light novel and sending up clouds of pipe smoke, before the old evil eye would fix itself upon me and the lamp would seem to flicker and dim, and the words on the page lump together in a gray smudge. My brain would get smoky, like something wet that's trying to burn. I'd think I was rising, then walking, then arriving finally at the window and pulling the window open to the wintry night, then (in the trance) leaning out and —— And I return you now to the demented, bedeviled man still seated on his sofa, his knees jammed together, his toes biting hard into the carpet, his fingers locked onto the book, crushing it.

Later, fully recovered, but with his shirt soaked with sweat, he walks to the den, shuts the door, snaps on the record player (Bartok tonight), lifts the telephone, and tells the young lady at the other end of the wire that he is not the stuttering choirboy, he is the sheep killer.

So we come to that Christmas-morning walk through the black gale, turning off Madison Avenue onto Annie Schofield's street, and riding the elevator to the top floor, finally standing there in the corridor, panting with that special excitement only the sheep-killing man with the bloody shirttail can feel.

"I'm going to k-k-k-kill you," the boy soprano had told Annie, who had thereupon reported it to me. "M-m-merry Christmas."

And he'd hung up after telling her, "Th-this is my last c-c-call."

It must have been those words of his that drove me out into the night, though I remember few of my thoughts during my journey uptown. Murder can be a flashing panic, but it can also be an action heavy and dull-witted as a middle-of-the-night television viewer padding to the kitchen for a final beer. I had the forty-five automatic I'd brought back from Japan. I had the little Tiffany package containing my mother's Christmas bracelet. But I'd closed myself off from thought or sound. I think I heard nothing that night: no sound of a car trying to start in the cold, no distant radio blaring out a carol, no horn, no stranger's voice except that belonging to the man who almost joined me in the elevator.

"Down?"

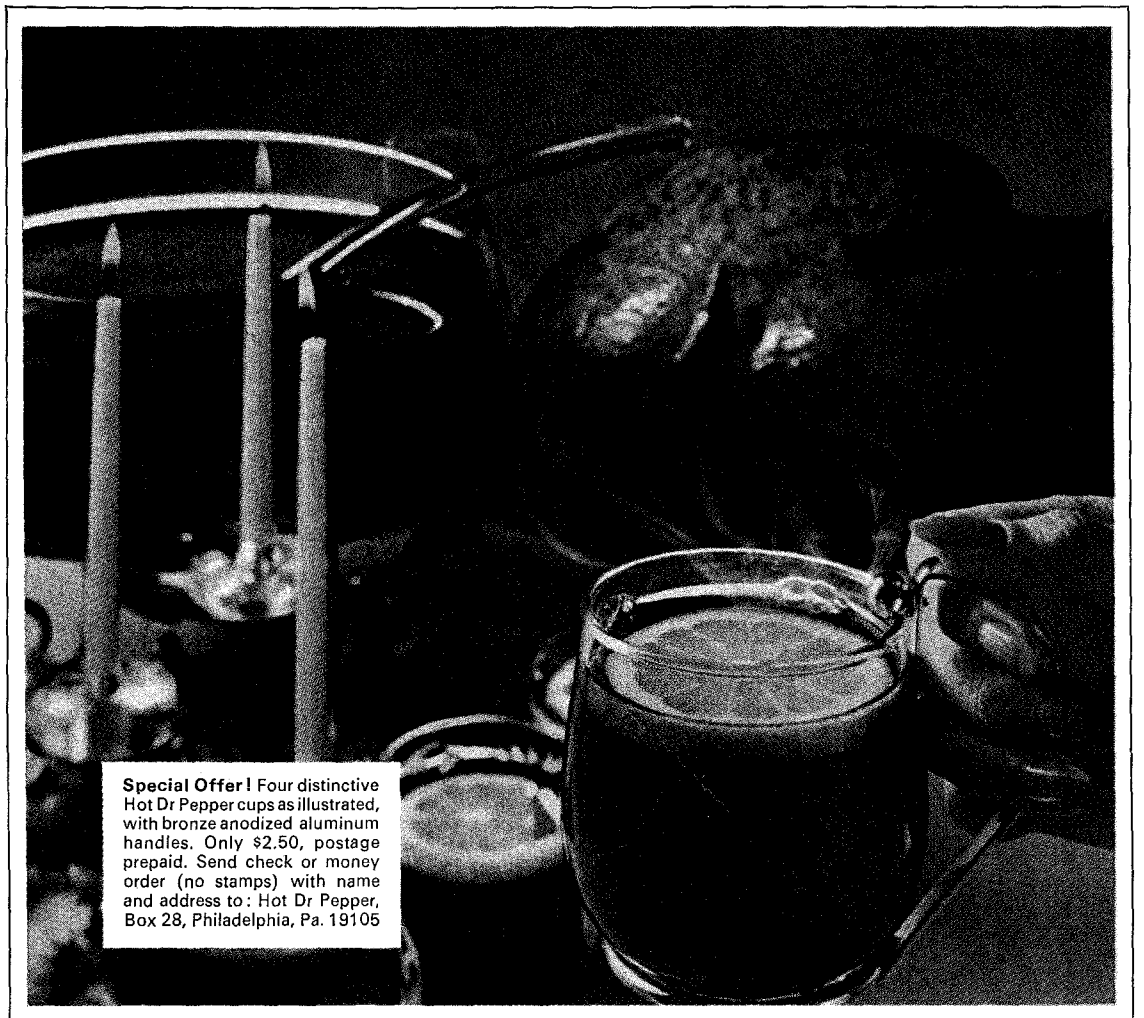
I found the EXIT sign and walked up the staircase to the metal door at its top. I unlatched it and pushed my way into the crushing wind.

Now, that's a silly sight, isn't it? A trim, smallish man, all dignity in his great bristling mustache, dropping to all fours and crawling across a rooftop on Christmas morning, the mustache billowing out and then deflating as though it had a life of its own. I was afraid that, if I took the roof upright, the wind would somehow get under my coat and hurl me across Manhattan; I could picture myself sailing wildly by the United Nations building and calling to the cleaning women, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

After running afoul of the low-hanging arm of a television aerial, I got to the fire escape that led down, eventually, to the third floor and Annie's windows. Weeks before, Annie had damn near burned the house down. A flaming dessert she'd been preparing set fire to her kitchen curtains, and the neighbors were up and down the fire escape like a volunteer fire department. In describing the incident to me later, Annie had given me a clear mental sketch of the geography there—the layout of her apartment in relation to the ones about hers. Her one kitchen and two living-room windows led onto this particular fire escape; the adjoining apartment used a fire escape at the side of the building.

By this time my flesh was jumping on my frail bones like wet shirts being exercised on a washboard. Walls of wind broke over me—a powerful, wintry surf. And the fire escape was precarious indeed. I had to stumble past half a dozen windows along the way, and if anyone saw me out there I suppose he thought I was, in my astrakhan hat and well-tailored coat, a poor excuse for a Saint Nicholas. At the third floor I found two windows closed tight, and one, the far right window, opened just an inch: This, by Annie's description, would have to be the kitchen. I raised the window silently, but then swore when the wind caught the shade and sent it snapping like a machine gun. On the sill before me, a shelf of glass slanted inward and upward as a shield against the wind. I stepped over it, not really clearing it, into the room, then quickly turned and lowered the window. After the fire escape the place seemed terribly still and black. I shuddered and became aware of an ache at the tips of my nose and chin. Veritable *brooks* of tears babbled down my cheeks.

My right foot was in a wastebasket, but that wasn't all. I'd stepped through an opened cardboard box that had been discarded into the wastebasket, and the box was snugged about my shoe like a spat. I pulled it off, trying to be as quiet as a nun despite my jumping nerves and iced-up joints. The windowsill below the wind shield, I now saw, was lined with children's things: a mitt with a baseball in it, scattered dominoes, marbles, a football, a plastic statue of Batman, an unfinished airplane model. Desperately, with the knowledge that everything had gone wrong, I turned and concentrated my attention on the room itself. (And at some moment here, perhaps when I saw the fielder's glove on the sill, the nightmare began to come apart, the monster was already back in its box.) Pennants and animals' pictures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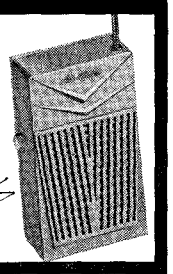

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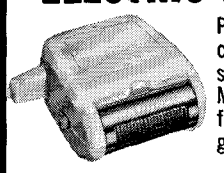

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hung above the child's dresser. In the one bed—a child's bed—I noticed a few forms that were doubtless stuffed animals. A small, black-haired boy, about ten years old, lay among them. His eyes were open, looking at me in quiet curiosity.

"Merry Christmas," I whispered.

"Merry Christmas," he whispered back.

"I think I've come into the wrong apartment."

"Oh."

I was becoming aware that a television set was in action in the next room—low voices, a movie probably, and parents trimming a tree and setting out presents. Vaguely I recalled noting, from the fire escape, a light glowing in the next room.

"I'm looking for Miss Schofield's apartment."

"Annie?"

"Yes."

He pointed to the wall behind him. "She's in there."

So she'd gotten it all wrong, then! It was typical of Annie, and I don't think I ever was as furious at the girl as I was at that second. Annie always made the wrong turn. Always tried to enter a car from the driver's side. Always got lost in the subway. Always got addresses wrong. Damn that tossed-salad mind of hers!

"I've got to get back out again," I whispered. "Will you help me?"

"Are you a burglar?"

"No. I'm an elf. They kicked me out of the North Pole." The boy grinned politely. "I'm leaving a present for Annie, so she'll be surprised in the morning."

And I showed the boy the gift box that held the bracelet.

He considered this a moment. "Okay," he said, and sat up, digging his knuckles into his eyes.

"I can't climb over the wind shield. We'll have to get everything off the sill."

"Okay," he said.

We worked quite soundlessly between us, until we came to the marbles.

I will recount the rest of this fiasco in utter mortification—and as swiftly as I can.

Door opens.

Sudden light.

"Hey!"

Small scream.

Blustery young papa pushing cute, panicky mamma to one side.

"Who the hell ——"

"I have, it s-seems, entered the wrong ——"

"Just don't *move!* Paul, come over here. *Don't move, I said!*"

Everybody talking at once.

The boy saying, "He's a friend of Annie's."

"*You're moving!*"

"You see, I have this present and . . . I was a hell of a damned fool . . . Silly stunt that I . . . I'm sorry that ——"

"Honey, ring Annie's bell, will you?"

And then Annie herself is there, looking sleepy but startled but amused but puzzled but a bit angry but lovely in the great, billowing folds of a pink robe.

"Willie!"

I held out the bracelet and smiled a small, aching smile, hoping it to be disarming. A stitch-in-the-side smile. "Merry Christmas," I said.

Big Papa and Small Mamma nudged us out of the room, snickering nervously, and kissed their boy a second good-night. Then we found ourselves being eased into the hall. It was apologies every hour-long second of the way. I: "Sorry." Annie: "Good-night." Mamma: "Ha, ha, ha, that's okay." Papa: "Next time try the bell, ha, ha." I: "Sorry. Truly." Annie: "Good-night."

"You're shaking all over," Annie said, after the door of their apartment had closed behind us.

"Yeh. I'm a shaker."

"Come in for a drink."

"No."

"Yes, Willie. Yes."

I sat in my coat in a straight chair, wondering what the devil I'd say to the girl. I'd forgotten the crusade, the gun, the stuttering choirboy, the sheep killer, the whole thing. Annie watched me drink, her head tilted to one side, trying to read signs on my

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Head down a bit more, weight forward, keep your back straight—and follow through!"

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face, in my hands, about my clothing.

"I can't believe, Willie ——" she began finally.

I said quickly, "After some Christmas wassail, it seemed like a good idea."

"It wasn't a *very* good idea, Willie."

"No." Then I said, "Open the damn present, will you?"

She did.

"Why, it's lovely, duck! But it must have cost you a fortune!"

"It was either a yacht, or that."

"Willie, you're insane!"

"Yes, you may have put your finger on it."

"I just had a good idea," she said. "A delicious idea! Why don't you wait with me until I get my Christmas-morning call from my friend. I can't wait to give my sheep killer a bit of Yuletide greetings. And I can put *you* on *with* him! Wouldn't it be marvelous!"

I looked at her sharply. "No, I must go," I told her. "All this lunacy has worn me to a frazzle."

Annie suddenly bent over, her hair falling down to cover her knees. Her hands were at her face. Her shoulders shook. In my alarm, I thought she was weeping—until I heard the laugh. Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh." It started quietly and then rose in a high, dry, unfiled crescendo. "*Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh.*"

"What is it?"

But when she raised her head and looked at me, a terrible calm had fallen upon her, a sudden, total silence, and her eyes had a stricken but still puzzled look in them.

"Willie?"

"Yes?"

"*You,* Willie?" She moved her head—no, no—very slowly. "It's you?"

And now the slivers of ice sprang deep into me. I couldn't manage my voice as I said, "*Don't,* Annie, think ——"

"He can't call, can he?"

"Annie, what are you ——"

"And the bracelet is really for ——"

"You."

"No card. There was no ——" She broke off, stood quickly, and walked to the windows and back, running her fingertips across her closed eyes to take away the already stopped tears. She turned to me and said, with some authority: "The last thing I want you to do, Willie, is do something really silly now."

"I've got to go," I said, jumping to my feet.

She followed me. "I can help. Stay around, Willie, for a minute. Until you've got a hold on things. *Willie! Let me help, will you?*"

But I had already closed the door behind me, and I was bounding full tilt, two steps at a time, down the concrete-and-metal staircase, the racket of my running echoing loud like shots fired in a lighthouse, *clang-ang, clang-ang.* I shuddered uncontrollably in the new cold that was in me and hasn't left yet, and gasped like a man who's taken a sudden, hard punch in the stomach. I emerged, not on the lobby floor, but in the basement. I don't know how long I had used there, sagging against the metal door, panting, before I could brush myself off (a strange action) and then walk with control to the driveway.

Picking my way among the cars, I stopped suddenly. A figure was crouching behind a car near the wide-open garage door, and I knew at a glance it was the copy boy. Shanks. Somewhere in the cactus growth that was my mind in those days, I suppose I was expecting to see poor, skinny, young, demented Shanks, with his bug stance and his sad stutter. Expected or not, there he was.

I turned and walked slowly, heavily, toward him, calling to him in a voice gone hoarse with a kind of tired, strangely amused, but deeply felt sympathy: "Shanks, you poor, crazy, sheep-killing bastard, it's time for you to go home."

He went, I must say, with a show of dignity.

This account was written about a year later, in the winter of 1966. Then, in June, 1967, Edmund H. Phelps, its author, killed himself. At a service in the funeral home, the eulogist was Elliott Peabody, a Broadway producer, who had had his quarrels with the deceased. Mr. Peabody said in part: "The theater needs its soldiers and generals, but it needs its military analysts, too—knowledgeable observers who know the craft and teach it; who care for its practitioners and nurture them; who are wed to truth and, no matter the consequences, tell it; who know life, the one they see performed on the boards before them or the one they create themselves, and celebrate it." □

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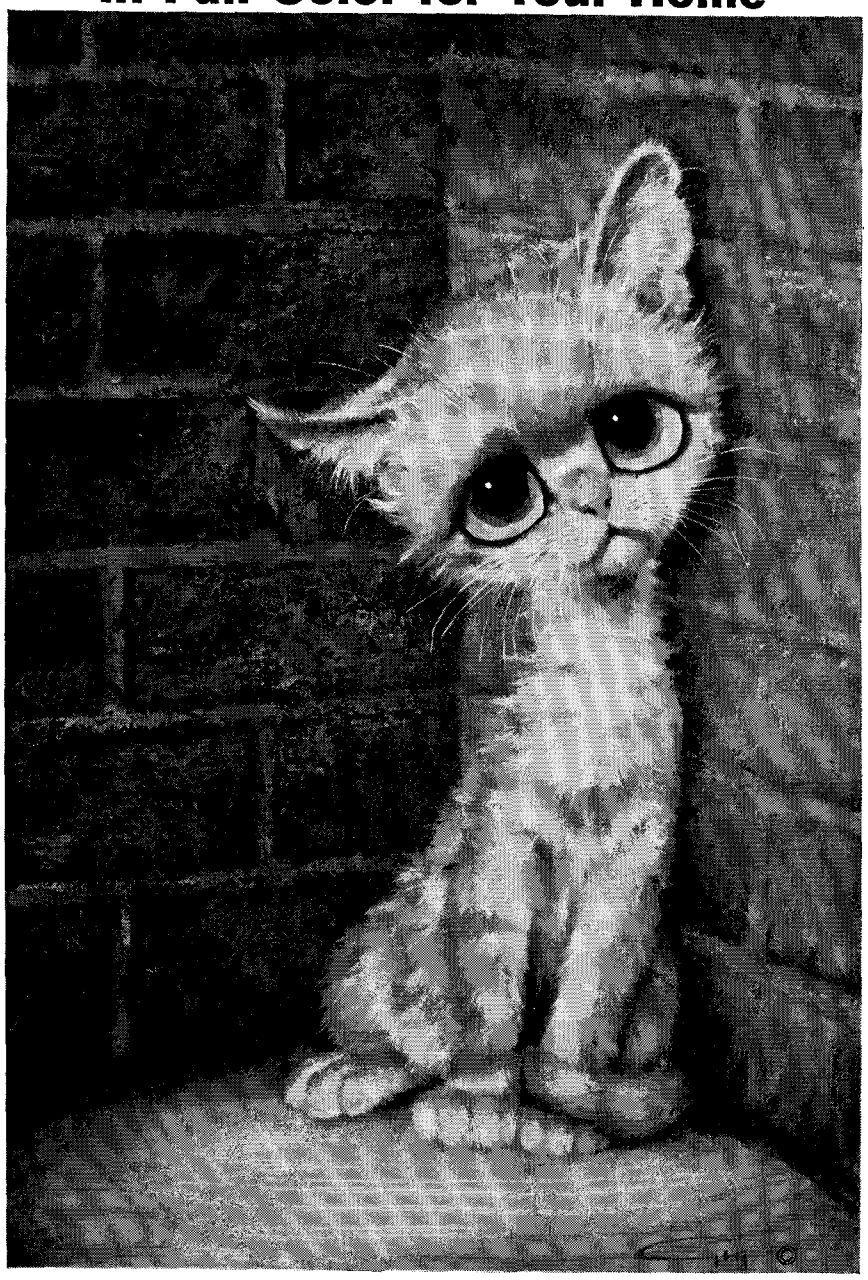

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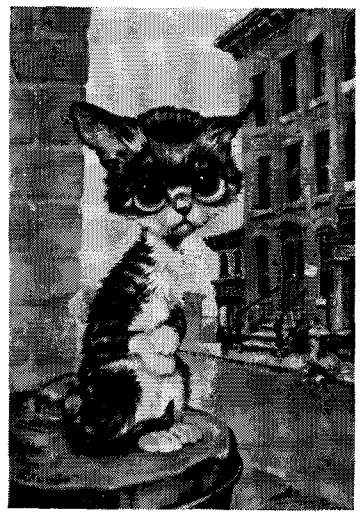

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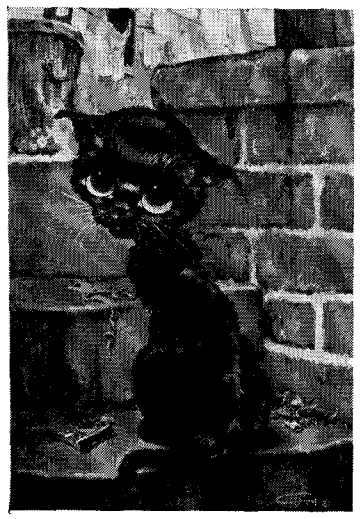

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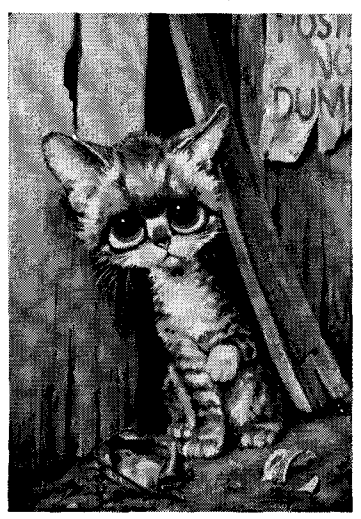

TIGER LILLY

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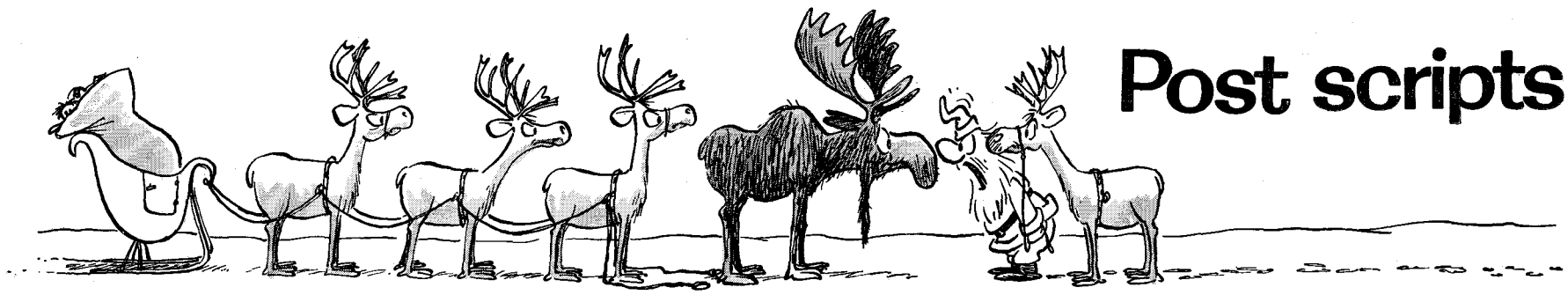
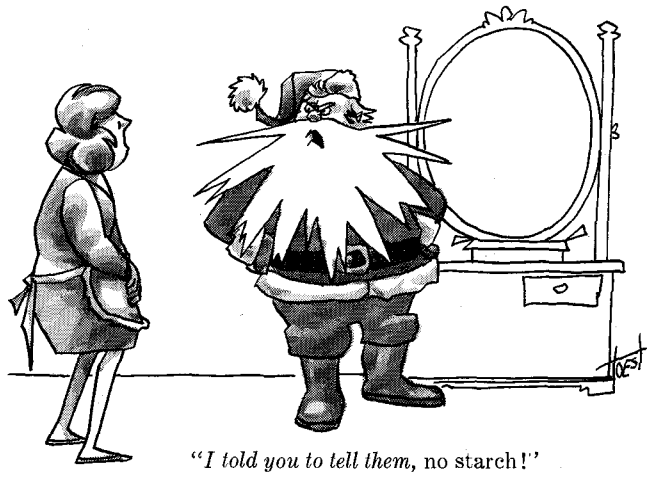
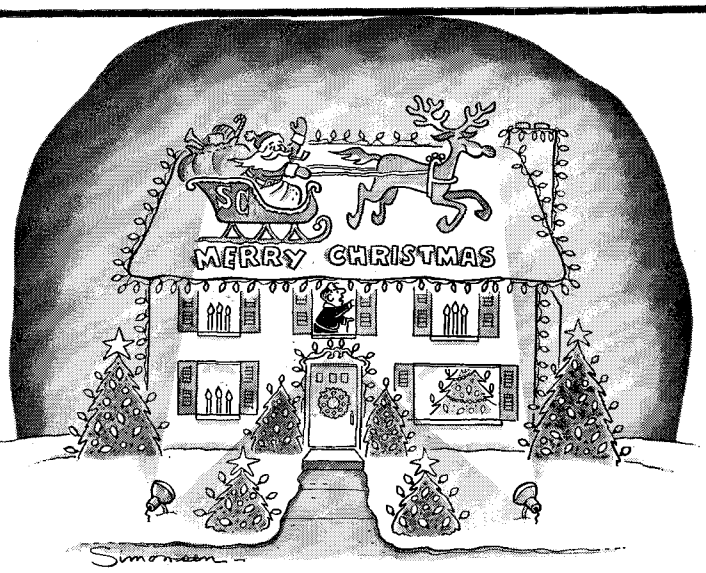
Post scripts



"NO!"

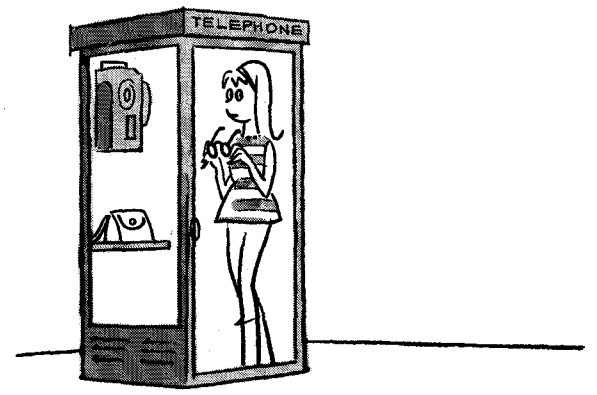


"I told you to tell them, no starch!"



"All right. . . which one of you kids left the bathroom light on again?"

"Taxi!"



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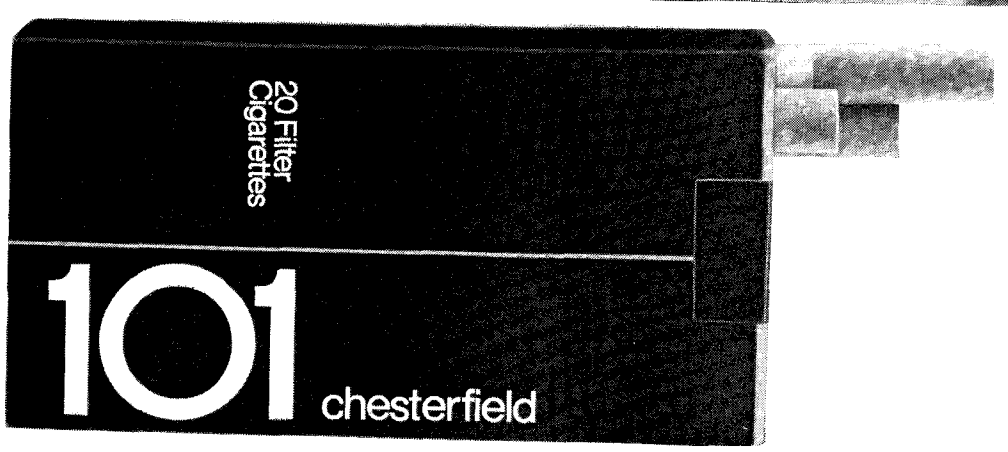
A silly millimeter longer
than the 100's.
It isn't much.
But wait 'til you taste it.

It's one better.



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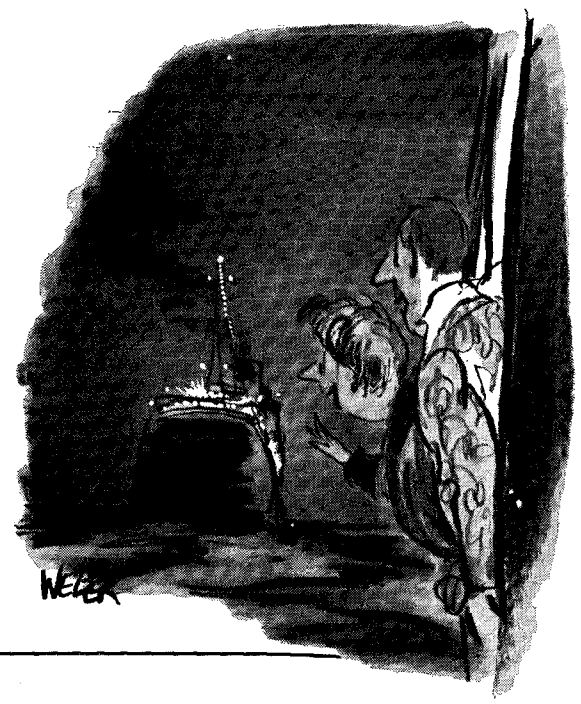
EVERYBODY DANCE, DANCE WILDLY— QUEEN MARY'S ABOUT TO DIE



BY ANNE CHAMBERLIN *Illustrated by Robert Weber*

They've taken away Penn Station, the Savoy Plaza and the Metropolitan Opera House, and we all just stood around wringing our hands and whimpering. But when the news came that the *Queen Mary* was about to be hauled off and permanently glued to the California coast, the time had come to march.

The Inevitable has been rising in clammy installments from the shipping pages ever since. The *Queen Elizabeth* retiring next year . . . *Caronia, Carinthia, Sylvania, Queen Frederica* . . . . Ship by ship they're stripping the North Atlantic of every single floating alternative. Anyone who still wants to go to Europe will have to volunteer for the Big Container and join 300 other terrified human beings and their luggage, nine abreast, rocketing through the time zones with piped-in music and prepackaged feedings.

The prospect has so shaken the people who still think they like to cross an ocean on a ship that it has required two Final Atlantic Crossings, two Final Cruises and one Absolutely Final 39-day trip now in progress around the Horn—with waiting lists for all—to accommodate the mourners.

When the *Queen* was launched in 1934, it was intended to be the largest, fastest, most expensive ship of its time. It has since been surpassed in every dimension, but has lodged in people's minds as the last seagoing outpost of the world as it ought to be. The farewells have made a million dollars for Long Beach, Calif., and sparked a whole new Final Voyage trend in the travel trade. For months the newspapers recorded new bookings by celebrities along with Birth, Death and Marriage.

I found myself swept along in the torrent like the rest. It was just like signing on for the Ark.

When the lists were finally drawn for my Final Atlantic Crossing (the second) we were 1,398 adults, 45 children, 5 infants, 1 immigration officer, 4 bankers, 1 shop manager, 4 Distressed British Seamen, 1 stowaway, 1,013 crew, 1 dog and 1 parakeet, bound for Southampton. Our procession down the Hudson was a festival—sparkling jets of water from the fireboats, swooping helicopters, launches, sea gulls, crowds along the shore, a man singing *Auld Lang Syne* through a bullhorn, 15 people who forgot to get off and had to go back with the pilot—everything just as it ought to be.

But as the passengers began to sort themselves out, you could see that the long hot summer on the waiting list had taken its toll. Dozens of people accustomed to traveling First Class had to settle for Cabin, or even Tourist—an obscure territory located somewhere near the propeller shafts. The stowaway told me, after he had paid his passage and been promoted to a Tourist Class cabin, that he'd had more room in the ship's jail.

To make life bearable for the exiles, they had unlocked the doors between the classes, which blurred the carefully layered distinctions that were a vital part of the original architecture. You could no longer pinpoint members of the Establishment by their cabin numbers.

Even a First Class ticket didn't guarantee one of the *Queen Mary*'s fabled luxury suites, paneled in zebrano, patashte and thuja wood, with ruffled printed sateen bedspreads on the beds. One of my shipmates drew a cabin he called the Iron Lung. It must have been like mine—a sort of L-shaped tunnel, ending in a washbasin, with a fan to stir the trapped air and an electric clock with trembling hands that wrenched themselves from minute to minute with a loud clunk. It told the hour, ship's time, but not whether it was night or day. Which soon didn't matter anyway.

And it took more than a ticket to prove you were First Class material. The impeccable room stewards—who spend a long apprenticeship in the Other Classes before reaching the refinement of First—have five and a half days to straighten you out so you're fit to enter England, but it isn't always easy for them. ("We've always had the same good class of passengers in the suite rooms," one of them reassured me. "Handed down from generation to generation. But don't quote me.")

The *Queen Mary* wasn't built to be a floating resort for dallying around the tropics with a load of lotus eaters. It was built, like England itself, to stay steadfastly on course in a ghastly climate. Like putting to sea in the Royal Albert Hall.

The First Class public rooms, whose carvings, paintings, murals, lighting fixtures, furnishings and mirrors were considered the wonder of their time, are of a school of English splendor that runs to pale browns, 40-watt bulbs and papier-mâché coal under veined-marble mantels. In the great Promenade Deck Lounge the overstuffed chairs, deep rugs, tall brown columns reaching three decks above your head give you the feeling you've sunk forever into a bottomless amber sea. It is used for Selections at the Organ in the morning, Light Orchestral Concert and tea in the afternoon, Episcopal Divine Service on Sunday (with the surrounding bars reverently closed). At night it is the setting for bingo, "horse racing" and general revelry, featuring the ship's Cabaret Artistes.

The hallway outside is a rarefied shopping center—French perfumes, English commemorative crystal and china, Swiss watches. Parked between the shops was a blue-green Rover 2000 TC sedan, which could be ordered through the Purser.

There was a corner for everyone in all this vastness and no danger of having to speak to strangers. Some passengers spent five days in the writing room, turning out fathomless acres of *Queen Mary* postcards. Some bundled in steamer rugs and snoozed in their deck chairs. The boat deck was divided among the grim pacers in mufflers and yachting caps, the arm-in-arm strollers who looked as though they might have come up from Tourist, and a man from Connecticut who ran a mile in sweat pants every morning before breakfast.

As the aimless hours slid by, lunch and dinner became the main events of the day. Lunch was what you did whatever you did in the morning to work up an appetite for. Dinner was what you spent the afternoon (after tea and a nap, that is) getting dressed for.

It is terribly important, in the First Class Dining Room, where you sit. The Head Waiter and his assistant spent most of the voyage crouched over a passenger list and table charts with pencils and lots of erasers, trying to harmonize people's sense of importance with the available prestigious seats. Some of the pressure came off the Captain's

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table because a lot of our most celebrated passengers elected to take their meals in the Verandah Grill, a sort of extra-price eating club with a sophisticated black rug, romantic lamps on the tables, a view of the back porch, and special kitchens that can produce, a knowing friend assured me, pheasant with the shot left in.

People are apparently signed up for the Verandah Grill as they are for Eton—from birth. Before we had backed out onto the Hudson, there was a waiting list of 90 for every meal but breakfast, which isn't served there. Long after dinner there was dancing until dawn for anyone who could squeeze in the door, and the band played things like *Yes, We Have No Bananas.*

The fare in First Class was what the English call Continental and the French call English and which is an enduring testimony to an indestructible race. There were the tweedy things like Braised Chump Chop, Leicester Brawn and Haunch of Venison, and then a whole category of dishes beyond the ICE CREAM and SHERBET called SAVOURIES, which even the waiter sometimes couldn't explain. When I asked him what Croûte Ritchie was, he said, "Did I say creamed haddock last night?"

At the entrance to the dining room was a three-foot-high bust of the founder of the line, carved in margarine (Beethoven in butter, one of my tablemates kept calling it), which was surrounded by pink cakes with GOD SPEED ELIZABETH II inscribed on the icing. It was one more reminder that we were saluting a vanishing way of life. If the founder held up rather better than some of the passengers, it may have been because he was

taken away every evening promptly after dinner to a refrigerator, while the rest of us faced a night of merry-making, urged by the Captain to "get on with the dancing and the gaiety."

Since it was a Final Crossing, everyone did his best to make it memorable. A number of people were taken with seizures of poetry, which was posted on notice boards (which is English for bulletin boards) or propped by the dining-room cakes. One of these ran to eight stanzas and began:

> *Oh! Regal Lady of the sea*
> *What memories you hold for me.*
> *I saw you first from a Brooklyn pier,*
> *Nineteen thirty-six the year . . .*

Another lamented that:

> *The time has come for this old beauty*
> *To retire from Atlantic duty . . .*

There was a whole school of sentimentalists who felt they had to steal things. The menus

vanished so fast at every meal that the waiters had to beg to have one returned so we could order dessert. If you put down a fork between bites, the waiter would whisk it away to lock it up so that it would still be around for the next meal. At my table the silver cream pitcher and sugar bowl had long since gone, along with the ashtrays. The Captain's Rose Bowl, a splendid affair in carved silver which had been at his table since the ship was put in service, had disappeared the last time the ship landed at Southampton. Someone made off with a mirror and a glass-framed deck plan the first night out. A seagoing gentleman at my table noticed that the builder's plaque, affixed under the bridge when the ship was launched, was losing screws at the rate of one a night. You had to fight for clothes hangers. I learned at lifeboat drill, when I was the only passenger without one, that an earlier occupant of my cell had made off with its life jacket.

The Library ("Adults Only") was stocked with many stimulating books, including *The Legend of Australian Cricket* ("What, you don't believe me!" cried the fat miner, turning to the other. "Don't you believe I bowled Victor Trumper for a duck?"). But the real demand was for *The Mary: The Inevitable Ship.* It was borrowed the first day out, and the librarian could find no further trace of the book or its borrower. On the other hand, there was a touching traffic in the other direction. One man returned an ironstone plate that had vanished on some long-ago crossing. Another brought along a bottle of Peter Dawson Scotch from the Maiden Voyage, which was courageously broached by the Captain, who said he thought maybe the Staff Captain ought to taste it first. A woman in New York sent aboard 1,000 small replicas of the Statue of Liberty for the crew.

A man who had traveled regularly on the ship for seven years, to visit his daughter in Fort Lee, N.J., had asked to have his ashes scattered at sea from its deck. It was done the second day out in a ceremony conducted by the Staff Captain on Crew Deck A, aft, lee side, at 7:45 in the morning.

At 2:30 the next morning we passed the *Queen Elizabeth,* headed for New York, lights blazing. People who had stayed up that late lined the rail cheering; the rest dashed out in their bathrobes.

It was hard to keep up this tumultuous pace. The Captain held a staff meeting every morning, followed by a press conference in the Lounge, which was behind the left rear fender of the Rover 2000 TC sedan and also served as a meeting room for Rotary and Kiwanis and for Catholic Mass on Sunday. We of the press were told that important news would be posted on the notice board, and by the third day at sea the news was:

SOME NOTES ON INTERESTING PASSENGERS
Gentleman in kilt is Mr. Gilbert Shaw
Count and Countess Tomacelli are Italian
Mrs. D ncan, A-65, is Finnish; her daughter is Mexican

Mr. and Mrs. Martinez, B-18, are Venezuelan (which I copied down in its entirety, just in case).

The Captain hardly had time to drive, there were so many messages to read and reply to. Telegrams from the ladies who had sat at his table through the years, or perhaps some other table that they thought was his. "My son-in-law has told me you are sailing for the last time. . . . You might not remember me after 21 years." ("I'm afraid I don't, actually.") "Kind thoughts and a little nostalgia" . . . "Farewell" . . . "Congratulations. . . ." ("I regret I can't remember *her,* either.") "I don't know what it means," the Captain said, holding up one cable. "But I replied to it anyway."

In between, he exhorted us to dress well ("We must uphold the First Class side of the ship; she is nearing the end of her span of life, but in beautiful condition still"). And every evening he urged us to greater heights of gaiety. "Let's go out with a bang," he kept saying to groups of passengers. "Up with the flag and down with the drink." We did what we could.

I suppose our creative peak was reached at the Monday Night Fancy Headdress Contest. The Captain said they were the finest headdresses he'd seen since he took command of the ship. "They are all so jolly good I am grateful to you all." Veteran passengers showed their mettle with complicated structures—a whole racetrack, for one, mounted on headbands. My own favorites were a creation called "Trees"—two metal shoe trees flopping at the wearer's ears—and "The Ship Rolls"—four buns and two soggy croissants tied around like a garland.

Finally we came to the Ultimate Night, our last at sea, when the Captain gave yet another farewell speech, urging us to still greater paroxysms of gaiety, his tears glistening in the lights ("I am a Welshman and very sentimental"). Balloons were loosed from the ceiling. We danced wildly for some of the prizes of champagne lined up by the dance band, and then shamelessly stole the rest. Felipe and Olga, the Cabaret Artistes, came out with a Chianti bottle and frantically tossed each other about the dance floor. He ate part of her skirt. She dropped an earring. They shouted. He chewed her ear. The rest of her dress came off, and he charged offstage with her as if her stiffened body were a javelin. We all milled out on the dance floor, knee deep in the paper streamers, while the band played *Britannia Rules the Waves.*

They should have pulled the plug then, of course, and sunk us all, fixed there in our finest hour.

I think I was still brooding about this when I stumbled over a steel case of TV equipment on the Southampton dock and was hauled away in a city ambulance, headed for the emergency entrance ("Where we take the drunks and the automobile accidents") of the Royal South Hants Hospital. I must have been the envy of the other walking wounded who had weathered the Final Crossing with me. Five long days and nights in a Vanishing Way of Life doesn't put you in much shape to take the regular boat train to London. □

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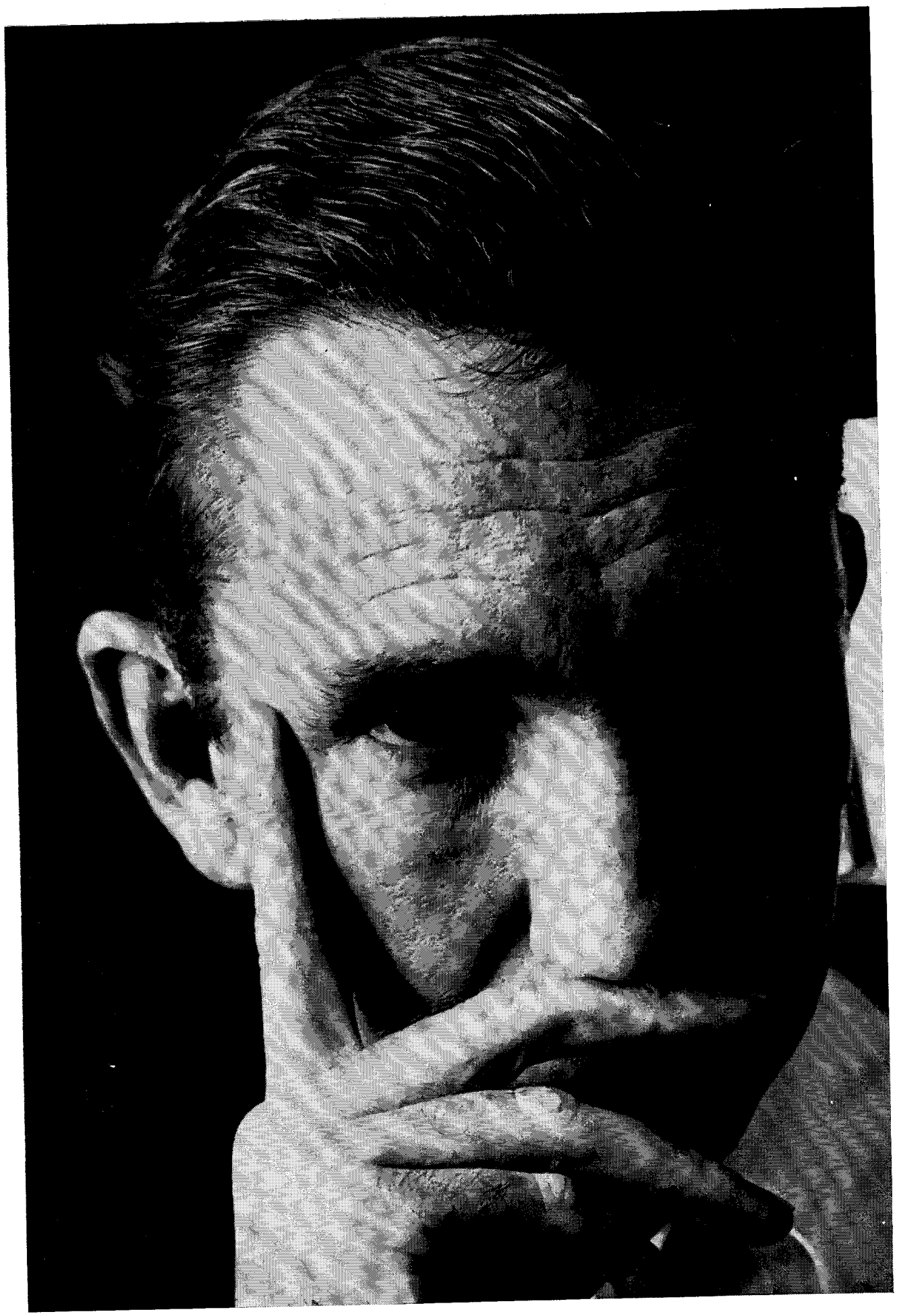
As violence and civil disorder spread in the land,
Attorney General Ramsey Clark is under great pressure to do something drastic—now.
So far, he has successfully defied his critics.

'WRONG GUY FOR THE WRONG



Photographs by Ollie Atkins

It could have been total chaos, six weeks ago, when perhaps 100,000 Americans descended on Washington to protest the war in Vietnam. There were hippies, clergymen, pot smokers and businessmen, nonviolent resisters and violent resisters, pacifists and professors; there were sign carriers and sign wielders, conscientious objectors and folk singers, Norman Mailer and Dr. Spock. The Government, prepared for the worst, had summoned troops from as far away as California.

A typical scene: As 30 marchers walked toward a Pentagon entrance, they were surrounded by a group of 40 paratroopers. The marchers sat down, where they remained unmolested.

They all came to "do their thing" against the war. In most cases that merely meant having one's body counted, or waving a banner, or singing a song. But in over 500 cases it meant directly engaging the military, mostly in an attempt to invade the Pentagon. The official arrest figure was 676. That the figure was not higher is a tribute to the man who coordinated and directed the federal effort, Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

Weeks before the demonstration, Clark held strategy sessions with representatives from the Pentagon and other officials in his office at the Department of Justice. During the demonstration it was Clark who had the final say about what the Government troops could and could not do—whether, for instance, they could use tear gas or fix bayonets. (According to Clark, he never authorized either; therefore if, as many observers reported, tear gas was used, it was unauthorized.) When violence broke out about 4 P.M. Saturday Clark successfully resisted considerable pressure to revoke the demonstrators' permits and disperse the crowd. He also prevailed when some officials argued for more troops.

This performance was typical of Ramsey Clark's approach to his job as the nation's No. 1 prosecutor. He is, of course, anxious to round up the outlaws—and he helped draft legislation that would contribute $300 million to improve the quantity and quality of local outlaw catchers. But he is just as concerned about civil liberties, and with casual and unflappable demeanor he set about to ensure them. He believes the country will be better off with deputies fenced in by a sturdy Bill of Rights than with virtuous lynching parties.

With violence in the air, riots in the slums and a presidential election around the corner, Clark's concern for protecting individual liberties is already bringing him criticism. Columnist Holmes Alexander writes: "Ramsey Clark is the wrong guy for the wrong post at the wrong time." "Despite repeated appeals from Congress," says Rep. William E. Minshall (R., Ohio), "Justice continues to ignore flagrant violations of federal law." Minshall complains that Clark is "not enforcing federal statutes involving persons who incite rebellion or . . . abet evasion of the Selective Service Act." Congressman Joe Pool, the hefty hearings holder of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, announces, "I'm not trying to run Ramsey Clark out. Why, he's from my hometown, and he's a nice feller. But he's wrong. I just don't know how he's got off on this kick."

In the Senate as well there is sentiment for tougher response to civil disorder. Separate Senate committees are investigating the New Left and

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By Victor S. Navasky

'OST AT THE WRONG TIME'?

last summer's riots (to see if they were "instigated and precipitated by the calculated design of agitators . . ."). And the Senate, trying to extend the life of the moribund Subversive Activities Control Board, has passed a bill that, according to 37 noted law professors and deans, "threatens basic freedoms of thought and expression." Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen, the bill's sponsor, says the White House is behind him, but the most he has been able to get out of the Attorney General is a letter saying *if* the bill passes, and *if* it is constitutional, and *if* it is not to the detriment of law enforcement generally, then Justice would enforce it.

Beset both by his critics and by the difficulties of administering the law in an increasingly lawless land, Ramsey Clark attempts to move quietly ahead, to help the country survive troubled times without violating its constitutional heritage.

When I arrived for an eight o'clock breakfast at Clark's unpretentious three-bedroom house in Falls Church, Va., Ramsey had already roughed ut some notes for a speech, read the papers, comleted some phone calls and was in the shower fter some R.C.A.F. calisthenics and a short workut with barbells. "Dad and I are pledged to twoundred and fifty exercise days a year," says his 3-year-old son Tom. (Ronda, the Clarks' 15-year-ld daughter, born with a brain injury, studies at he Institute of Logopedics in Kansas.) "That omes to about twenty-one a month, but this year e's way behind. He'll never make it." I was reeted by his wife, Georgia, an ebullient blonde in mod dress and bare feet. She looked more like a oung folk singer than the 38-year-old wife of the ttorney General. Georgia escorted me past an mpressive library featuring a rare edition of the orks of André Gide ("Most of the pages are still ristine and uncut, except for the ones Ramsey has ead," Georgia said) and upstairs to breakfast.

Clark had emerged from the shower and was uttoning his shirt. He looks something like Gary ooper but with smaller, sadder eyes and a broken ose. At six-foot-three the 39-year-old Texan reminds one of the idealistic sheriff who just came nto town, the kind who, as a matter of principle, oesn't carry a six-shooter. He seems folksy, informal and naïve. On meeting him one has the eeling that Destry rides again. His tranquil manner and easy wit complement Georgia's free spirit. he hums to herself when the conversation lags, nd does not hesitate to take the occasion of reakfast to advise her husband on her ideas about he 1st, 4th, 5th and 14th Amendments to the Conitution. She waves from the doorway, calling, Adiós, Ram," as he rides off to work. He drives a 949 Oldsmobile convertible, which he prefers to he chauffeured limousine that goes with his job.

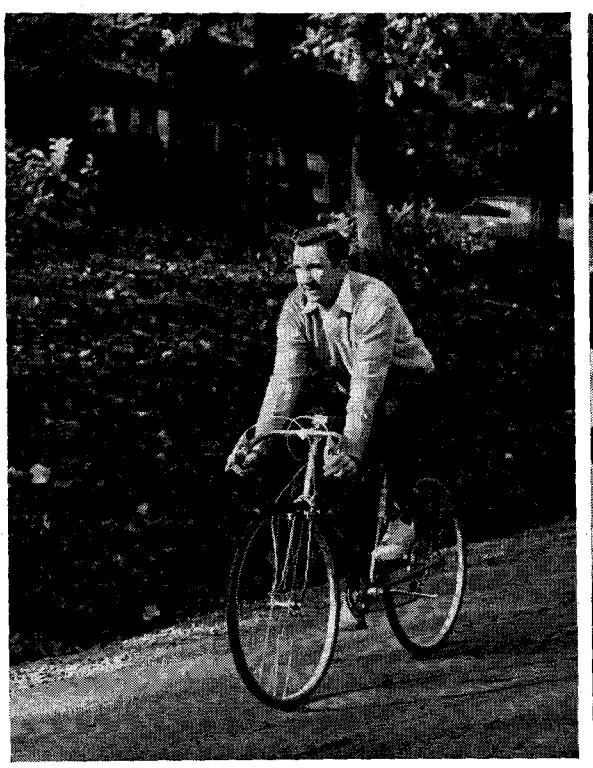
On the way he will pick up his neighbor, Barefoot Sanders, a 20-year friend from Texas who orks as a presidential assistant. By 9 A.M., his eet resting on the office wastebasket, his trouser gs hiked up to reveal a pair of blue-and-red rgyle anklets, his jacket off, he will be at his desk, pping tea and working his way through a twoot-high pile of papers. His office is a back room n the fifth floor. As for the spacious, mahoganyaneled, red-carpeted chamber inhabited by his redecessors, he uses it only for meetings.

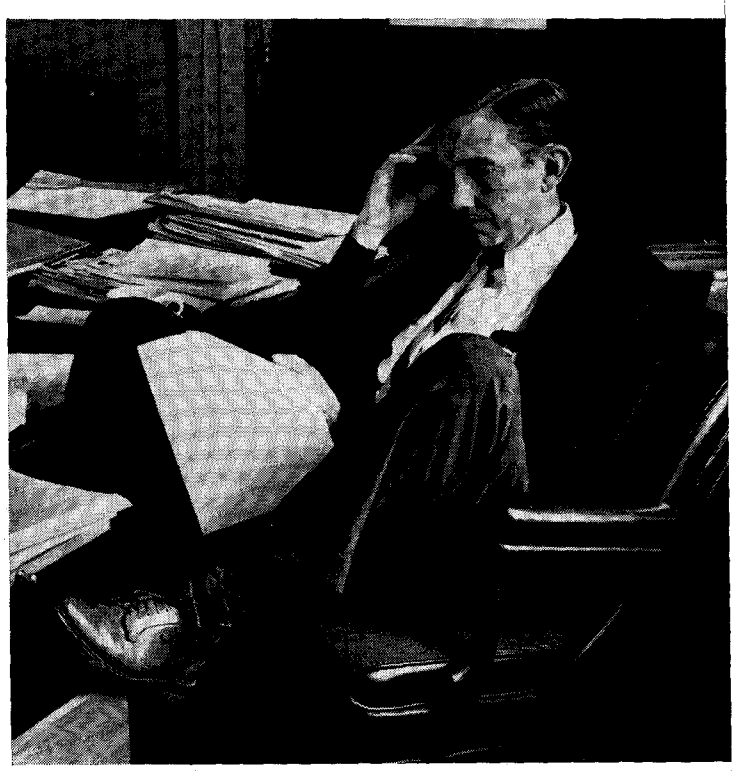
His casual manner is, of course, deceiving. The Attorney General is one of the busiest, most crisis-ridden men in Washington. He has the power to punish, reward, prosecute, deport, eavesdrop, investigate, intimidate, litigate, settle. As a lawyer, he has the richest "client" in the world—the United States Government. His "firm" has 33,000 employees. The power of patronage allows him to nominate federal judges and U.S. attorneys. If riots explode in Detroit, it is the Attorney General who will be on the phone with Gov. George Romney at 4 A.M., discussing the desirability of federal troops. If war erupts in the Middle East, it is the Attorney General who will prepare the definitive memorandum on the Neutrality Act. If Sen. Tom Dodd or Rep. Adam Clayton Powell is accused of law-breaking, it is the Attorney General who will decide whether and when and how to proceed. Public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover reports directly to the Attorney General, who is the final arbiter on all wiretap requests. Thus far Clark has achieved some kind of world's record by avoiding rumors of a rift with his volatile subordinate (33 years his senior), while repeatedly endorsing policies with which Hoover is out of sympathy.

Ramsey Clark has been Attorney General only since March, but already he has confounded the expectations of law-enforcement officials. Many assumed he would carry on in the hawkish-prosecutor tradition of his father, Justice Tom C. Clark, the Attorney General from 1945 to 1949. It was Tom Clark, after all, who inaugurated the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. But Ramsey believes that in a free society, free thought must get maximum protection. A striking illustration of the difference between father and son: In 1949 Tom Clark brought the case against Judith Coplon, the 27-year-old Government employee accused of passing state secrets to her Soviet sweetheart, and 17 years later Acting Attorney General Ramsey Clark dismissed it. "I read the record over for a couple of hours, and there was nothing else to do," Ramsey says, scratching the back of his head. "Besides, the Constitution guarantees a speedy trial." Miss Coplon's conviction had been reversed because of tainted evidence, but the case was still "pending."

"It took more courage than it ought to have for Ramsey to grab that porcupine," says an associate. But porcupine-picking seems Clark's specialty. Because he believes wiretapping and bugging to be inefficient ("It takes twenty-seven men to install one of those things and monitor it") and "insidious," he has issued an unprecedented directive banning all such activities—except in national-security cases—by federal agencies. Among other unpopular causes, he has come out for the abolition of capital punishment. And at a time when J. Edgar Hoover has suspended his nightly strolls through the District because of crime in the streets, Clark has endorsed rather than fought Supreme Court decisions like *Miranda v. Arizona*, the historic case that reversed a kidnapping conviction because the suspect had not been told of his right to counsel. Once a lawyer asked him what he thought of this case. Clark said it was too early to tell, but that statistics suggest it may have helped rather than hampered law enforcers by requiring them to be more circumspect. He added that rapists don't read the Supreme Court reports. "I don't understand," the lawyer objected. "Your father doesn't agree with you." "Then don't tell him what I said," advised the Attorney General with a smile.

At first outsiders tended to accept the notion that Clark's appointment as the nation's chief lawman had more to do with patrimony than performance. After all, wasn't his father Harry Truman's Attorney General? And hadn't the Tom Clarks helped introduce the Lyndon Johnsons to Washing-





Clark exercises near his home before leaving for work. At right, in his tiny office, he plows through a pile of paper.

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ton in the early '40's? And weren't they all part of a close-knit Texas-in-Washington family with its own network of still-binding loyalties?

The fact is that Tom Clark had as little to do with his son's present position as with his unorthodox policies. "The best thing Tom did for Ramsey was to let him be his own man," says Bill Keller, a former law partner of Ramsey's. Clark and his father are like fellow fishermen. They enjoy each other's company—most Saturday nights the Ramsey Clarks dine at the Tom Clarks'. They admire each other's skills and achievements. But when it comes to the things that matter, a great deal seems to be understood rather than spoken. Too much deep talk may scare away the fish. Ramsey says: "There are a few questions in life that don't have an easy answer, and one of them is a man's relationship with his father."

Not that connections didn't help. Texas is a personnel pool for the Great Society, as Harvard was for the New Frontier. But by now most Washingtonians concede what those who know Ramsey knew all along. As Sen. Joseph Tydings (D., Md.), a fourth-grade classmate of Ramsey's in Washington, puts it, "Ramsey was always a leader. I do recall he was even head of the schoolboy patrol and got to wear a little white badge. I never could make the grade." He adds, "There are lots of sons of ex-Attorneys General around. I don't see any of them in the job."

As a boy, Ramsey would wander up and down the corridors of Justice deciphering such inscriptions as the departmental motto *Qui pro domina justitia sequitur* ("Who prosecutes on behalf of Justice"). "When Government lawyers were not at the house, Ramsey would be breaking bread with members of the cabinet," recalls Bill Keller. "Ramsey grew up in the shadow of the Justice Department."

At the tail end of World War II, Ramsey quit high school to join the Marines. Discharged in 1946, he got a job on a tramp steamer and saw the world. Then, in an incredible three years, he got himself a wife, a B.A. from the University of Texas, and an M.A. in history and a law degree from the University of Chicago.

Clark spent the next 10 years of his life with the family law firm in Dallas. Although he did help found Dallas's first legal-aid society, principally he defended not the poor but the large corporations. "When you spend ten years of your life defending the big boys," says one former colleague, "you end up convincing yourself that they're right," and it is true that thus far, aside from a few bold decisions like the one to contest the ABC–I.T.T. merger after the Federal Communications Commission had approved it, Clark's anti-trust record has not been outstanding. But Jerry Cohen, the militant counsel of the Senate anti-trust subcommittee, says, "Ramsey is a populist. He has a better understanding of anti-trust than any Attorney General in recent times. He knows where the power is, and we expect action."

In 1961 Clark joined the New Frontier as head of the Lands Division under Attorney General Kennedy. On hearing that Ramsey had accepted the post, his father was surprised. "When I was there," says the elder Clark, "we always thought of Lands as a graveyard." But Ramsey quietly got to work. He cut the division's case load in half by settling rather than litigating cases, and negotiating for land rather than condemning it. His philosophy: "A good settlement is worth a lot more than a lawsuit. Especially in claims of conscience, like the American Indian cases." As a result of his cost-cutting performance, the following exchange took place when his father was on the Hill to justify the Supreme Court's budget request in 1962:

CONGRESSMAN ROONEY: Mr. Justice Clark, I hope your budget is as good as your son's.
CLARK: How's that?
ROONEY: Your son cut his budget this year by $200,000, and he cut back his staff positions by ten percent.
CLARK: Well, you see, he takes after his mother.

After President Johnson's 1964 election, Ramsey became a presidential assistant. He absorbed the White House system from the inside, saw how decisions were confronted or avoided, watched memoranda move from desk to desk, saw which ended up with the President and which in a secretary's to-be-filed box. He learned the President's habits, peculiarities, preferences. Johnson also learned about Clark, and in January, 1965, when Nicholas Katzenbach was named Attorney General, Clark was named his deputy, giving rise to the rumor that "Ramsey is Johnson's spy at Justice." As always, Clark confounded his critics; he ran the department in exemplary fashion.

Today Clark seems as comfortable in his life and his job as a bean in a bowl of Tex Mex chili, his favorite food. The day I visited him, I watched him rapidly process FBI reports on such subjects as racial disturbances, cigarette smuggling, an extortion case; also material on a proposed police-training program, a report on voter-registration in Virginia, and a request from J. Edgar Hoover for an "unspecified" appropriation of $10,000.

If a friend calls, he will lean back in his chair, his scarecrow arms protruding, his banjo-picker's fingers clasped behind his neck as he holds the phone shoulder-to-cheek and begins with a "Hey" or a "Howdy." Mostly, Clark is a listener, saying only what's needed to prod the conversation along from point to point: "You can't make chicken salad out of that." . . . "How do you mean?" . . . "Good God Almighty. That's too long." . . . "Do you think this is something serious, or is it just that his feelings are hurt?"

Executive Assistant Sol Lindenbaum ambles in, and Clark asks, "Did we get an answer from the White House on the draft-board memo? Could you check to make sure it went in as an action memorandum?" Clark tells me: "When we discovered this problem, there were twenty-four states with no Negroes on the draft boards. Now we're down to four, but that's four too many. Two of them we think we can do something about. It's the others that have us worried." His memo recommends a procedure for *de facto* integration of the hold-out segregated boards, and Clark wants word before the day is out.

Midmorning he and aide Hugh Nugent start to review plans for reorganizing the department. But presidential assistant Marvin Watson is on the phone. "Howdy, Marvin. Have you seen that there memo I sent over on the draft board? Has the President seen it? We don't want it to go in raw."

Sol Lindenbaum is back with a piece of paper that Clark scrutinizes and then signs. "That was a request for a wiretap," he says. The telephone rings again. "Hey, Joe [Califano, another White House assistant], say have you seen that draft-board thing? . . . That's right. You just can't have the President of the United States condoning segregated draft boards at a time like this. Well, as I recall, it didn't provide an opportunity for the President to say 'do something.' When it goes in, it should have a 'yes' or a 'no' check box. OK, I'll see you later."

At 2:30 he is off to The Hill to give Sen. Spessard Holland (D., Fla.) some bad news about a judicial nominee the senator is supporting. "When I have good news, they come up here. When I have bad news, I go to The Hill." It takes longer than expected. At 3:45 he is back in his office with a line of people waiting to see him. At 4:30 he chairs a secret interdepartmental committee meeting, which lasts for an hour. His parting advice to the committee: "The only thing is to be a constant prod. Just like a fly buzzing around all the time. Zzzzz . . . " His hand describes the arc of a pesky fly as he rises and bids his visitors good-bye. Promptly he is on the phone again, with Justice William Brennan, with Thurgood Marshall, recently appointed to replace Clark's father on the Supreme Court, with various White House personnel (nine times) and with Carry Carson, who was a family maid when Ramsey was a boy and called to say hello. At 5:45 he leaves for a White House meeting at which he hopes to resolve the draft-board question.

At 7:30 he is back at his desk, his in-box again stacked more than a foot high. In the top drawer of his desk he keeps a little list of things he hopes to accomplish. He won't show it to anybody, because "sometimes articulation can inhibit achievement," but he is quick to say that "nothing gives me more pleasure than to take out my list and check an item off." On his return from the White House, I'm not sure, but I thought I saw him check something off. When I asked if I might call this a new kind of Attorney General's list, Clark smiled, cleared his throat, and said, "I don't exactly approve of that other kind of list."

By 8:30 he is munching potato chips, sipping tea and has processed an hour's worth of paper. Only a night secretary is on duty. Across the hall Cliff Sessions, the only introverted public-information director in Washington, is available in case he is needed. Clark's wife, Georgia, appears—breathless, full of the day's events. Clark stuffs a batch of pink-and-white memoranda in his briefcase, and stands with his arm around Georgia. She looks up at him, and they begin to talk about his day. (At breakfast she had said, "It's a good thing Ramsey's at Justice. I mean, imagine if he were at a place like Commerce. I mean *Com*merce—really!") Clark takes out his key and inserts it in the lock of the tiny private elevator, which takes them down to the old convertible. They pile in, Georgia careful not to rip her pink cocktail dress on the jagged seat, and they head for home. □

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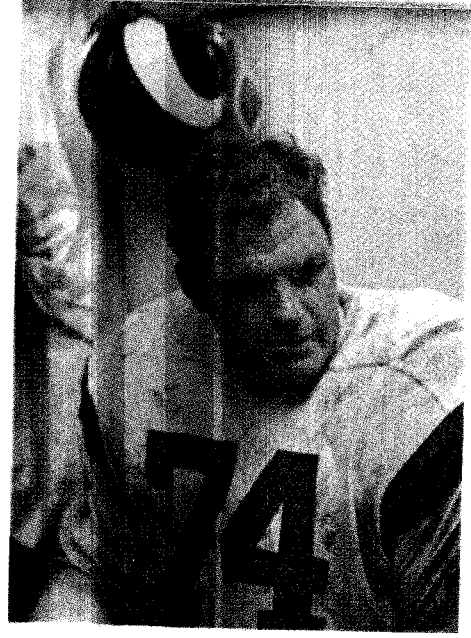
There are
two games out there.
One gets televised.
I play in the other one.
I play in



Exhausted, tackle Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams slumps in the locker room after a frustrating tie with Washington and wonders what went wrong.

THE GAME WITHOUT THE BALL

By ROGER KAHN

Tuesday is a rotten day for tackles. A hip or thigh or shoulder still aches from Sunday's game, and now another Sunday distantly approaches. Tuesdays mix old pain with impending demands, a trying circumstance.

"You have to forget what was," Merlin Olsen is saying in the den of his weathered-shingle home in South Pasadena, Calif. "We worked hard in Baltimore last Sunday, and we got a tie. You know what a tie is. It's like kissing an *ugly* sister. But you discipline yourself, forget it, and point for the next one."

Olsen is a gigantic man, six feet, five inches tall, with a hard, supple body and a great, blond head. He weighs 276 pounds. As the defensive left tackle for the Los Angeles Rams, he overwhelms guards, tramples centers, runs down halfbacks and, perhaps most important, charges and crushes quarterbacks as they try to pass. Coaches say he is as good at all these deeds of violence as any tackle in professional football.

"People have the impression," Olsen says, 'that tackles have to be violent, hostile people. That isn't so. That isn't true at all. If it were true, every quarterback in the N.F.L. would have had his legs broken many times."

The speaking voice of Merlin Olsen is deep, modulated and manly. Listening, one envisions microphones in his future. *Good morning, Lilliputians. Welcome to the Merlin Olsen Show.*

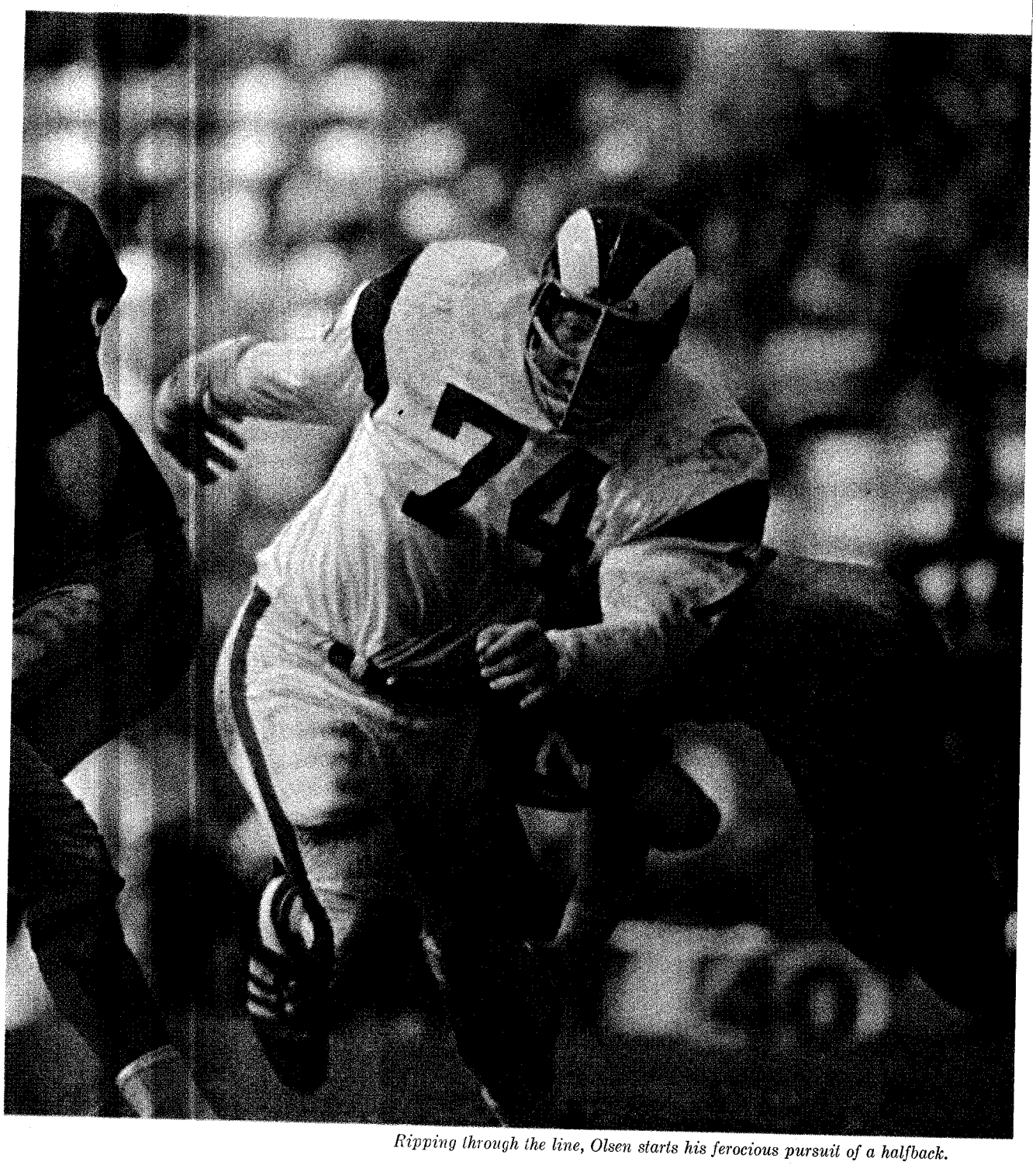
"I know I'm not weak," Olsen says easily, 'and there have been dozens of times when I could have broken a quarterback's legs. Nothing could be further from my nature.

"When I'm working, my responsibility as tackle calls for me to stack into a quarterback. Grab his passing arm. Bowl him over. Let him know that I'm around. Teach him that my footsteps promise trouble, and make him strain to hear them. But that's not hostility. That's my job."

He gets up and walks softly toward the modern kitchen, a giant in an open-collared, button-down shirt and Bermuda shorts. "Can I get anybody anything, soda or something stronger? How about you, Suzy?"

Susan Olsen, fair, petite and quiet, is curled on the couch. Around her, Merlin's trophies sit on shelves close to her volumes of Voltaire and his books, which range from T. E. Lawrence to a graduate textbook called *Administrative Control and Executive Action.*

"Tackles have a second-class image," Olsen



Ripping through the line, Olsen starts his ferocious pursuit of a halfback.

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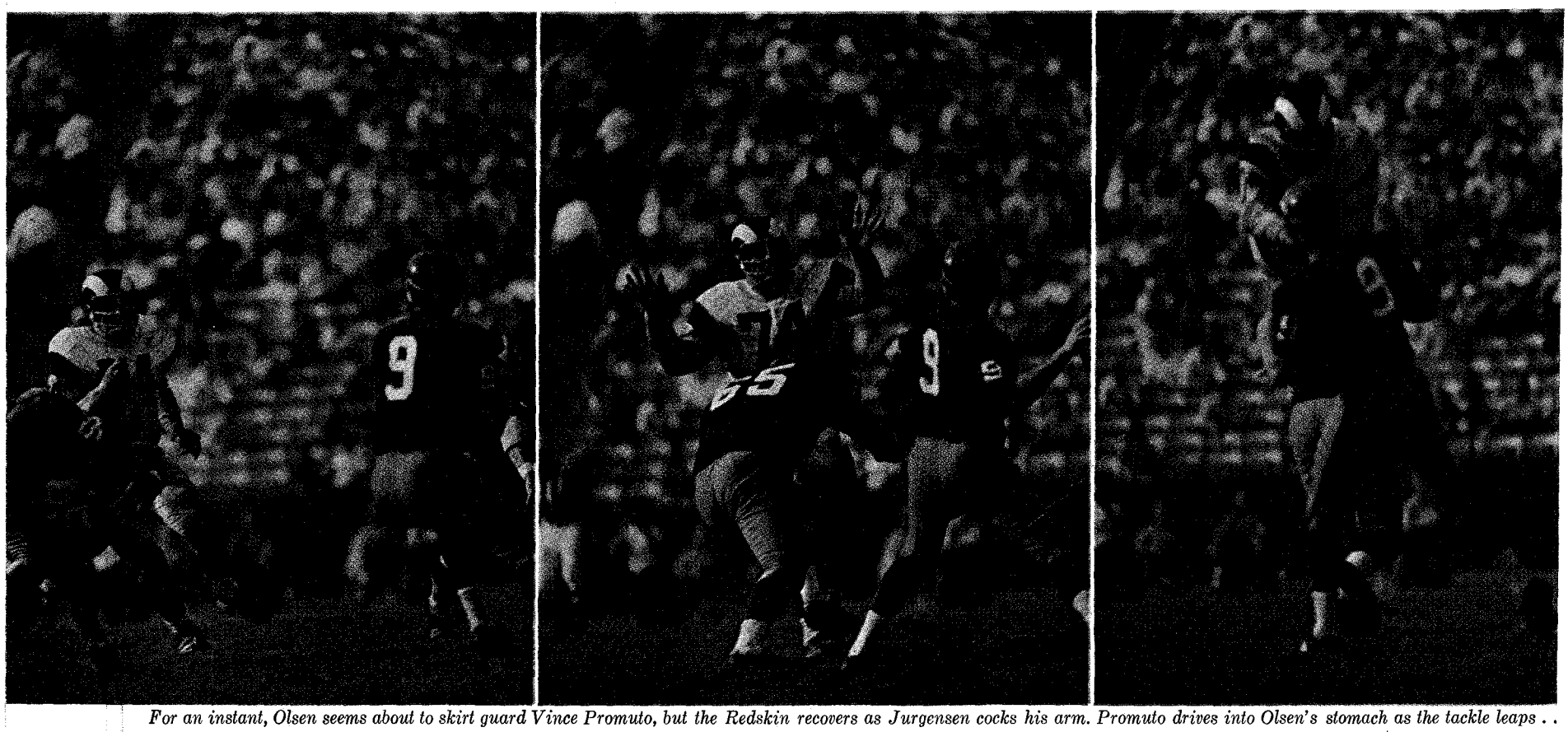

For an instant, Olsen seems about to skirt guard Vince Promuto, but the Redskin recovers as Jurgensen cocks his arm. Promuto drives into Olsen's stomach as the tackle leaps . .

says, returning with a soft drink and settling onto a chair. "Hostile and dumb. Well, on the Rams we have eight or nine basic defensive alignments, with ten to fifteen variations on each, which have to be memorized, and which Maxie Baughan, who calls defensive signals, can change by calling any one of ninety audibles just before the snap. A rockhead at tackle couldn't do the job."

"People don't know how complicated his work is," Suzy says.

"People don't really watch tackles," Olsen says, "any more than the camera does."

"When I'm watching I get heartburn," Suzy says.

"There are two games out there," Merlin says. "The one that gets televised is the game with the ball. I may not play in that at all. Where I'm working all afternoon is somewhere else. I'm playing where the ball is not." He shrugs briefly as a pinched nerve stabs him.

"I start getting nervous along about now, on Tuesday," Suzy Olsen says. "It builds from here."

"How nervous?"

"It depends on Merlin."

"How nervous does Merlin seem?"

"I just can't say for sure," Suzy Olsen says. "He's never played against Sonny Jurgensen before."

The game will be the 12th of 20 to 24, depending on the final standing of the clubs, that tackle Merlin Olsen is going to play this season. It matches the Rams against the Washington Redskins, an inconsistent team, and presents a special appeal to the game's theorists. The Rams' Front Four—Olsen, David Jones, Lamar Lundy and Roger Brown—weigh 1,096 pounds, or slightly more than a white rhinoceros (*Cerathotherium simus*), a beast that reportedly untracks locomotives with its charge. The four are accepted as the best defensive line extant. Christian Adolph (Sonny) Jurgensen Jr., the Washington quarterback, is the National League's master at frustrating linemen. Last season he was thrown only once for every 27 times he dropped back to pass. The question then: What happens when the best of lines rushes the most elusive passer? The problem is far from abstract to Olsen or to George Allen, author, former wrestler, undistinguished football player and expert on defense, who is head coach of the L.A. Rams.

Now it is Wednesday, and Coach Allen has finished the morning session in the locker rooms at Blair Field, Long Beach. He has run films of Redskins, and he has lectured. "Watch that Jurgensen. Time him. Clock him. He releases in one and a half seconds on that short one." The films are over, and his men have taken the field, bending and stretching and grunting under a smog-gray sky.

Coach Allen is striding toward his men. "What somebody should write about Olsen," he says as he walks, "is that he possesses qualities of leadership, and that he's a student of the game." Allen is 45, black-haired and sturdy without great size. "You know a problem on any team is the early workouts. The men are pros, and they like to coast a little early. Olsen works as hard today or yesterday as he does on Friday. That sets an example; it's important."

In one corner of the field Olsen and his colleagues on the Four are working to perfect their charge. His shoulder pads make him look even huger than the night before, but it is not difficult to associate Olsen on the field with the poised and orotund speaker of last evening. He concentrates on what he does or says. He is concentrating now.

Marion Campbell, one of Allen's assistants, is playing the role of Jurgensen. While reserve linemen crouch, Campbell barks briskly, "Ninety-six, fourteen. Set." He pauses. All the linemen freeze. "Hut."

The Four charge. What is astonishing about Olsen is his speed. At the word "hut," he bursts out of his frozen posture like a sprinter. Like a big sprinter. Like the biggest sprinter anyone ever saw.

"We use a variety of charges," Olsen has said. "There are four of us, and the Redskins a going to have six, or maybe seven, protectir Jurgensen. We could crash, four against seve dead ahead like your rhinoceros, and becau we're strong maybe get away with it. But not f very long. A period at most. The men who're tr ing to keep us out aren't pygmies."

"Set," commands Marion Campbell in the smo

"Brown," announces Merlin Olsen.

"Hut," Campbell cries.

The word "brown" was a signal, charting path for all four men. Now, at "hut," Olse springs not forward but to his left. David Jone six feet five and a svelte 260, swerves insid Neither man is rushing as a defender wou anticipate. A guard trying to fire out—blo straight ahead—would hit air.

"Good," Campbell says. "Let's be ready. He we go. Eighteen. Eleven. Set."

"Purple," Olsen says.

"Hut, hut, hut. Hey, where you going, Dave Grinning a little but not much, David Jones hal his charge, which had been wide. He was offsic In the center of the line, Olsen and Roger Brov had switched their paths. The left end had go wide, the right tackle had run left, Olsen h run right, and an offside on the play had cancel everything.

"Each of us," Olsen likes to explain, "has specific basic technique for attacking the m across from us. We use strength, quickness a deception. To understand it, think of basketba Each of us is driving toward a basket, which is t quarterback. Unfortunately, this particular bask can move, and besides, we can't just drive right knowing that the rules are with us. In footb there's nothing against decking an oncomi man."

"Stunting" is what the pros call changing p terns. A lineman stunts when, with premedit tion, he switches the path of his rush, in conc with another lineman, or with a linebacker, w assumes responsibility for any gap that is c ated. "There's where the rhinoceros image brea

Photographs by Rich Clarkson

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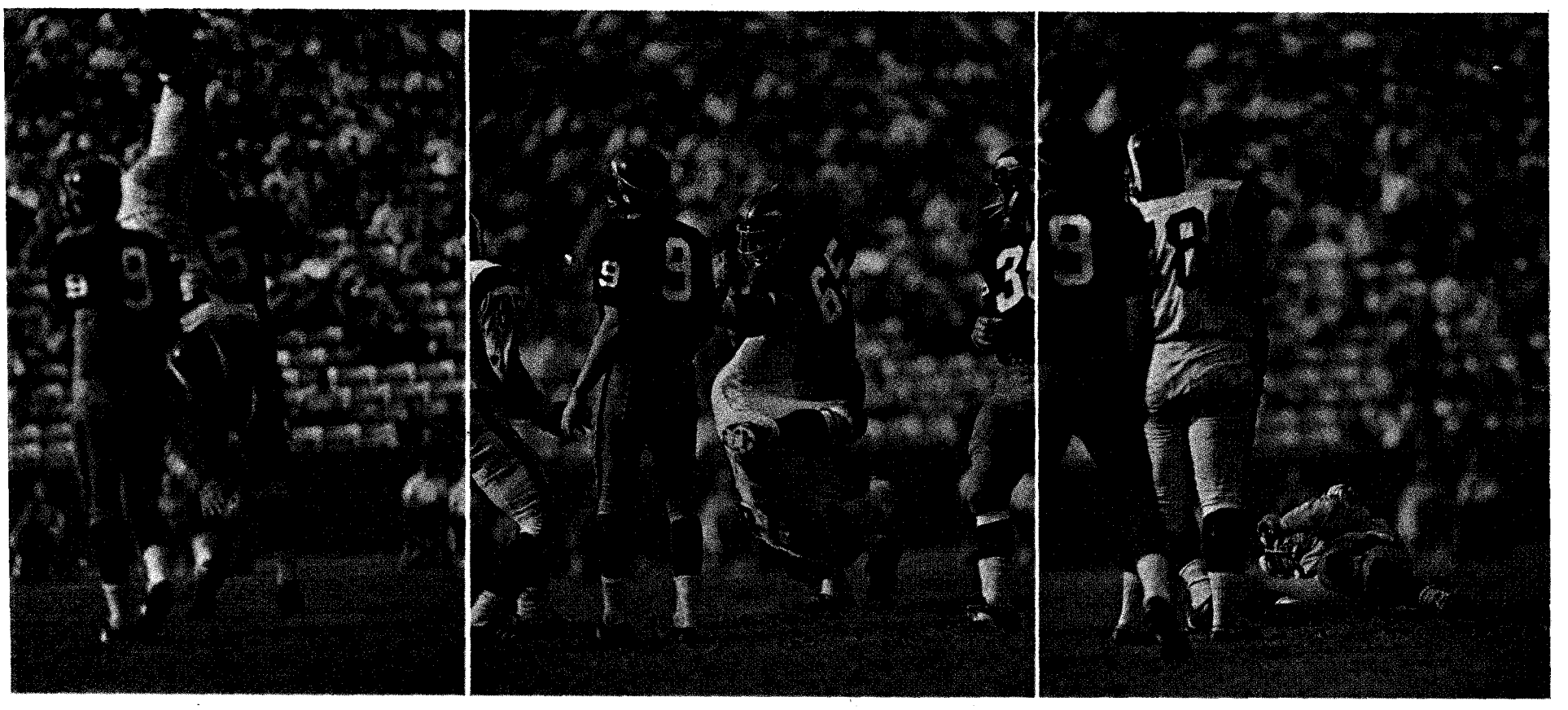

d the force carries the 276-pound giant right over the blocker, tumbling him headfirst to the ground. Untouched, Jurgensen meanwhile watches his long pass being caught (turn page).

wn," Olsen suggests. "No one has ever yet seen ur rhinos stunt."

"Hut." The word crackles in the smog. "Hut. ut. Hut." Always Olsen reaches full speed thin two strides. "Green," he calls and "red," inking and moving quickly. As a stripling of 230 unds, attending Logan High School in Utah, sen had enough speed to run the hurdles.

"Hut."

"Blue."

Roger Brown is blasting straight ahead, bare- gged, in old shorts. His strength is astonishing. ich of Brown's thighs, tight-muscled, free of t, measures 32 inches in circumference.

A siren wails to change the drills. After half an ur of unrelieved crouch, spring, charge, Olsen allowed a breather on the sidelines. Nearby he es Chuck Lamson, a defensive back, who went the University of Wyoming.

"The Wyoming cowboy," Olsen says, adding a sh of syrup to his voice.

Lamson, a lean six-footer, looks ahead. "I was e of the real great ones," he says, deadpan.

"Yes, sir," Olsen says, in perfect sportscasting nes. "One of the all-time greats. We'll never get him. There he is, our very good friend, What's-his-name."

Lamson grins thinly, and Olsen stares at the ld. Humor comes hard but often as a release. ostly, in practice, the men are working and ddying and trying to breathe deeply. They hit d slam, and now the offense plays the defense. No one tackles, but the blocking is crisp. The wack of pads commands respect. Roman Ga- iel, Olsen's good friend, is calling plays for the ms, sending running backs Dick Bass and Les sephson into the Front Four. They step through eir paces like ballet dancers. No one will knock em down, but neither is it safe to take liberties.

"Set," Roman Gabriel cries. "Hut," and hands to a reserve running back, who tries to slide tween Olsen and Brown. Suicide on Sunday is rely Wednesday's irritation. Brown grabs the lfback's shirt and holds him fast. The runner's legs move. He weighs 200 pounds, but he makes no further ground. Olsen grins. Halfbacks charging the Front Four go nowhere.

"You get a feeling for each other, a sense of warmth and pride," Olsen insists. "I happen to be the only white guy in the line. But these people I've played alongside for so long get close to you. Everybody pulls for everybody else. Once I told some stupid joke involving a Negro stereotype. For a week I worried if David Jones had overheard me. It was callous of me and offensive. We kid each other about color now."

After the workout, the Four are peeling off pads and jerseys next to each other. David Jones, a large, pointed-faced man from Florida, feels the closest to Olsen. "We came into the league about the same time. We've done our learning together side by side. He's an aggressive-type tackle, and I'm an aggressive-type end. We know how to work together and help each other real good."

Lamar Lundy, tallest and leanest of the linemen, at six feet seven and 260 pounds, is a poised, confident man from Indiana. With Eddie Meador, a free safety, he is a defensive co-captain. "We've become a reading line," Lundy says. "We read from the other man's moves what the play will be. We begin by playing for a pass; we look for a pass on every down. And we understand each other. Oley does a lot of code-calling at the line, but you know your own moves and how they work with somebody else's. I like the slap-by. Hit the other man's helmet with both hands. He blinks. You're by him."

"Hey," Merlin Olsen says. "Believe nothing this man tells you."

Roger Brown, the other tackle, is still an outsider. The Rams acquired him from the Detroit Lions in September after Roosevelt Grier suffered a severed Achilles' tendon in an exhibition game against Kansas City. "I can't tell you much about him yet," Brown says, "and that shouldn't matter much anyway. You're writing a story about him, not about me."

"You have to work to develop relationships," Olsen says later. "Things don't come easy, or right away."

There have been stories in the Los Angeles newspapers of racial troubles at Manual Arts High School near the Coliseum. Dropouts and black activists are marshaled on one side; on the other, according to the papers, are the Los Angeles police, who have commandeered the Coliseum as a staging area. The L.A. police seem to treat every Negro as if he were H. Rap Brown.

"Fellows," Olsen announces to his colleagues, as the Rams' Long Beach practice comes to an end, "I want your promise. If there's a race riot after the game on Sunday, I want to walk out of the Coliseum with all of you."

"You're on your own, Whitey," David Jones says, and grins enormously.

The other practices are much the same. Olsen studies movies of Jurgensen. How does he feint? Does pressure bother him? He watches a guard named Vince Promuto who will be blocking him. Which charge bothers Jurgensen the most? What does Promuto give away? Hut. Set. Purple. Let's crash in there.

By the end of the week, the Four have been impressed by Jurgensen's release. "He gets rid of the ball as quick as anybody," Olsen says.

"He flings it," Lamar Lundy says.

Watching films, trying out tactics, the Rams, under Coach Allen, elect to concede Jurgensen the short passes. They know that they are a better football team than Washington. If all Jurgensen can do is complete 5- and 10-yard passes, the Rams will win.

It is early afternoon on Saturday, still smoggy. "Just can't get to that man in one and a half seconds, coach, maybe even if no one's blocking me," Olsen says.

"That's right," George Allen says, "but tomorrow there's just one thing we want to take away from Jurgensen. That's the long pass. We want to take away the bomb."

"Ban the bomb!" Merlin Olsen shouts fiercely.

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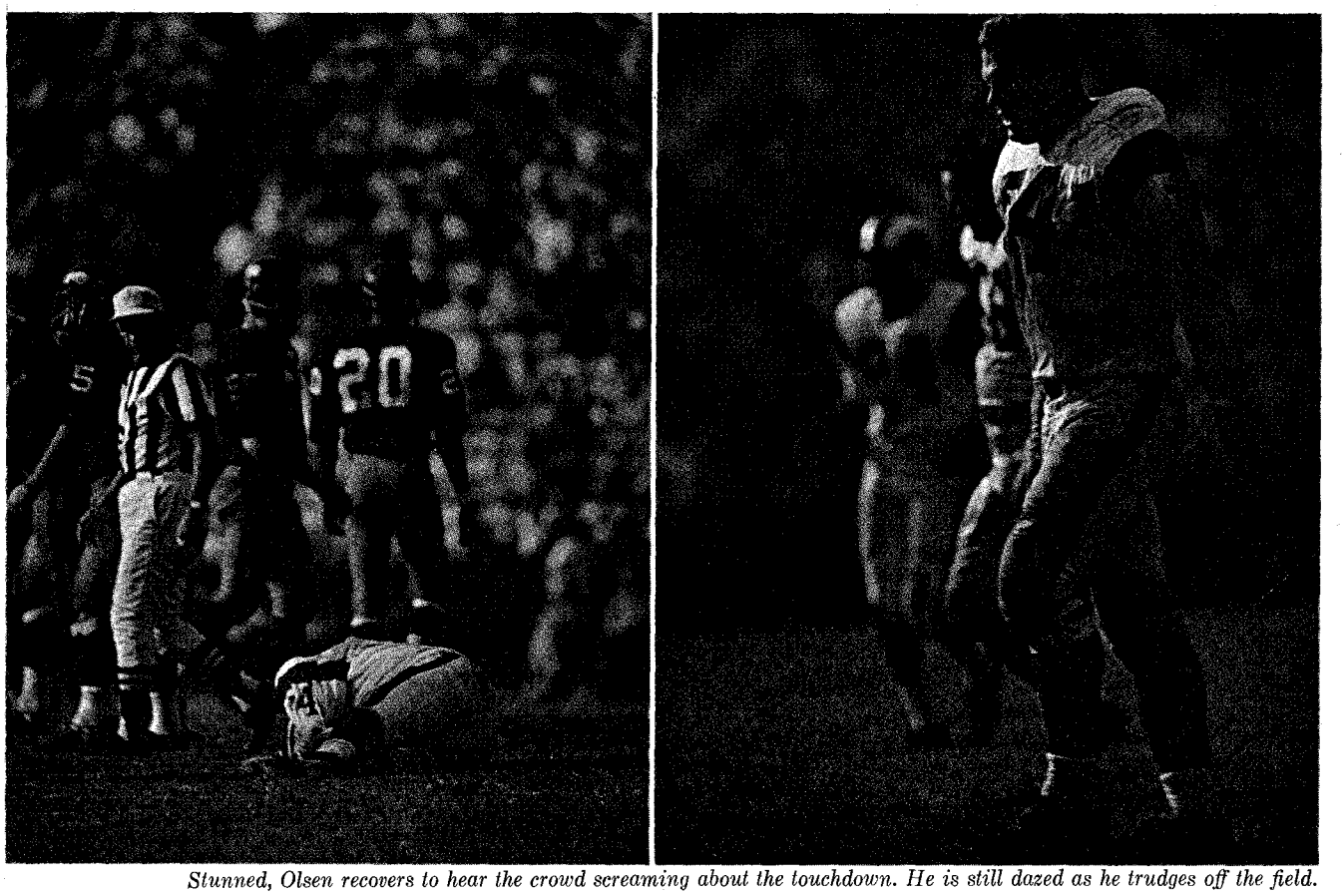

Stunned, Olsen recovers to hear the crowd screaming about the touchdown. He is still dazed as he trudges off the field.

Late Saturday is a time for recollections. Olsen comes from Logan, Utah, two ridges and 80 miles north of Salt Lake City. He was the eldest of nine children, reared and still being reared by Merle B. Olsen, a schoolteacher, and Lynn J. Olsen, a graduate expert on the nature of local soil. To the child of a Merle and a Lynn, the first name came without magic. The family, pioneers in the area, is stanchly Mormon.

"The L.D.S.—Latter-Day Saints," Merlin begins in his den on Saturday afternoon.

"Hard to say these days," someone points out. "It's too close to LSD."

"When I get asked about LSD," Olsen says, "I just tell them, he's a pretty good President."

There is a modest park across the street from the white-frame home in Logan. There Merlin played football with older boys, and skated and roughhoused. He never remembers being afraid. The challenge of playing with older boys subdued the fear. He went to Utah State, on a scholarship, and graduated as an All-American, and he had the second-highest average of anyone in the business-administration program, 3.69 out of a possible 4. He accepted $50,000 to sign with the Rams, and began work on his master's thesis, still incomplete. Its title is *The Coming World Crisis in Sugar*.

Now, six years later, as he is about to go forth against a good quarterback playing with an ordinary team, Olsen has discovered that he is less certain than ever of what he wants to do. He and his wife have a daughter of two, Kelly, and another child due early next year, and they have left small-town Utah for Los Angeles.

"We picked this neighborhood," Suzy Olsen says, "because the houses are old. People have been living around here for a long time."

"This is where we're going to stay," Merlin says.

"While we're in football anyway," Suzy says.

They are standing in the backyard, which is terraced. The lower area would make an ideal swimming pool.

"If we were certain that we'd stay," Suzy Olsen says, "but you've heard of Tommy McDonald, the end. He was with the Rams, and his wife didn't want to move from their home in Philadelphia. Finally this year they made the switch and moved the kids. A few weeks later he was traded to Atlanta."

"I like it out here," Merlin says. "The question is how will the future be. I may never finish my master's. I love playing tackle, but that isn't going to last. I work as a special representative for Allied Chemical, but you know that's tied to football. To tell you the truth, with everything, good marks, all-pro, I have no idea what ultimately I want to do."

"It isn't only football, is it?" Suzy Olsen says. "The whole country, everybody in business, is moving around. We're all having to get used to the fact that these days almost nobody is able to plant roots."

After a week of tearless toil and sweat, nothing on Sunday necessarily relates to what has gone before. Two nearly equal machines are meeting. If Merlin Olsen has been considering Jurgensen's release, Jurgensen has been measuring Olsen's charge. If Olsen is bright enough to plot devious rushes, his opponent, Vince Promuto, is smart enough to plot counters. Promuto is a graduate of the American University law school.

Sunday is hazy and warm. Olsen parks his Ford LTD at the Coliseum at 11 o'clock. At the same time the Washington Redskins are climbing into a bus outside the Sheraton-West Hotel. Joe DiMaggio is riding along as a guest; he knows Edward Bennett Williams, the Redskins' president. The few people watching the Redskins board gape at DiMaggio. Someone recognizes Jurgensen, and someone else spots Bobby Mitchell, a speedy back and pass catcher. But nobody notices Vince Promuto, 245 pounds, who soon will take the bar exam, and who now plays guard.

At the Coliseum, Olsen is ready, feeling neither very tight nor very loose. The crowd comes late. The Front Four run through final pass-rush drills in the harsh glare of sunlight reflected from naked yellow seats. Washington receives. Bruce Gosset kicks deep, but Rickie Harris runs the ball bac to the 29.

The game is on. Olsen rushes onto the fiel Jurgensen barks his signals clearly. At the snap Vince Promuto leaps backward, more agilely tha Olsen had supposed. As Merlin charges, Promut fires into him low. The men hit hard. Somewher else the pass is incomplete.

In the huddle Maxie Baughan calls for a zon defense. Olsen claps hands as the huddle break "Let's hit."

"Gold," he says at the line as Sonny Jurgense calls numbers. Olsen feints Vince Promuto, drive past him, and Jurgensen throws in haste to hal back A. D. Whitfield. David Jones was chargin very wide. He spins and runs down Whitfiel who has made six yards. Third down and fou the game's first significant play.

"Come on," Olsen says, as he assumes a thre point stance. He is talking as much to himself a anyone else. "Let's hit in there."

"Eight, seventeen. Set. Hut, hut, hut."

The Front Four crash straight in as Jurgense sprints back. They hold their arms high an throwing above six or eight huge hands, Jurgens overshoots a receiver far downfield. "Attaway, Merlin Olsen says. "Good going, guys."

The 'Skins get the ball next on their own 4 Bobby Mitchell tries the center, but Olse slammed by Promuto and Len Hauss, the Wasl ington center, holds his ground and slaps an ar at Mitchell's middle. The runner spins aroun and David Jones completes the tackle after three-yard gain.

The Rams watch for a pass. "Set," Jurgensen calling. "Hut." As the ball is snapped, Vince Pr muto pulls out of the line and begins running t ward the left sideline. *Sweep*, Olsen thinks aut matically. He runs wide, 276 pounds of effort one short burst, and overtakes Mitchell five yar behind the line. When he comes out, Olsen tak a salt capsule, washed down with an elixir f quick energy.

"He's moving back and firing out, Oley," sa Roosevelt Grier, who has been watching Promu closely.

"Right," Olsen says. The Ram offense h moved and stalled. Another punt gives Was ington the ball on its own 14. The defensive pre sure is beginning to work. "Dig in, dig in, fire out Olsen says at the line. The Four rush straight, ar Jurgensen's pass sails near nobody but a Ra defensive back.

In each huddle Maxie Baughan is calling ove all patterns, varying zone defenses and man-t man. Olsen is talking at the line, calling the charg "Set," cries Jurgensen. "Hut, hut, hut." Nc Brown and Olsen twist. Brown shifts to the le in front of Olsen and turns in to charge. Ols moves laterally before he starts his rush. Lam Lundy, the right end, moves in and tries to bur up through the middle. As Jurgensen flees bac ward, David Jones, running an inside route, almost on him. The Redskin blockers have pick up Olsen and stalled him. Jones is on top Jurgensen, and Lundy is closing, as the right ar flashes and the ball sails out of the melee.

Damn, Olsen says to himself, stopping h charge. Damn.

They have done their job, kept the fierce pr sure on, but not quite made the tackle. Fif yards upfield the pass descends into the larg sure hands of Charley Taylor, who has outr Clancy Williams and Eddie Meador. He mak the catch on the Ram 47 and sprints the rest the way with smooth, enormous strides. T touchdown play has covered 86 yards. Almc 100 yards away, Merlin Olsen shakes his head.

It is not going to be an easy day. As the Ra

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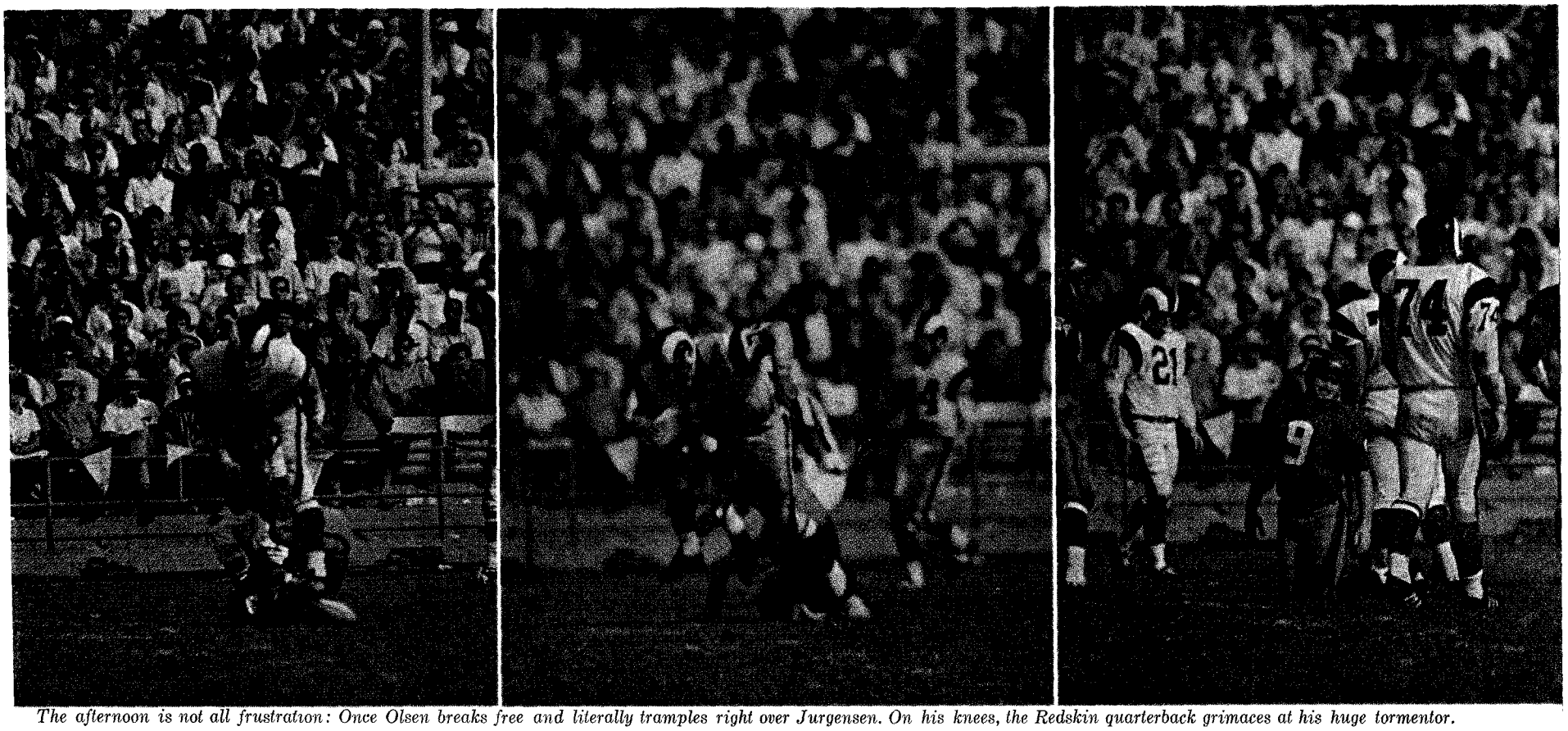

The afternoon is not all frustration: Once Olsen breaks free and literally tramples right over Jurgensen. On his knees, the Redskin quarterback grimaces at his huge tormentor.

walk upfield, they talk about putting more pressure on. But Jurgensen has passed for a score under extreme pressure. Great individual effort defies a week of plans.

Midway into the second period, Roman Gabriel organizes one scoring march and soon afterward strikes on a 61-yard play to end Jack Snow. But Jurgensen manages to complete a long pass to the Rams' 25. The Front Four are driving now, annoyed. Twice, on twists, they make Jurgensen get rid of the ball for no gain. On third down they go to straight power.

"Brown," Olsen calls, and at the snap David Jones veers, and Olsen begins to storm inside. Shoving against Promuto, he makes progress with an intense effort.

Jones closes in on Jurgensen, who looks to step up, dodging. But Olsen rises in front of him. Jurgensen has nowhere to go but down, under David Jones's 260 pounds, 11 yards behind the line of scrimmage.

The 'Skins are far short with a field goal, and the Front Four trot off. "You feel good," Merlin Olsen says, "when you've done your job."

"Attaway, you guys. Attaway, Merlin," Coach Allen says.

"Do you think we should use straight outside charges more?" Olsen says.

"He's under real good pressure now," Allen says.

Later they put the pressure on again. "Hut, hut," Jurgensen calls. He runs back, fleeing before Olsen's driving charge. He cocks his arm, and Olsen thinks, *I can't get to him.* Merlin raises both hands and leaps. He leaps again, hands almost 10 feet in the air. Jurgensen sails the ball up, out toward the end zone. There the football drops, a high pop fly falling into the grasp of tight end Jerry Smith.

After one half, Washington has not shown very much. Jurgensen has been harried. The running attack is negative—in all a total of four yards lost. But twice Sonny Jurgensen has contrived to throw the long scoring pass.

"Damn," Olsen says to David Jones, on the way to the locker room. "We took away everything but the bomb."

There is nothing Coach Allen has to change. There is nothing wrong with the strategy; Jurgensen has simply been too good. Suddenly, halfway through the third period, Jurgensen completes four short passes. Going for five, from the Rams' 37, he looks for a receiver. But as he does, Olsen, who has charged dead ahead, is looming there in front of him. Jurgensen does not throw the ball; he lets it go as Olsen's fearsome charge bowls him over backward.

The Redskins have a second down and 10. Olsen calls "Red." Again he fires straight ahead. This time Promuto is ready, plus the center and one of the halfbacks. The three men stop him. One lineman should be free, but Roger Brown fails to penetrate. Jurgensen finds Smith in the end zone, and the Rams are behind again. The quarter is almost over before the offense can mount an 80-yard drive to tie the score.

The fourth period is going to be the game. "We got to keep that pressure up," Olsen says on the sideline. He has taken more salt tablets. He does not feel fatigue. A drive ends with a missed field goal. The Four throttle the Redskins. A Los Angeles drive stalls. Jon Kilgore punts a line drive, and Rickie Harris, of the Redskins, scampers 51 yards for a first down on the Los Angeles 39.

The Rams can lose. "Tight zone," Maxie Baughan says in the huddle.

"Gold," Merlin Olsen says. A full-power drive.

It falls to Merlin. He crashes in. Promuto springs back, sets and tries to hold him. It is enough. Olsen realizes that he will not reach Jurgensen in time.

He leaps, reaching for air, exposing his underbelly. Promuto is rising as he does. The guard lifts Merlin higher, flipping him into the air. The great hands flap toward the ball and then sharply, rudely, Olsen turns upside down and crashes to the ground. He has fallen on his back from a height of six feet. For an instant he lies silent, stunned.

Noise reaches his ears. It is more noise than usual. That is his first thought. Something has happened that is either very good or very bad.

His back hurts. Something stings him in the neck.

Did he block the pass? Merlin Olsen wonders.

And then he knows, and gets up dumbly. He did not block the pass. The crowd is making noise because Jerry Smith caught it for a touchdown. A hard late drive by Gabriel manages to save a tie for the Rams.

He has poise left afterward, but very little. He is undressing alongside Roman Gabriel, his friend.

"Goddamn, I played a bad game," Gabriel says.

"You did not," Olsen says. "You threw good."

"My calls," Gabriel says.

"They were OK."

"They were erratic."

"Look," Merlin Olsen says, in pain and distress. "Any game on this club where the offense scores twenty-one points or more we ought to win. Gabe, I want to apologize to you on behalf of the defense. We didn't do our job."

"Another tie," Gabriel says in disgust.

"Last year we were losing this kind of game. We're a coming team. We're getting better. Sure, I know about a tie. It's like kissing your ugly sister."

"And two ties in a row," Roman Gabriel says, "is like kissing your brother."

Olsen smiles thinly. It has not gone the way he meant. His neck hurts, but not as badly as the disappointment. He is spent. His body is worn, beyond the redemption of salt pills and sugared drinks. Looking at his face, one knows at once that it would not take much to make Merlin Olsen cry.

And there is tomorrow. He will have to talk for Allied Chemical, answering people who want to know something he himself does not know. Why didn't the Rams win the game?

Maybe after that he'll look at films.

Then will come Tuesday, and Tuesday is a rotten day for tackles. □

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Editorial

God rest ye merry

It is everyone's privilege, of course, to celebrate Christmas in his own way. To some it is primarily a religious event; to others a completely secular holiday. Some regard it as a festival, others as a nuisance. Still others, not satisfied with celebrating it in their own way, annually complain at the way others celebrate it. Among these would-be legislators are those who denounce "commercialization," those who drive around with signs that say, PUT THE CHRIST BACK IN CHRISTMAS, and those who enter into litigation about hymns and crèches in the schoolroom. To these we add the voice of the former Father James Kavanaugh, who argues on page 10 of this issue, that the religious symbols of Christmas "no longer speak to me," that "most of the past symbols are dead and the future ones have only begun dimly to live."

Why so serious? Christmas, to begin with, is scarcely a Christian holiday at all. There is certainly no evidence that Christ was born on that day, nor was the day celebrated as such for some three hundred years after His death. Instead, there were various festivals commemorating the winter solstice on December 21, and December 25 was officially decreed to be the birthday of the Unconquered Sun, climaxing the orgiastic week of Saturnalia. Teutonic and Celtic tribes added the rites of the Yule log, and the Christmas tree apparently dates from a fir tree planted by St. Boniface to replace the sacred oak of Odin in eighth-century Germany. Added to all this, from various places in various times, came Santa Claus, *Good King Wenceslaus*, and the office Christmas party.

It is, in short, a day of festivity and celebration, and everyone is free to celebrate whatever concerns him most, whether it be the coming of Christ or the coming of a new pair of skis. Far from "commercializing" Christmas, the merchants who sell Christmas presents, and the buyers who wrap them up and send them to one another, represent a tradition of Christmas gift-giving that is far older than its religious tradition.

And where's the harm? It's true that it can be annoying to have to stand in line to buy a teapot for Aunt Mathilda, and to receive, in return, a beige sweater in a size that hasn't fit for 10 years. It's true that after a certain number of Christmas cards have been sealed, the tongue begins to feel like a glue-factory washrag. It's true that the bills that begin pouring in during January make one feel as though one were single-handedly buoying the national economy. Still, if there are excesses, they are excesses of giving, and while every gift may not be the purest expression of altruistic love, a dutiful gift is better than no gift, a routine card of greetings better than no card. Was it not George Bernard Shaw who responded to that foolish old saying about the impossibility of forcing people to be good by declaring that nobody was ever made good in any other way?

The more important part of Mr. Kavanaugh's complaint deals not with commercialism, however, but with the decay of Christian symbols, and his argument reflects an increasing sense among many devout Christians that the rituals of the church have become meaningless. Behind this sense of meaninglessness lie two assumptions. The first is the assumption that such symbols as the cross or the lamb or the key or the dove once did have a meaning greater than they have today. The second is the assumption that the supposed loss of meaning is the fault of the symbol, or of the use of symbols. Neither assumption is indisputable. One suspects instead that they express a new version of the old cry, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

Symbols are symbols because they express the inexpressible. Thus the lamb. Words are equally symbols. Thus the lamb is not a small white animal, but *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi*, and when, in search of clarification, we translate that into English, we risk a loss of meaning rather than a gain, for we risk a transformation of the magical into the mundane. Symbols do not die; what dies is our ability to use them as substitutes for reality. And in the demand for new symbols lies the hope of somehow making religion easy, the hope of somehow making it God's duty to take part in our daily lives, rather than our duty to seek Him.

One of the curiosities of Mr. Kavanaugh's argument is that his search for a more truly Christian Christmas leads him to a much more secular Christmas. And perhaps the only conclusion to be drawn from this is that the true meaning of Christmas can be experienced just as well in secular as in religious terms. It is, as stated in the beginning, a matter for each of us to determine for himself.

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